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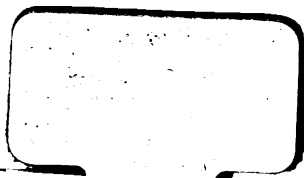
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1875

Per. 1419. d. 279.
1875







HOME WORDS

FOR

HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;

EDITOR OF "OUR OWN FIRESIDE," AND "THE DAY OF DAYS."

The gladsome Hearth, the gladsome Hearth,
Where social thought flows free ;
Through all the shifting scenes of life
The fond heart turns to thee.

The holy Hearth ! the holy Hearth !
Around whose sacred flame
Each household church doth daily bow,
To plead a Saviour's Name.

BERNARD BARTON.

1875.



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CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
Angry Word, An	205
Baby's Name, The. By E. H. W.	195
Baxter, Richard. The Unveiling of his Statue at Kidderminster. By the Editor	219
Baxter, Richard. Biography of. By the Rev. Canon Ryle	252, 274
Beneath the Cross (Anon.)	51
Bible Mine Searched, The. By the Rev. Row- ley Hill, 23, 47, 71, 95, 119, 143, 167, 191, 215, 239, 263, 283.	
Calendar, Monthly...24, 46, 72, 96, 120, 144, 168, 192, 216, 240, 264, 284.	
Champneys, Dean. The Model Working Clergy- man. By the Editor	75
Christmas 'Welcome to the Saviour-Guest, A (Judge Hale)	269
"Come Back as Soon as you Can." By S. W. P. Common Mistakes about Religion. By the Rev. George Everard.	273
I. Mistakes about God's Love	10
II. "Doing my Best"	32
III. "I'm no Scholar"	83
IV. "A very good Christian"	108
V. "Not my own Fault"	151
VI. "That way is far too Easy"	180
VII. "I make no Profession"	203
Confirmation Vow, The. By John Ernest Bode	83
Cottage Homes of England, The. By Benjamin Gough... ..	250
Dawn of Genius, The. By the Rev. W. Barker	66
England's Church:—	
I. What is the Church doing? By the Editor	18
II. Outside Testimonies. By the Editor	65
III. A Working Man's Argument. Hospital Collections. The Education of the Poor	91
IV. The Principle of National Religion. By the Rev. G. A. Badenoch, LL.D. 141, 162	141, 162
England Past and Present. By Retro	110
England's Workshops. From the Editor's Common-Place Book:—	
I. Umbrellas. II. Buttons... ..	20
III. American Incomes	45
IV. The Trades of Animals	45
V. English Carpentry	113
VI. Every One's Workshop	113
VII. Little Articles and Great Values	113
VIII. Goldbeating	187
IX. The Largest Chimney in England... ..	187
"Faithful unto Death"	85
Family Prayer. By William Carpenter	250
"Farmer John." By J. T. Trowbridge	231
Fireside Fables. By Agnes Giberne:—	
I. Division of Labour	212
II. Example Better than Precept	232
III. Who to Blame	232
IV. A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed	233
V. The New Arrival	259
VI. "Seeing's Believing"	260
VII. Toil for Naught	282
Food out of the Earth. By a Pastor	224
Gain of Sunday Rest, The (Lord Macaulay)	91

	PAGE.
Gibraltar	162
"God bless ye, merry Harvesters." By Edward Capern	202
God with us. (Cecil)	123
Gold from the Mine	17
Good Old Times, The. By the Editor	235
Good Remedies	104
Grace Darling, The Story of. By the Editor	58
Great Friend of Mine, A. By a Pastor	131
"Hand and Heart." By the Editor	272
Happy Christmas to you all, A. By the Editor	267
Happy Fireside, A. By the Author of "Old Peter Pions"	153
Happy Man, A	153
Harvest Praise. By Martin F. Tupper	171
Havana Harbour, The	95
"He stands Fire." A word to Young Men. By T. B. Smithies	214
Home from School. By Benjamin Gough	243
Home Makers; and How they made them. By Mrs. Clara L. Balfour:—	
I. Home and Love	16
II. Strive and Thrive	40
III. Savings or Earnings	89
IV. A Contrast	138
V. A Daughter's Love	209
VI. Patient Continuance in Well-doing	236
Horse's Petition, The	112
"How we saved them." By W. C. Bennett, LL.D. (A Life-Boat Ballad)	27
Indian Empire, Our. By the Editor	274
Kindness to Animals. By the Rev. R. Wilton... ..	147
King, The, and the Locusts (Anon.)	188
Kitty. By the Rev. S. J. Stone... ..	114
Lent and Easter Thoughts. Selected by the Editor... ..	57
"Let us Gather up the Sunbeams"	213
Luther at Wittenberg. A Reformation Picture. By J. B. O.	182
"Make your Mark!" By M. N.	99
Men of Mark, from Working Homes. By the Editor:—	
I. Thomas Kelly	12, 34
II. Sir Josiah Mason	99, 127
III. Thomas Wright	171
Milkmaid, The. By Jeffreys Taylor	154
"My Wants"	186
Nearest to Heaven	187
New Drink in Harvest Weather, A. By the Editor... ..	153
"Next the Heart." By H. E. Hunter	38
Old Church on the Hill, The. By R. A.	226
Old Year and the New, The. By the Author of "Copeley Annals"	15
Other Folks' Shoes. By Agnes Giberne:—	
I. Tim's Desires	4
II. A Visit to the Cellar	8
III. Harry Perret's Shoes... ..	23
IV. Sebastian Smith's Shoes	29
V. Will Browning's Shoes	52
VI. The Doctor's Shoes	53

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Other Folks' Shoes (<i>continued</i>)		Taxes, the Heaviest...	150
VII. Thomasine Dodd's Shoes ...	78	Temper is Everything. By a Staffordshire	
VIII. Mr. Anthony Fenn's Shoes ...	79	Curate ...	159
IX. Mr. Berriman's Shoes ...	102	Temperance Organization, The Archbishop of	
X. His Lordship's Shoes...	105	York on ...	189
XI. Tim's own Shoes again ...	124	Thankfulness ...	161
"Our God is Love." By the Rev. Thomas		"There's always a Smile for Father." By the	
Davis ...	261	Author of "Copsley Annals" ...	64
Our Winged Friends ...	147	Thoughts on Things in Cottage Homes. By the	
Out in the Meadows. By Benjamin Gough ...	184	late Dean of Lichfield:—	
Pentecostal Presence, The. By the Rev. R.		I. Looking Glasses ...	22
Maguire ...	118	II. Candles ...	43
Pharisees and the Publican, The. By the Rev.		"'Tis But's." By J. W. Kirtton...	158
Henry Thompson ...	246	Treasures on the Shore. By Benjamin Gough	180
Prayer for the Time of Trouble, A. By the Rev.		Two Ways of Living, and the Summer Excur-	
G. Everard ...	138	sion ...	184
Prayerful Thoughts for Morning Hours. By		"Wandering Down." By Horatius Bonar, D.D.	18
the Rev. John Deck ...	63	Whaling Expedition, A. By W. H. G. Kingston	206
Prove your Principles; or, Look on both Sides.		What are our Missionaries doing? A Glance at	
By Mrs. Prosser ...	189	Sierra Leone. By the Editor ...	157, 229
Rest by the Way. By the Rev. R. Wilton ...	3	"What I have Found" ...	141
Roger Beckinsall's Story; or, The Milestones on		"When I was Young." By Benjamin Gough...	234
the Road. By Mrs. Marshall:—		Year that is Past, The. By C. B. ...	269
I. A Change ...	148	Young Folks' Page, The:—	
II. The Ada ...	175	How to escape Temptation ...	23
III. The Wreck ...	200	A Cup of Cold Water ...	47
IV. The Voyage ...	221	The lost Half-crown ...	69
V. Hard Service ...	243	A good Example ...	119
VI. Peace ...	270	Seed found after many Days ...	119
Rules for a Belfry. By Henry Daniel ...	212	Don't pass your Horse Shoe... ..	142
Sailor Boy and his Mother, The. By Matthias		A Sister at Home ...	143
Barr ...	92	A Chemical Experiment ...	143
Sailor's Counsel, A. (Comr. C. Parry) ...	27	James Ferguson, the Farm Labourer ...	166
Self Conquest. By K. ...	190	A Hasty Temper ...	166
Self Help. (<i>The Quarterly</i> .) ...	117	The Camel's Nose ...	167
Shall I Draw your Portrait? By Benjamin		Trifles ...	167
Gough ...	263	Let me Pray first ...	167
Six Reasons why Working Men should rest on		The old Man and his five Sons ...	190
Sunday. By C. B. ...	165	No Pity for constant Complainers ...	215
Song of the Hearts-ease. By Benjamin Gough ...	56	Learning to read without a Book ...	215
Song of Trust, The. By Benjamin Gough ...	123	Reverence ...	215
Streamlet, The. By M. A. Stoddart ...	249	The Goose with the Golden Eggs ...	239
Sultan of Zanzibar, The. By the Editor ...	195	Proverbs worth Remembering ...	239
Summit of Calvary, The. By the Rev. R. Wil-		"Look up": a Flower Fable ...	263
ton ...	51	A Cure for Bad Temper ...	263
Swim for Life, A: Samuel Brock of Great Yar-		Restoring "Fourfold" ...	283
mouth ...	255	Towser and Willie ...	283
		Youth climbing the Rocks of Time. By the Rev.	
		R. Wilton ...	34

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Rest by the Way ...	2	The Milk Maid ...	155
Tim's Visit to the Cellar ...	6	Gibraltar ...	163
Wandering Down ...	19	Portrait of the late Mr. Thomas Wright ...	170
One of England's Heroes ...	26	Treasures on the Shore ...	179
Youth climbing the Rocks of Time ...	35	Luther burning the Pope's Bull ...	183
Winter ...	46	Portrait of the Seyyid of Zanzibar ...	194
The Summit of Calvary... ..	50	A Negro of Zanzibar ...	199
Grace Darling ...	59	A Whaling Expedition ...	207
The Dawn of Genius ...	67	Statue of Richard Baxter at Kidderminster ...	218
Portrait of Dean Champneys ...	74	The Old Church on the Hill ...	229
The Widow ...	87	"When I was Young" ...	235
The Sailor Boy... ..	92	The Goose with the Golden Eggs ...	236
The Havana ...	94	Home from School ...	242
Portrait of Sir Josiah Mason ...	98	The Cottage Homes of England ...	251
Kitty ...	113	Shall I draw your Portrait?... ..	262
The Song of Trust ...	123	Christmas Fare... ..	266
Out in the Meadows ...	135	Madras, from the Beach... ..	275
The Pet Lamb ...	146	Farmer John ...	281



"REST BY THE WAY."

[See page 2.]

"Our feet have travelled one more mile,
And ere we step across the stile,
We pause and rest a little while.

Our burden on the stile we lay,
And, silent, view the traversed way,
And for our future journey pray."—R. WALTON.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

"Rest by the Way:"

THOUGHTS FOR THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOURGH, E. YORKS., AUTHOR OF
"WOOD-NOTES AND CHURCH-BELLS."

OUR feet have travelled one more mile,
And ere we step across the stile,
We pause and rest a little while.

Our burden on the stile we lay,
And, silent, view the traversed way,
And for our future journey pray.

Between the years we muse, alone—
The year whose wingèd hours have flown,
The coming year that looms unknown.

Grateful upon the past we gaze:
Our "Stone of Help"* once more we raise,
And lift the sacrifice of praise;—

For safety on Life's dangerous shore,
Where shadows fall and billows roar,—
Mercies abounding more and more;

For Love Divine, alluring, free,
And boundless as the rolling sea,
And endless as eternity;

And most of all for Heavenly grace,
Which finds its sweetest dwelling-place
In the Redeemer's Holy Face:

While every answer to our prayers,
And every lessening of our cares,
Our thankful adoration shares.

But forward now our eyes we cast,
And pray that mercies of the past
May through the New Year's journey last.

Lord, may Thy presence be our stay,
The guide and comfort of our way,
And strength be given us as our day.

Thyself, Lord, show to us the road,
And lighten still our daily load
With glimpses of Thy blest Abode;

Until, Life's latest stile cross'd o'er,
We take our burden up no more,
But rest in bliss on Heaven's bright shore!

* 1 Sam. vii. 12. Ebenezer, i.e. the Stone of Help.



"Other Folks' Shoes; or, Who was the Worst off?"

BY AGNES GIBERNE; AUTHOR OF "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY;" "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.



CHAPTER I.

TIM'S DESIRES.

"SAY, Mary," said Tim Teddington abruptly, one day: "I just wish I was in somebody else's shoes this minute, that I do." Mary stopped short in the act of lifting a spoon to baby's mouth, and gazed at Tim in astonishment.

"Wish you was in somebody else's shoes, Tim?" said she.

"Yes, I do," said Tim decisively. "And what's more, I don't know as I much care whose. There ain't a fellow in the place worse off than me. I'm not a-grumbling, now"—people usually preface complaints with this remark, so Mary ought to have guessed immediately what was coming—"I'm not a-grumbling, but it's just a case of fact and common sense. There ain't a single fellow in the whole town, take it all in all, whom I wouldn't change with and welcome."

Mary glanced thoughtfully about the room. It did look bare certainly. And they only had one single room in a big house now, up on the third storey, instead of a nice little cottage all to themselves. They had been in a great deal of trouble this winter. Tim had been long out of work, and Mary had been ill, and little Tim and the baby had been ailing, and living had been dear. All superfluous clothes and furniture had disappeared into the pawnshop. And yet it did seem as if Tim himself had not been to blame in the matter. He was more anxious for regular work than in former days, but work was more slack to come.

"There ain't one single fellow," repeated Tim emphatically. "Just you look round, Mary, and see if I don't speak truth."

Mary had already looked round the room without finding much comfort there. She now took a mental glance round the list of their acquaintances,—Will Browning, Harry

Perret, Pat O'Rory, and all the rest of them.

"Well?" said Tim, desirous that she should agree with him, for Tim liked sympathy as well as most people.

"You wouldn't want to change with the sweeper at the corner, maybe," said Mary, with some quiet mischief.

"I'm not talking of such fellows as *that*," said Tim with dignity. "I hope I've nought to do with any save decent respectable sort of folk."

"Jem Robinson," said Mary. "I don't know as you'd like to be in his place, would you? They've been in trouble enough lately."

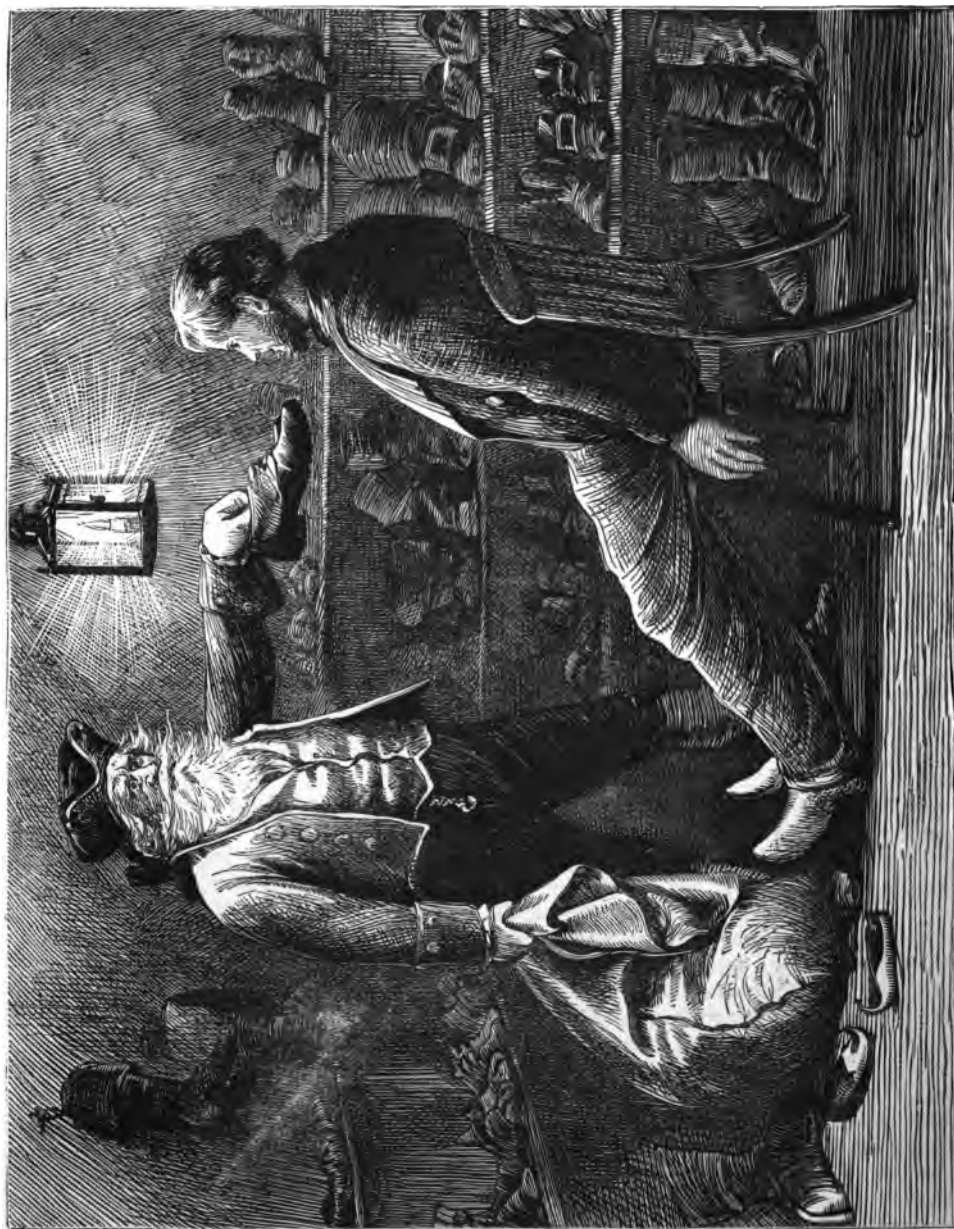
"All his own fault," said Tim. "A fellow as takes to drinking away all his wages needn't look for comfort in his home. I pity his wife with all my heart, I do; but as for him, why, he's turning into another Joe Green, and I don't need to say more than that. I wasn't thinking of such-like folks. I hope I'm respectable anyway, if we *have* gone down a bit in the world."

Mary hoped so too, and felt quite sure of it. Once upon a time Tim had not been over steady, but things were different now. Wages had not been plentiful this winter; but such as they were, Tim brought them all safely home, and in Mary's hands not a penny was ever wasted. Good little Mary Teddington! If there were but many such wives!

"Pat O'Rory," said Mary.

"What makes you go and pick out such fellows as him," demanded Tim half angrily,—"when you know he don't care a straw if he is in at elbows or out, nor whether he lives in a house or a hovel? No, I wouldn't be *him*, sure enough. But there's Sebastian Smith now, getting up in the world as fast as we're going down. I wish I was in *his* shoes, that I do."

"I don't know as I like Sebastian Smith so much as I did once on a time," said Mary doubtfully. "I don't want to be hard on him, Tim; but you know—well, it does seem to me *he's* grown a bit hard of late."



TIM'S VISIT TO THE CELLAR.

[See page 4.]

"Troubles is enough to make anybody hard," growled Tim under his breath.

"But Smith hasn't had no troubles to speak of this winter," said Mary. "He's got on wonderful well. But you've had troubles, and yet you're a deal kinder than you used to be, Tim," added Mary with an affectionate glance; "and I'm sure Smith don't look happy."

"Don't know about that," said Tim, though he spoke gently, for the little compliment was very soothing. "He'd ought to be happy—such a lot as he's got laid by against a rainy day. Well, and there's Harry Perret too."

"He's a kind-hearted fellow enough," said Mary. "He don't get on as Smith does, though."

"He's got on a deal better than me, I know that," said Tim rather tartly. "He's got no troubles to speak on. And there's Will Browning; wouldn't I just like to be in his shoes? He's a capital fellow! and wouldn't I just like to be foreman? Wouldn't I?"

Tim made a most expressive gesture of assent to his own proposition.

"Maybe you will, some day," said Mary.

"Not I! I ain't one of the lucky ones."

"Tim, I think Mr. Maxwell wouldn't be best pleased to hear you talking like that," said Mary softly. "He'd say nothing in the world ever came about by luck."

Tim didn't much like being reproved by his wife, only she spoke so meekly that it was quite impossible to take offence; so he just rode over the remark, and pretended not to have heard it.

"I'll tell you what,—I'd like amazing well to be in the doctor's shoes, Mary. That I would! He's an easy life of it and no mistake: going about in his carriage all day long, and just paying visits to folks, and ordering a bottle of medicine here and there, and getting lots of money for every bit of advice he gives. Tell you, Mary, I'd like that. Wouldn't I change with him if I had the chance?"

"Maybe you'd want to change back again," said Mary placidly.

"Not I! You don't know what you're talking about, Mary."

That being the case, Mary no doubt thought silence on her part desirable.

"Then there's Thomasine Dodd," said Tim presently. "Landlord of all these houses, and lots more. Why, the man must be nigh worth his weight in gold!"

"He ain't over agreeable to look upon," said Mary.

"Looks don't signify," returned Tim. "I'm not sure as I wouldn't like best to exchange with the gentleman as lives in the white house with the creeper from Australy over its front. *That's* the sort of life for me, —specially if I'd you with me, Mary," added Tim, suddenly and for the first time remembering that his little wife would be no inconsiderable loss. "A comfortable house, and nothing to do, except just whatever I liked, and able to earn guineas by a scratch of a pen,—for he's one of them folks that writes and prints his writings. Yes; I'd be him this minute if I could."

"Maybe he has his troubles too," said Mary shrewdly. "Most folks has something or other to bear."

There was great wisdom in these words. Most folks have something indeed; and Tim could have verified the fact in each case from even his own knowledge, but he didn't choose to believe it just then.

"I know I'd take anything he has to bear, and glad enough, if I could only stand in his shoes. There, you needn't say nothing, Mary. I know you'd be glad enough to change if you could."

Mary obeyed and did say naught. Tim stretched himself, and looked up to the ceiling. His ideas were gradually expanding, and becoming more lofty.

"And then there's his lordship. I'd like to be him best of all. Ain't no doubt about that. Wouldn't it be splendid, Mary? He's got every single thing he can wish—not one wanting. Friends, and money, and lands, and nothing to do, and nothing to trouble him. I just wish I was in his lordship's shoes! I just wish I was!"

Tim's wishes were rising high. Mary began to wonder whether he wouldn't next express a desire to stand in the shoes of Her Majesty the Queen herself.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO THE CELLAR.

"Tim," said Mary timidly.

"Well?" said Tim.

"You won't like me to say what I want to say."

"Yes, I will," said Tim.

"And you won't be angry?"

"Not a bit," promised Tim. "All the same, you women don't understand these things as we men do, you know. But you may have your say."

"I don't know as it is quite right to be wishing to be somebody else," said Mary.

"Don't you? Well, I do," said Tim. "There ain't one bit of harm in it whatsoever. I'd change this minute, I tell you, with any one of them fellows, and lots besides, if I had the chance. Ah! if I only *had*."

"Don't you think we'd ought to be contented?" asked Mary, who could be very meekly persistent in her ideas, when she knew them to be right.

"Maybe," said Tim. "If I'd anything to be contented about, I'd be contented fast enough. I haven't, though. Things all seem wrong and of a muddle this year."

"I shouldn't wonder if they was all to come right by next year," said Mary hopefully. "And somehow we do get along, you know, Tim."

"Things won't come so right as we shan't have trouble," said Tim. "Never has yet, and never will. I just want an easier sort of a life,—like what others have."

"I shouldn't wonder if folks hadn't so easy a life as you think, after all," said Mary.

"I shouldn't wonder if you don't know nothing about the matter," said Tim.

Mary took refuge in silence after her usual fashion, and Tim gradually came round to a pleasanter mood.

"There's old Mr. and Mrs. Berriman as have made their fortune and retired," said he. "Do you mean to say folks such as them haven't an easy life,—and that you and I wouldn't have it if we was in their shoes?"

"I don't know how I'd like it without trying," said Mary doubtfully; for unques-

tionably the worthy couple alluded to *had* a remarkably easy life to live.

"Well, and I wish we had the chance of trying," said Tim.

But that was just where Mary could not think Tim quite right, and her face showed it.

"Not as I'm thinking now of folks being all on an equality," explained Tim. "I've given up thoughts of that, since the queer dream I had.* But I don't see no harm in just wishing I was somebody else."

Mary did see harm, but she found some difficulty in explaining how or why.

"Folks *ain't* all equal, nor they ain't all equally happy," said Tim. "And if I'm one of the least happy ones, why mayn't I wish I was one of the more happy ones?"

"Seems to me a bit like coveting," said Mary, bringing out the word which had long simmered in her mind."

"No, it isn't," said Tim. "Coveting is—*is*—wanting to take something away from somebody else. I don't want that."

"But if you exchange—if you stand in their shoes—wouldn't they have to exchange and stand in yours, Tim?"

Tim hesitated,—rather at a loss.

"But I don't want that. I only want to be in the same sort of position."

"Only if everybody wanted that, and got it, everybody'd have to be equal; wouldn't they, Tim?"

It was very provoking to have such a mild, gentle, logical, unanswerable little wife.

"I say, Mary, shut up!" said Tim.

Mary was quite ready. She never minded holding her tongue,—therefore when she did speak she usually spoke to some purpose. Tim put back his head against the mantel-shelf, folded his arms, shut his eyes, and pretended to be fast asleep. Of course the pretence very soon became reality.

But Tim's thoughts were not asleep. Whether it was that he had eaten too much that day, or whether it was that he had eaten too little for a week previous, or whether it was that his own allusion to that strange past

* "Tim Teddington's Dream." Our readers who do not possess the volume of *Home Words* for 1873, can obtain Miss Giberne's Tale in a cheap and separate form from the London publishers, J. Nisbet & Co.

dream of his set him off again upon something of a like tack, or whether it was that his brain happened to be in an excited condition,—whatever might have been the cause, Tim had another dream as he sat there. And this was Tim Teddington's Second Dream.

Tim opened his eyes. The room was strangely dark, and he could not see a yard before him. What was the matter? What had become of Mary? Where was he himself?

It was very silent,—very still. Tim tried to move, and found that he could not stir. He wanted to put up his hand to rub his eyes, and try to clear off this strange dimness; but he found that it was apparently glued to his side. Tim's heart began to beat most unpleasantly fast,—thump—thump—like a hammer.

Suddenly a cold damp breeze seemed to pass over his face, and he felt the chair on which he was seated sinking downwards, downwards, through the floor. Never in Tim's life before had he made so unenviable a descent. He was perfectly helpless himself. The boarded flooring just parted to let him through, and closed again, and Tim wondered what sort of sensation he should create in the room below; but all was dark and still as night. Tim could not think where he was going. Cold drops broke out upon his brow; but still his hands remained helplessly glued to his knees, and his tongue seemed to be paralysed; and the chair went sinking slowly down through the next floor, and down through the ground floor, down through the kitchen, and down into the cellar below.

There it stopped. Tim gazed round him, aghast and bewildered. It was a low damp miserable cellar, with a table in the corner, and an old man on one side of it. He was the very queerest old man that Tim had ever seen, with a long grey beard, and a fine wrinkled forehead, surmounted by a cocked military hat, while his swallow-tailed coat and brass buttons and green tights were just like certain costumes of a hundred years ago, which Tim had recently seen depicted in a magazine.

The oddest part of the matter was that the cellar, instead of being empty, had shelves all round; and upon every shelf lay piles of shoes:

big shoes and little shoes, old shoes and new shoes, black shoes and brown shoes, white shoes and red shoes, handsome shoes and ugly shoes,—nothing but shoes of every description, including not only the numberless varieties of English wear, from a farmer's substantial foot-gear to a lady's Parisian slipper, but the doll-like covering which graces the tiny foot of a Chinese dame, the wooden *sabot* of the French peasant, and the sandals of tropical countries. Added to this the old gentleman himself bore a huge and well-filled blue bag, from the top of which peeped out a toe of shining leather.

Tim looked hard at the old gentleman, and the old gentleman gazed still harder back at Tim.

"Well?" said the old gentleman.

"I—I—should be very glad if you would let me get up," faltered Tim, who was no doubt at this moment suffering under a severe attack of nightmare, though relieved to find that he could speak. But the sensation of being helplessly bound down, whatever may be the cause, is never pleasant.

"Business first," said the old gentleman curtly. "I believe you require another pair of shoes."

"Shoes!" said Tim. And looking down he perceived that his feet *were* bare. "Dear me! I must have dropped my own."

"Shoes!" reiterated the old gentleman. "You're not particular about the fit, of course."

"I—a—ha—hum—I beg your pardon," faltered Tim, in consternation. "I—a—really—most sincerely—beg your pardon—but *may* I ask—who are you?"

"Shoemaker and Cobbler in Ordinary," said the old gentleman, with polite responsiveness, "Now then!"

"I—a—hum—ahem—don't quite understand," said Tim.

If Tim didn't understand, the old gentleman evidently did.

"Pair of shoes—heavy, thick, strong—Harry Perret's; yes. Sebastian Smith's first mentioned, but not available at present moment. Harry Perret's—*that's* it!" exclaimed the old man triumphantly, and he held a pair aloft. "I believe these are what you wish?"

"I really—I—don't exactly know," said Tim, whose only free member was his tongue.

The old gentleman wheeled round and faced him with a most portentous frown.

"Don't know! What did you say? *Don't know!* Are my ears deceiving me? Don't know!"

"I don't exactly," murmured Tim.

"Don't know! Didn't you distinctly state that you desired to be in Harry Perret's shoes? Did you, or did you not? Speak the truth, man."

"Oh, to be sure—I—ah—oh yes," exclaimed

Tim, in great alarm. "By all means,—oh yes, indeed, just what I wanted."

"Put them on!" said the old gentleman, with such an air of command, that Tim felt perfectly certain he must have been a general officer long before he took up the profession of cobbler. And all in a moment Tim's arms were free. He picked up the shoes which were flung towards him; pulled them slowly, on, and—

What had happened now? Where was he? Poor Tim! No wonder he felt bewildered. No wonder his head went round.

(To be continued.)

Common Mistakes about Religion.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "DAY BY DAY," "NOT YOUR OWN," ETC.

I. MISTAKES ABOUT GOD'S LOVE.



N crossing the Channel many years ago, I had a conversation with a fellow-passenger who argued very strongly against the doctrine of Christ bearing our sins. The chief reason for his objection seemed to be that he looked at it in a wrong light. He had regarded the doctrine as teaching that the Father was One whose only attribute was justice, and then that the Saviour came and by His death turned away the sword of Divine vengeance and obtained for us God's love. I tried to show him that this was quite a mistake. I told him that we were not to regard the Father as a stern and angry Judge, holding out in His hand the rod of punishment, and then the Son coming between and moving the Father to lay aside His wrath and to forgive us our sins. I told him we must cast aside this idea altogether. The whole Bible reveals to us that "God is Love." This blessed truth was seen in Paradise, and on every part of that fair creation which God made. It is written in every

page of the inspired Word. It is proved by every blessing which we daily receive from our Father's hand. We may learn it from His patience and forbearance towards sinners. No words could set it forth more clearly than the story of the Prodigal. When the wanderer was yet far off, ere a word of confession had been uttered, we read that "the Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

Yes; our God is indeed full of mercy and compassion towards sinners. It is true that He is holy, just, and hateth all that is evil. Nevertheless He is not willing that any should perish. He hates the sin, but is very pitiful toward the sinner. He is the Source and Fountain-head of all grace and salvation. So, out of His boundless love, He sent His only Son to live and die and rise again that we might have eternal life.

Christ did not come to make the Father love us, but because He loved us. He did not come to purchase God's love for us, but to teach us to love Him, and to open

the way by which all its blessings might flow down to us.

If we had never known Jesus, we could never have known how tenderly our Father in Heaven loved us. He is the Image of the Invisible God. So that when we see Jesus day by day going about doing good, healing the sick, comforting the sorrowful, forgiving the sinful, and showing kindness to all, we know what God is, and how He loves and cares for us in spite of all our unworthiness.

Then again it was by the work of Jesus that the Father opened a way by which He might freely pardon and bless us.

If the course of a mighty river were blocked up by the fall of a great mass of rock or soil from the mountain-side, it might be needful, at the cost of great labour and expense, to cut out a fresh channel, and then it would flow forth again, bringing fertility to whole valleys and countries. Thus man's fall and disobedience, so to speak, blocked up the channel, and put a hindrance in the way of our rejoicing in God's love. But He still loved us, and opened a new and blessed way by which His love might again be poured forth in abundant measure on the children of men. He gave Jesus to die. He reconciled us to Himself by the blood-shedding of the Saviour on the cross. The Father freely gave Him for us, and spared not His only-begotten Son. Jesus freely gave His life for our salvation. So it was alike the love of the Father and the Son by which sin is forgiven and the sinner is saved.

Nowhere do we see so much of God's love as in the work of Christ: "Herein is love, not that we loved God but that He loved us, and gave His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

It is well to understand very clearly the meaning of the word "propitiation," for it helps us to see more clearly the love of God.

A *propitiation* is that which makes an-

other favourable to us, or which removes his anger or displeasure. Jacob sent to his brother Esau a gift of two hundred she-goats, twenty he-goats, and other animals, and these were intended as a propitiation to turn away his brother's anger. Abigail, the wife of Nabal, brought wine and raisins and sheep to David, hoping in this way to make a propitiation for the ingratitude and surliness of her husband.

But what propitiation could we offer to God? Our utmost efforts, our best works, our greatest sufferings, our richest offerings, could not in any way remove the least of our sins, or be any makeweight in the balances of justice for the evil that we have done.

So our Father provided the propitiation Himself. He saw we could not do it, so He did it for us. He gave us that which we could present to Him as the answer to every sin. He laid our sins on Jesus, and was pleased to bruise Him for our sakes.

And now He bids us all make use of Christ's death and sacrifice as our all-sufficient plea. He has made the promise that if we will only come to Him in Christ's Name, if we will only present to Him Christ's blood, Christ's finished work on the cross, as the only ground of our hope, He will accept us as His dear children, and our sins and iniquities He will remember no more.

So that we see our Father's love in the death of Christ more than in any other way, because He has thus opened wide to every one the gate of everlasting life.

Dear reader, always remember it. The Father is Love; for He so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son. The Son is Love; for He freely gave Himself, His life, His precious blood, to redeem and save us. So, too, the Holy Ghost the Comforter is Love; for He teaches us to know and believe the love of the Father and the Son, and writes on our hearts love to God and man.

Ah! this is what we need to cheer our hearts. There is nothing in the world so full of comfort as to know the Fatherly love of God. When everything looks dark and gloomy, when life seems a blank, when we are separated from those we love best, there is always a refuge to be found in the heart of God.

A young soldier had lost in battle one to whom he was deeply attached. The sudden death of his friend was almost more than he could bear, and he was lying on the ground almost wishing that he were dead. But he looked up, and saw cut out in large letters on a rock at some few

yards distance, the words, "GOD IS LOVE." The remembrance of God's love drove away his dark and gloomy thoughts, and he arose strengthened and comforted, to pursue his daily round of duty.

And we may have the same consolation. If we will only believe our Father's love as shown to us in Christ, and trust only in the Saviour's merits, we may be assured that we have One above who will care for us in all our cares, and help us in our days of toil, and bring us safe home to a rest in the better world.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

Men of Mark from Working Homes.

I. THOMAS KELLY, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.



"FOOTPRINTS on the sands of time" we all leave behind us. But the great point is to leave "footprints" which may serve as a stimulus to those who may come after us, inciting them to industry, perseverance, and "well-doing."

To this end it is not necessary that we should attain a high station in life. Indeed, as men count greatness, it may truly be said—

"With God there's nothing great appears:
With Him there's nothing small."

Our lot may be that of the humblest servitude; but if in our service we "serve the Lord," we may be "great," in the best sense of the word. As George Herbert sweetly sings:—

"Nothing can be too mean
But with this tincture, *for Thy sake*,
Doth not grow bright and clean."

At the same time we ought to remember that "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of the life that is to come;" and although we should be wrong to

conclude that the attainment of wealth and position is to be expected, or even desired, by every true servant of God, we certainly have abundant evidence around us to prove that as a general rule, in temporal as well as spiritual things, "it is well with the righteous;" and very often *marked* instances occur in which God is pleased to make this especially apparent by raising men of humble position to places of high trust and honour and usefulness, *because* they have "honoured Him."

The career of Thomas Kelly will illustrate these remarks, and show how nobly and deservedly he entitled himself to be regarded as *A Man of Mark from a Working Home*.

Thomas Kelly was the eldest son of John and Ann Kelly, and was born at Chevening, in the county of Kent, January 7th, 1772. When his father married he was only a shepherd, but being industrious and careful, he had contrived to save £200. This enabled him to marry rather above his own station, and his wife proved a perfect model of industry and frugality. Mr. Kelly resolved to embark his small capital in a small farm. But the land was wretchedly poor, and it fared ill with the occupants; though in spite

of the difficulties, bad crops, and unfavourable seasons, they maintained their position and paid their way for four and thirty years.

Young Kelly received all the education his parents could afford. There was no school of any description at this time in the parish; but his parents induced a poor and respectable woman, named Humphrey, to open a dame-school on her own account, and here he received his first lessons. After two or three years he was sent to the village school of a neighbouring hamlet, upwards of two miles distant from his home, kept by one named Phillips. In some parts of his conduct, whilst attending this his last school, where his opportunities were very scanty, we may perhaps see a promise of the success in life which afterwards distinguished him. In the hours allowed him for play he remained in voluntary seclusion, and strove to improve himself in the knowledge of figures.

When only twelve years old and barely able to read or write, and having little skill in arithmetic, he was taken from school, and was thus debarred from making any great progress in his education. He was put to the hard work of the farm. He led the team or kept sheep. When he left home in the morning, he received a supply of food for the day. He was not strong enough to handle the plough. Once a friend asked him if he had been a ploughman. "No," was his answer, "I was never man enough for it; but I have driven the horses on such occasions many a time." Late in his long life he remembered going with his father to Weyhill Fair, a distance there and back of 150 miles, and helping him to bring home some lambs, which he had purchased on commission. The fatigue was terrible. He followed the flock with his dog, while his father far outwalked him, and poor Tommy was left quite alone, not without a dread of personal danger. In the bitterness of his spirit he said, "Surely I must be born for something better than this."

While these employments, as it may be thought by some, would give to his youthful feelings a downward tendency, it must be borne in mind that the good example of his parents, and the moral influence exercised by it, were working beneficially in an opposite

direction. How beneficially, may be gathered from his own estimate of it in after-life. Alluding in a letter to this period of his history, he dwells gratefully on its brighter features; and acknowledges that, notwithstanding the adverse bearing of his occupations, he "then received his first impressions of duty to parents, to God, and to his neighbour—impressions which had never been effaced; but had been, as he trusted, happily applied to the benefit of others, and to his own unspeakable comfort."

"Much of the blessing which followed my friend through his long life," says his biographer, the Rev. R. C. Fell, "is, I am persuaded, referable to the principles inculcated at home prior to the completion of his fourteenth year—principles enforced as much by example as precept—and especially to his witnessing the devout manner in which the Sabbath was observed by his parents. Not only were the ordinances of public worship reverently and habitually attended by the whole family, but every conceivable employment in and about the farm suspended to a degree which, I fear, but too rarely finds its counterpart in like localities in the present day."

His growing dislike to his mode of life now began to express itself; not in murmurings or complaints, but in the desire for some other employment more in accordance with his taste. His parents could not help seeing that he was unhappy in his present situation; and the conviction at length forcing itself upon them that he must certainly be out of the element for which nature had designed him, that he would never do any good where he was; and that something must be found for him elsewhere, inquiries were set on foot in the neighbourhood, which resulted in his engagement to be apprenticed to a tallow-chandler at Oxted.

On this occasion an incident occurred, strikingly illustrative of the father's kind-heartedness, and of his consideration for his son's feelings. A day was fixed for young Kelly's entering on his new duties; and it was arranged that his father should accompany him to the place of his destination, a village about five miles off. They had scarcely proceeded half a mile, when the boy, either

from some unaccountable misgivings respecting the nature of his new employment, or more probably from the secret wish which he still indulged of going to London, was overcome by his feelings, and burst into tears. The father, turning round and seeing this, exclaimed, in a tone of affectionate kindness, which was never afterwards forgotten by the object of it, "Why, Tom, you're crying; I see you don't want to go, and you shan't go." He had put the true construction upon the lad's tears, and the engagement was abandoned. They returned home, to the infinite surprise of the mother; and the ordinary avocations of the farm were once more resumed.

At length a situation was found for him at Lambeth as an assistant in a counting-house. His small bundle of clothes was put together by his mother. He could easily carry it. She commended him to God with tears, and, giving him a few shillings, bade him farewell. In this seemingly unpropitious manner he left home for London in 1786, when only fourteen years old, little supposing that after a lapse of half a century he would become Lord Mayor.

He did not remain long at Lambeth; his master became bankrupt but procured him a place as shopman at a bookseller's in Paternoster Row.

Here the terms of his engagement were those of an ordinary servant. He was to board and lodge, and to have £10 per annum. A day's trial was agreed upon; and at its close he told the housekeeper he would go to Lambeth for his clothes, sleep there, and return in time for morning business. When the master heard this, he replied, "Depend on it, you'll see no more of him; he's had enough of it already." But Kelly was at the door before the shop was opened. He crossed the threshold the instant the shutters were down. "And," said he after a lapse of sixty years, "I have been there ever since."

The shop was kept by Alexander Hogg, and was at 16, Paternoster Row. A considerable book business was done. His duty was to make up parcels of new works for the retail buyers. But every leisure moment he spent in forwarding his own studies, and when he got any amusing book he read it

aloud to the housekeeper. He began now to learn French, and soon could read it with fluency. It appears that it was thought requisite for the security of the premises that some one should sleep in the shop; and the unenviable responsibility was imposed on poor Kelly. Thus the monotonous routine of his daily tasks went unrelieved by any change of air or scene during the night. The very counter upon which he enacted the business of the day served for his canopy during the hours of repose; while immediately beneath the floor on which he lay, as he afterwards discovered when the premises came into his own possession, was a noxious cesspool. A state of things more calculated to have a depressing effect on mind and body it were scarcely possible to conceive; but that inflexible perseverance which appears never to have forsaken him, and, above all, a prayerful trust in and submission to the will of God in all that concerned him, carried him hopefully through all his difficulties. When, after the lapse of years, he could place in favourable juxtaposition with these his early struggles the accumulated blessings of a long life, he ever acknowledged the Divine source from whence he had received those blessings, and endeavoured to extract from the contrast subjects for meditation and thankfulness.

Mrs. Best, the housekeeper, a kind, conscientious woman, was his only society. He took his meals with her, and she would never allow him to perform any menial work.

He had at this time an enemy in an elder fellow-servant.

"Well," said Mr. Hogg, to this fellow-servant, "how is Kelly getting on?"

"I don't think he'll do for us; he's so slow."

"I like him," answered Hogg, emphatically, "he's a *biddable* boy."

This reply of the master's may serve to show upon what apparently trifling circumstances, humanly speaking, a man's future prospects in life depend. Kelly remembered it as long as he lived; and used to mention it as having furnished him, at the time, with renewed motives for activity and obedience.

The sequel to the story, as it respects his fellow-servant, naturally suggests the question, whether, instead of having found the youth

"slow," as he had intimated, the latter had not proved himself too quick and observant for his own malpractices. Some little time after the above occurrence, Kelly discovered him stealing his master's property; and, after a temporary struggle between the stern requirements of duty to his master, on the one hand, and commiseration for the guilty party, on the other, he at length divulged the secret. The man was accordingly watched. Emboldened by previous success, and soon repeating the offence, he was detected in the act of taking from the premises a number of books concealed under his clothes. The reader will anticipate the retribution which awaited him. The unoffending object of his dislike had been made the instrument of his detection; and now, the punishment inflicted upon him bore its proper relation to the injury he had wished to inflict upon young Kelly. He was dismissed from the establishment. Thus, "in the same net that he hid privily for another was his own foot taken" (Ps. ix. 15).

His anxiety about business led at this period to strange feats of sleep-walking. Eighty distinct numbers of the "Book of Martyrs" were found on a shelf in the shop. Of these he made up a complete set in his sleep, arranging them on the counter in the same way as he did in the daytime. Another night he unfastened the locks of two doors,

went into the street, and was found by the watch fast asleep.

Once, on his road to Spitalfields on business, he saw what seemed waste-paper in a cheesemonger's window, and recognised some printed sheets as his master's property. He entered the shop and found the shelves filled up with the same sort of paper. This had been bought as damaged "stock" by the tradesman; but it proved to be sheets sent out by Mr. Hogg to be stitched, and clandestinely sold. The guilty parties were tried and convicted. When the Alderman was very old, he said,—

"This being my first appearance as a witness in a court of justice, I felt (more than words can express) an extreme fear lest I should state a single word incorrectly, being fully impressed with the sacred obligation of an oath; ever remembering the Third Commandment of God's law; and always desirous to possess a conscience void of offence towards God and towards all men. Little did I then think, when humbly trembling in the witness box, that at a future day I was destined to be raised to the dignity of Her Majesty's First Commissioner of the Central Criminal Court of England; and with the sword of justice suspended over my head, and the mace of authority placed at my feet, should myself occupy the very judgment-seat at which I then glanced with such emotion."

(To be continued.)

The Old Year and the New.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COPSLEY ANNALS," ETC.

HUSH! the Year is dying;
Soft, without a sound:
Snow-flakes, shroud-like, lying
On the earth around:
All its strivings over,
All its story done:
Now—its mem'ries hover
O'er a year begun.

Some of us were lonely
In its brightest hours;
Sadly whispering, "Only
Let Thy will be ours!"
Some of us were tired
In its summer days:
Weary, we desired
Gladder, brighter ways.

Now the Year is over,
Let us braver stand,
Seeking to discover
His—our Father's—hand:
Let us "follow wholly,"
Though our sight be dim:
He would make us holy,
For a life with Him.

Every day He sends us
He Himself prepares;
He Himself attends us
Through its joys and cares;
His true love beseeching,
Let us, then, draw near;
Seeking guidance, teaching,
For the opening Year.



Home Makers, and How they Made them.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

1. HOME AND LOVE.—ANDREW AND MARTHA REED.— THE EARLSWOOD ASYLUM.



EVERYTHING that is worth having in this world requires effort to gain or to keep. Our Heavenly Father made love of mind, or body, or both, the condition of virtuous and noble human life. As a people, we consider ourselves fond of domestic institutions, and there are no words of four letters in our language that rouse more feeling and suggest more thought than the two words HOME and LOVE. What mind that thinks, and what heart that feels, but must admit that the truest joy is comprehended in those little words? And they are kindred words, for there can be no real Home without Love. They make up the complement of each other, and blend as two drops of dew that touch make one.

Our Divine Master always treats us as intelligent beings, and makes the amount of our chief earthly treasures to depend in a great degree on ourselves.

Thus the HOME requires making, just as the garden requires cultivating. Neither will grow and flourish without effort: God alone gives the increase, but we must give the toil and watchfulness.

In this day, when so much is said of woman's influence, and so many demands are made by and for her in the way of culture and employment, I have feared there was some danger of forgetting *one* employment for which God and nature have specially fitted her, that of being not merely a Home occupier but a Home maker.

Let none think lightly of this domestic manufacture. The spinning and the weav-

ing of the olden times have gone from the housewife; but still the true wife and mother weaves the web of comfort in the dwelling, and spins the threads of love that bind together the hearts of the household.

The Home mainly is what the wife and mother makes it.

"That is a hard sentence," says some dear, tired, toil-worn sister among my readers. Yes, it is hard; for truth is seldom soft: and life to workers, whether man or woman, is seldom easy.

The young wife enters on her new home so full of love and hope, that she sometimes makes her lot all the harder by forgetting that there will, and must be, hardships of some kind—trials of temper, of circumstances, from which none are wholly exempt, and which will need wisdom and patience, and the Divine guidance that *prayer* brings to human infirmity, to bear with and overcome.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

It is a good rule to think of what we owe to others in the home, rather than of what they owe to us. Doing our duty is the way to teach others to do theirs.

What wonderful instances of Home makers among wives and mothers are to be found in the pages of Biography.

The traveller by the Brighton Railway passes a building that is one of the evidences of our national Christianity—the "Earlswood Idiot Asylum." "What," says my kind reader, "can that have to do with the subject of these pages?" Well, it has this to do with it. The Asylum was

founded by Dr. Andrew Reed, who passed his life in works of philanthropy; and nothing in the personal history of that truly benevolent man is more beautiful than the record of his early life, and the piety and excellence of the sweet mother who made the house a Home for his childhood and youth.

Mrs. Martha Reed was early in life an orphan, and had been deprived of property left to her. Happily she had that which she could not be defrauded of; an enlightened mind, a lovely spirit, and for the time in which she lived a good education.

She gained employment in teaching; and being zealous in good works, used her brief leisure in visiting the sick. Once she was praying by a sick woman, when her prayer was heard in an adjoining room by a young man who was a Sabbath-school teacher visiting the parents of a scholar. The two good young people met, and their intimacy led to a union, holy and happy in every sense.

They were far from rich. In these days they would be called poor. Both had to toil to "provide things honest in the sight of all men," and to make the Home. Mr. Reed was a watchmaker, and his workshop was at the top of the house, while his young wife kept a day-school on the first floor.

Andrew was the third child of this union, and the only son who survived infancy. The good wife was as good a mother. How she taught, and watched, and prayed with and for her boy!

That home was indeed an abode of hallowed love. The husband and father was like-minded with his brave wife, and their

son ever spoke of his childhood as full of happiness.

At length the house near Temple Bar in which they lived was to be pulled down; and Mrs. Reed's spirit being full of zeal, she wished her husband to devote himself to missionary work, which was then much needed in and round London. She urged his doing it; and that he might be released from pecuniary cares, she undertook to keep the home.

She says in her journal—"I begin to entreat my husband to do something for Christ. A missionary spirit seems to run through the Christian Church, and among the rest my heart is in the enterprise."

She took a house, No. 68, Chiswell Street, and opened a china and glass warehouse. There, as her grandsons say, "This brave woman vended her earthenware for many years, and Divine Providence prospered her greatly."

It is not wonderful that the son of such a woman should have had the rich inheritance of her virtues. It was once said of a very gifted lady that "To know her was a good education." It may truly be said, that to have had such a mother and father, was to be nobly born. The mother made a Home where her son's heart was nurtured, and his soul expanded heavenward. As years advanced, he evidenced his love to God by love to his fellow-creatures; and Orphan Asylums—Houses for Incurables—Sailors' Homes—"Earlswood"—"Reedham"—are the Homes which the son of that good mother made—offshoots from the root of her piety.

Few can hope for such results, but all can work in her spirit.

(To be continued.)

GOLD FROM THE MINE.

"GOD IS ABLE."

"God is able" to blot out all thy sins. It is true thou art not able to blot out one, not even to undo one: but "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin"—cleanseth from sins even in the sight of a holy, heart-searching God.—O. B.

"A SURFACE RELIGION."

A surface religion costs men little, and satisfies them easily. True religion lays low the sinner, exalts the Saviour, and promotes holiness of life. No cross, no crown! No battle, no victory! There is an *open* road to Heaven, but not an *easy* road.—O. B.

Wandering Down.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., AUTHOR OF "HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE."

WE are wandering down life's shady path,

Slowly, slowly wandering down;
We are wandering down life's rugged path,
Slowly, slowly wandering down.

Morn, with its store of buds and dew,
Lies far behind us now;
Morn, with its wealth of song and light,
Lies far behind us now.

'Tis the mellow flush of sunset now,
'Tis the hour of silent trust;
'Tis the solemn hue of fading skies,
'Tis the time of tranquil trust.

We shall rest in yon low valley soon,
There to sleep our toil away;
We shall rest in yon sweet valley soon,
There to sleep our tears away.

Laid side by side with those we love,
How calm that rest shall be!
Laid side by side with those we love,
How soft that sleep shall be!

We shall rise and put on glory
When the great morn shall dawn;
We shall rise and put on beauty
When the glad morn shall dawn.

We shall mount to yon fair city,
The dwelling of the blest;
We shall enter yon bright city,
The palace of the blest.

We shall meet the many parted ones,
In that one home of joy;
Lost love for ever found again,
In that dear home of joy.

We have shared our earthly sorrows,
Each with the other here;
We shall share our heavenly gladness
Each with the other there.

We have mingled tears together,
We shall mingle smiles and song;
We have mingled sighs together,
We shall mingle smiles and song.

England's Church.

I. WHAT IS THE CHURCH DOING?

BY THE EDITOR.



"**W**HAT is the Church doing?" Not all she ought to do, but still far more than many imagine she is doing. The "pocket test" is often considered a very conclusive one. "How much do you feel?" was a very good question proposed by a liberal giver who had been listening to an eloquent appeal for some charitable object; and it gave the question a practical turn when the proposer of it added, "I feel so much."

Statistics and figures are always dry, but

they are the means by which we can report real work and its results. We must ask our readers to bear this in mind: and to remember that when we speak of Churches built, Schools opened, and new Parishes formed, we are really dealing with congregations gathered and children taught—hearts and homes which can only be truly happy so far as "the kingdom of God" is set up in them.

Up to the end of 1872 no less than 3204 new churches have been built during the present century. In addition to these, 925 churches have been entirely rebuilt. The total gives 4129. This really means that,



WANDERING DOWN.

"We have shared our earthly sorrows,
Each with the other here;
We shall share our heavenly gladness
Each with the other there,

We have mingled tears together,
We shall mingle smiles and song;
We have mingled sighs together,
We shall mingle smiles and song."

H. BONAR.

without counting restorations and enlargements, very nearly one-third of all the churches in the kingdom have been built in this century. The restorations and enlargements are still more numerous, but we have not exact figures.

Thus much for the numbers. Next as to the cost. Of the 3204 entirely new churches, 1596, or nearly half, were aided by the Church Building Society. Supposing that the same rule holds regarding restorations, etc., then the whole church building work will be just double what the Society has aided. Now the total cost of all work aided by the Society is £9,000,000. Hence the church building, etc., of the present century has cost at least £18,000,000. This too takes no account of Mission Churches, of which the Society has aided 160, without returning the total cost.

The formation of new Parishes is another great work which has been rapidly carried on during the last thirty or forty years. In 1831 there were about 10,000 parishes: now there are about 13,200. Thus, for every three parishes of forty years ago we now have four. To estimate the importance of this work we must bear in mind that every additional parish involves additional outlay for church and schools and all the other items of parochial expenditure.

Then there is the endowment of these new parishes by private liberality. This appears to have reached the large sum of £1,653,446, received by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners up to October 31, 1873. About £120,000 a year seems to be the amount now received from

private benefactors for endowments of new parishes. We must add further, that during the last forty years about 5100 new parsonages have been built.

But we should make a great and serious omission if we forget the School work of the Church of England. The following figures are taken from the Education Report of the Privy Council for 1873, and will at once show to whom the country is indebted for the means of elementary education during the last thirty years.

From 1839 to December 31st, 1873.

England and Wales.	Subscribed.	Parl. Grant.
For building Church of		
England Schools	£3,585,164	£1,356,487
British & Foreign Schools	220,033	106,120
Wesleyan Schools	151,942	81,317
Roman Catholic Schools ...	99,650	42,167

But here again, huge as this capital of three and a half millions of *voluntary* subscriptions at the present moment sunk in school buildings may seem, the *annual* voluntary subscriptions for their maintenance are quite as striking. It appears from the same Education Report that the annual subscriptions of Churchmen reach the amount of £389,769, against Dissenting subscriptions of £84,771.

The members of the Church of England are certainly not lacking in energy and liberality at the present time; and we think our readers will agree that our facts and figures give a tolerably satisfactory answer from a very practical point of view to the question, "What is the Church doing?"

England's Workshops.

NOTES AND FACTS FROM THE EDITOR'S "COMMON PLACE BOOK."

I. UMBRELLAS.



THE great missionary to China, Dr. Morison, states that mention is made of umbrellas and parasols in books printed in China more than fifteen hundred years ago; and the celebrated traveller, Layard, relates that he discovered on the ruins of Nineveh, in bas-relief,

a representation of a king in his chariot, with an attendant holding an umbrella over his head. In India we also find the umbrella has been in use in remote ages, and principally as a mark of Royalty, its shape differing very little from those in modern use. In Burmah, the princes use a very large umbrella, and it requires a separate attendant to carry it; and his position is a recognised one in the Royal household. One of the titles of the king is as follows:—"King of the white elephant, and

lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." The Emperor of China, who never does anything on a small scale (if he can help it), has no fewer than twenty-four umbrellas carried before him when he goes out hunting. It is used in that country as a defence against rain as well as sun, and is principally made of a sort of glazed silk or paper, beautifully painted.

I need not tell you that to this day the East demands a large share of our productions; and umbrellas are shipped to Bombay and Calcutta and other markets in tens of thousands of dozens annually.

We find umbrellas mentioned as in use, or at least known, in England, 150 years ago. In Cambridge we read that early in the last century umbrellas were let out on hire for so much per hour, like sedan chairs. Jonas Hanway, the founder of a hospital in London, has the credit of being the first person in London who had the courage to habitually carry an umbrella. He died in 1786. It is said that he carried an umbrella for thirty years, and the date of their introduction for general use may be said to date from 1756. No one who has not given attention to the history of the umbrella and its collateral branches, would believe that no fewer than three hundred patents have been registered as improvements during the last century. A good umbrella is a sure test of a man's respectability. A man may go to kirk or to market with a shocking bad hat or pair of boots, and keep in his status in society; but not with a bad umbrella.—*Mr. Wilson, at the annual Soirée of the Glasgow Umbrella Trade.*

II. BUTTONS.

Who except the trade knows anything about the natural history of buttons? Buttons certainly possess historic interest. In the reigns of Charles II. and William and Mary, foreign buttons were not to be imported under a fine of £100 by the importer, and £50

by the seller. William III. denounced wooden buttons, also buttons of cloth or stuff; Queen Anne demanded that "no tailor or other person, shall make, sell, set on, use, or bind on any clothes, any button or button-holes of cloth, etc., on pain of £5 per dozen;" and George I. followed in the same track. Indeed the thing got to be such a nuisance, that the *Gentleman's Magazine* took it up, and tried what ridicule would do, since common sense had failed. It was in 1721 that the most stringent laws against cloth buttons were passed, for the encouragement of the metal trade; and these were carried to such a height that a tailor could not obtain payment for a coat which he had made with cloth buttons. The question was tried, and the tailor cast as a misdemeanant and law-breaker. In fact, all clothes with cloth buttons on them, exposed for sale, might be seized and forfeited; and even a private person, if he wore cloth buttons or bound buttonholes, might be informed against and fined 40s. per dozen; half the money to go to the informer. These metal buttons had a certain currency value, too, for during the long war the shanks used to be cut off, and the moulds passed as halfpence, to the confusion of a man's finances and the detriment of his wardrobe. It would be difficult now-a-days to make any such use of modern buttons, for they are made of glass, porcelain, linen, thread, and bone, mother of pearl, bronze, steel, cast-iron, marble, gutta-percha, silk, cloth, velvet, aluminium, zinc, silver, gold, copper, and tin, and, doubtless, many other materials.

What more can be said about buttons? Pages might be filled; but space, or rather the want of it, forbids more than the mention of buttons upon foils, buttony mushrooms, bachelor's buttons; and last, but not least, in its ill-effects, the button which closes the pocket when an appeal is made in behalf of some charitable institution or suffering fellow-mortal.

G. L. W.

(To be continued.)

Benefits of Union.

"**Y**OU do no work," said the scissors to the rivet, "we don't want you!"
"Where would *your* work be if I did not keep you together?" said the rivet.

"There's nothing done by the sharpest without union."

We commend this lesson of practical wisdom to *all whom it may concern.*

Thoughts on Things in Cottage Homes.

BY W. WELDON CHAMPNEYS, M.A., DEAN OF LICHFIELD.

(Second Series.)

I. LOOKING-GLASSES.



WHAT home is there without *some* Looking-Glass? The palace has its magnificent plate in which the whole figure can be seen; the poorest cottage has its little three-

cornered bit of broken glass in which only a part of the face can be seen.

The poorest looking-glasses of our time are probably better than the best of old times, for they gave a very imperfect likeness of the face. As St. Paul writes, 1 Cor. xiii.: they saw "through a glass darkly:" that is, by means of a mirror they saw not the face itself, but a broken and distorted image of it. In heaven we shall not see things in this way, but as clearly as when we see each other "face to face."

These mirrors of polished metal were anciently worn at her waist by every woman. The laver in the tabernacle—that is, the great basin in which the priests washed before they went to God's altar—was made "out of the looking-glasses of the women," who gave up these useful and almost necessary things for the service of God whom they loved. David was thinking of this laver when he wrote, "I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord, and so will I compass Thine altar."

Why do people want a Looking-Glass? Women want it to arrange their hair and dress. Men want it to do the same, and shave or trim their beard. Do they never

use it for any other purpose? Do none ever look into the glass to admire their own faces? Are the years of their life which are spent in this way spent well?

If any one had a glass which made plain people good-looking, which took away spots and freckles, what a sale there would be for those glasses! There really is a glass which does this. But it does it, not by altering the face at first, or taking away the freckles and spots, but by showing the face exactly as it is.

In the 'end it does alter the face: and yet people do not like *this* glass. They do not wish to see the *face of their soul* as it is. They do not like to know that they are sinful and selfish—thinking only or chiefly of themselves, and very little of God and their neighbour; quite unlike Christ, who thought chiefly of these, and lived to do the will of God, and to do good to men. So they dislike the Bible, which is the true glass; they put it away, and say, "I do not like it. It cannot tell the truth when it makes me look like that. I will not look into that disagreeable glass."

But those who look into it find that, while it shows them what *they* are, it shows them Christ—what *He* is. They learn to love Him, to admire Him, to wish to be like Him, to try to be like Him, and pray to be like Him; and so, "beholding as in a glass the glory of God, they are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, by the Spirit of God."

A Good Sign.

PASSING down Cross Street, Hoxton, one Saturday evening, I saw a happy-looking coalheaver purchasing two plants, which he pleasantly said he wanted "to take home to his good woman."

That's a *good sign*, my friend, thought I,

not only of yourself, but of your *wife* and your *home*. Oh that *all* working men's wives had husbands like this honest-looking coalheaver, who, instead of "reeling" home on the pay-night, brings to the wife flowers to beautify and give fragrance to HOME.—T. B. S.

The Young Folks' Page.

I. HOW TO ESCAPE TEMPTATION.

WHAT is to be done?" cried a tumultuous assembly of mice, their eyes glittering, their whiskers trembling, and their tails quivering with agitation.

"Let us hear the case at length," said an old, sober member, who assumed the place of leader.

"It is this," cried a brisk, fiery-eyed young one, coming forward with great vivacity: "The cook, who never was fond of us, has of late taken the most violent antipathy to us; chiefly, I believe, on account of the large family that Mrs. Downy—indiscreetly, I *must* say—brought up in the flour-bin, having made a hole in the corner of it that she might effect her purpose. Well, owing to this, the destruction of our whole community is vowed. There are engines with iron teeth set close to our holes, which, nimble as we are, and sharp-sighted too, we have the greatest difficulty in avoiding. Then there are small apartments placed in our way, with the most fragrant delicacies—such as toasted cheese and frizzled bacon—at the open doors; through which you have no sooner entered for a taste than they close upon you, and there you are, ready for the cat! But still more dangerous is her last plan. She puts in every corner tit-bits that no mouse, unless gifted with the wisdom and sobriety of your worship, *could* pass; and—I tremble as I tell it—these are sprinkled over with some

horrible stuff that brings on agonizing death immediately!"

The whole assembly shuddered. One told of his children, another of a mate, a third of some intimate friends who had fallen victims; and again the cry arose, "What is to be done?"

"I should suggest great care in passing by the enemy at the holes. Care and discretion seem to me to be all that we want," said one.

"And I suggest," said another, "that we exercise *prudence*: smelling everything well before we taste it, and not eating too much for fear of the consequences."

"And I," said a third, "advise that we practise self-denial. Surely we can look at those delicious morsels, enjoy their fragrance, and pass by them! Where is the mouse that is not equal to this?"

A murmur of praise ran through the assembly; but it was noticed that the grey old president sat unmoved, and looked very grave.

"May we know your worship's opinion?" said the chief speakers.

"Certainly," said the old mouse. "It is *this*: care, and discretion, and prudence, and self-denial, are fine things, and wanted always; but if you, my friends, wish to be safe—if you will take my advice—you *will* keep out of the dairy."—*Original Fables, by Mrs. Prosser.*

The Bible Mine Searched.

WE hope many Sunday-school Teachers will arrange to receive answers to these Bible questions from their scholars during each current month.

Answers are *not* to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. ROWLEY HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

1. What was the earliest thing promised by God to man?
2. Why did our Blessed Lord hunger?
3. What sacrifices are we required to offer in the Christian dispensation?
4. Show from the Old Testament Scriptures that the Holy Ghost is God.
5. When was the promise of a blessing given with the denial of a prayer?

6. What great truth was only made known by the Father to our Lord after His ascension into heaven?

WRITTEN EXERCISES.

Give instances where "Forgetting" is named in the Old Testament, and "Remembering" in the New.

ANSWERS (See December No.).

1. Moses. Ps. xc. 10. See Title.
2. As Man He sat *wearied* on the wall; as God, He told the woman *all* that ever she did. Jer. xvii. 9, 10; St. John iv. 6, 18, 29.
3. Theudas, and Judas of Galilee. Acts v. 36, 37.
4. Apollos. Acts xviii. 24-28.
5. The fifth commandment. Exod. xx. 12; Eph. vi. 2.
6. Moses was a *servant*, Christ a *Son*. Heb. iii. 8, 5, 6.



Sun.—1st day.
Rises 8.8. Sets 4.1.

JANUARY.

MOON.—New, 7th, A. 5.8.
Full, 21st, A. 5.41.

GRACE

LIFE

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

THY WORD
IS TRUTH

GOD IS LOVE

AN ANCHOR OF HOPE

JOY

PEACE

LOVE

HOPE

From this day
will I bless thee.

HAG. ii. 19.

ST. PAUL'S

CATHEDRAL.

The
Time is Short.

1 Cor. vii. 29.

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| 1 F | CIRCUM. As thy day, so shall thy strength be. Deut. |
| 2 S | Teach us to number our days. Ps. xc. 12. [xxxiii. 25.] |
| 3 S | 2nd S. af. Christ. Consider from this day and upward. |
| 4 M | I know not the day of my death. Gen. xxviii. 2. |
| 5 Tu | Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Prov. xxvii. 1. |
| 6 W | EPIPHANY. It is time to seek the Lord. Hos. x. 12. |
| 7 Th | Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Pr. |
| 8 F | Six days thou shalt work. Exod. xxxiv. 21. [xxvii. 1.] |

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|-------|---|
| 9 S | The seventh day thou shalt rest. Exod. xxxiv. 21. |
| 10 S | 1st S. af. Epiph. Are not my days few. Job x. 20. |
| 11 M | Our days are as a shadow. 1 Chron. xxix. 15. |
| 12 Tu | Remember now thy Creator. Eccles. xii. 1. |
| 13 W | His day shall come to die. 1 Sam. xxvi. 10. |
| 14 Th | Preserve my life from fear. Ps. lxi. 1. |
| 15 F | No man is sure of life. Job xxiv. 22. |
| 16 S | My days are vanity. Job vii. 16. |

A MAN'S LIFE
CONSISTETH NOT IN THE
ABUNDANCE OF THE THINGS
WHICH HE POSSESSETH.

ST. LUKE xii. 15.

My times
are in Thy hand.

Ps. xxi. 15.

Now is the
day of Salvation.

2 Cor. vi. 2.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 17 S | 2nd S. af. Epiph. If the Lord will, we shall live. Jas. iv. 15. |
| 18 M | How short my time is. Ps. lxxxix. 47. |
| 19 Tu | A time to be born. Eccles. iii. 2. |
| 20 W | A time to die. Eccles. iii. 2. [xvi. 22.] |
| 21 Th | I shall go the way whence I shall not return. Job |
| 22 F | Remember, my life is wind. Job vii. 7. |
| 23 S | Thou hast redeemed my life. Lam. iii. 58. |

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|-------|---|
| 24 S | Septuagesima S. It is high time to awake. Rom. xiii. 11. |
| 25 M | Conv. of St. PAUL. Redeeming the time. Eph. v. 16. |
| 26 Tu | Take no thought for your life. Matt. vi. 25. |
| 27 W | Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. Jas. |
| 28 Th | The time is come to reap. Rev. xiv. 15. [iv. 14.] |
| 29 F | If a man die, shall he live again? Job xiv. 14. |
| 30 S | The day of the Lord will come as a thief. 2 Pet. iii. 10. |

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|------|--|
| 31 S | Sexagesima S. Watch ye, therefore, and pray. |
|------|--|

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee."
—C. Wesley.

Onward, ever onward pressing,
Yet untired as angel's wing;
Believing, doing, blest, and blessing;—
Christian life is an earnest thing.
—J. S. B. Monsell.

"THE man who knows nothing of the grace of Christ, and has not His life within him, is one who says, 'I live, but I know not how long; I must die, but I know not when; I am on a journey, but I know not whither I am going; therefore I wonder I am so happy.' But the man who can say, 'I know in Whom I have believed, and that He will keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day,' how can he be sorrowful or fearful? He may well say, 'I know I live, and whither I am going; therefore I wonder I am ever sad.'—Luther.



ONE OF ENGLAND'S HEROES.

Drawn by J. D. WATSON.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

How we Saved them! A Life-Boat Ballad.

By W. C. BENNETT, LL.D.

"**L**OOK alive, men!" was the shout,
Scarce heard above the roar
Of the thundering billows tumbling
out
From the night up the grating shore:
"Look alive!" "Ay, ready!"
And far out from the foam again
Shot a rocket—a burning star,
Blood-red—through the blinding rain.
"Now, never a wilder night
Have we launched us to sea, God knows!
But the Goodwins sent up that light;
Hurrah! to the storm she goes.
"Bend to it, my mates! pull all!
Drive her out through the racing foam!
We'll save those for help who call
Before we again see home.
Steer coolly, now, old mate—steer!
You hold their lives in your hand:

Through all we'll pull; never fear
But we'll get the poor souls to land.
Our boat is the queen of tight boats;
How well to that sea she rose!
Nothing beats our beauty that floats:
Hurrah! to the wreck she goes!
"To leeward! I hear their cries:
That shout, it came down the gust.
Steady all, men! ah, there she lies;
Pull under her lee, we must.
Now, quick; stand by with the coil!
Cool, cool, steady, mate! Now throw!
They have it! The sea may boil,
But safe to the shore they go.
The children! That woman first!
Wrap them aft! Thank God for
those!
Now, in with the rest! The worst
Is past. Off to the shore she goes!"

A Sailor's Counsel—"Pray at Once."

[From the Diary of Commander C. Parry, written as a young man in 1851, when "the act of kneeling for Private Prayer on ship-board was almost unknown."]

"**I** HOPE I may never omit, morning and evening, to thank God for His great love toward me, and pray that I may, by His help, be led to do what is right, and not be stopped from reading His
VOL. V. NO. II.

Word by the railings and jeers of my mess-mates. I am sure that the real way on board a ship is to commence *soon—at once*—what you intend to practise, and it will not be so difficult afterwards."

"Other Folks' Shoes; or, Who was the Worst off?"

BY AGNES GIBERNE; AUTHOR OF "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY;" "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.



CHAPTER III.

HARRY PERRET'S SHOES.

"HARRY PERRET! Harry Perret!" screamed a shrill harsh voice, and a masculine virago of a woman stood beside the startled Tim, when he woke, as it seemed to him, from his nap in the chimney corner. Where was he? Not at home certainly. Where was Mary? Not here.

"Always sleeping, and dawdling, and wasting your time, and hindering everybody! Get along out o' the house a while, will ye? I've got to clear up, and can't do nothing with you lounging about. You men are always in the way. Will you get along?"

The room didn't appear to need much in the way of "clearing up," for it was neat as wax already. Every chair stood in its place, and not a speck of dust was visible. Betsy Perret's own attire was scrupulously tidy; and she was a fine-looking woman too in the main, if only she had not been quite so large, and quite so stern about the lips. And then that voice! Tim couldn't get over it at all. He felt a new and most unaccountable sort of timidity creeping over him. Still he was not accustomed to be ordered about in this fashion, and he attempted a faint remonstrance.

"I tell you I can't have you here. Will you go!" was all the response he obtained. "And mind when you come back that you take off your boots before you walk across the room, or you'll dirty my carpet."

My carpet! Tim felt insulted. Was he only an appendage to the household, instead of being its head?

"And I am going to wash and scrub, so you needn't be back till dark. Well,—are you going? What are you dawdling about like this for?"

"I say, it ain't fair to treat a fellow like

this," faltered Tim. "Turning him out of his house and home."

"Ain't fair! I wonder who does the most work, you or me. A lazy idle fellow like you! Talk of not being *fair* indeed. What next?"

Tim felt greatly injured. He did not feel quite clear yet as to whether he was really Tim Teddington or Harry Perret; but in either case, he knew he had *not* been idle of late. Both Harry Perret and Tim Teddington were very tolerably steady and industrious working men. So he felt quite safe in protesting with warmth against this accusation.

Ah, Tim, Tim! you never knew before what it was to rouse the ire of a passionate woman.

Tim stood aghast at the outburst which followed. For with arms akimbo and flaming cheeks Betsy Perret stormed at Tim, and Tim listened submissively with his eyes cast down. What else could he do? Words against that hurricane of speech were as straws against the tide. Tim had counted himself a brave man up to this day. He knew himself now for a coward. It was not prudence or patience, but downright nervous fear, which chained his lips. How was it—oh, how—that in envying Harry Perret's prosperity, he had never remembered the bitter make-weight of Betsy Perret's tongue?

The storm passed at length, and with the assistance of a parting push Tim found himself landed outside the cottage door, wondering not a little if he should ever have courage to creep in again.

He stood there mournfully,—looking over the town. What should he do? How could he bear it? Talk of trials and troubles! Tim felt perfectly certain now that no trial on earth was equal to that of such a wife as Betsy, and no blessing on earth was equal to that of such a wife as Mary. Why, oh why, had he so recklessly thrown aside his happiness?

Ah, he had given it up now. Tim knew

that quite well. He was in Harry Perret's shoes now. He was Harry Perret himself now. Where the real Tim Teddington had gone he did not know, and could not guess. He only knew *he* was Tim no longer.

He spent some dismal hours that day. Now and then for a while he could forget in his work the life that lay before him, but ever and anon the harsh tones of Betsy Perret sounded in his ears, and her angry eyes seemed to glare threateningly upon him. Tim felt that he should never again know what comfort was.

Sauntering slowly home that evening, and dreading inexpressibly the close of his walk, he suddenly beheld advancing towards him—somebody. Who was it? Not himself of course; yet it couldn't surely be anybody else. Not Harry Perret,—for *he* was Harry Perret; yet it couldn't be Tim Teddington.

Tim was in dire perplexity. He stood stock still, and so did the other man. Tim stared at the other man, and the other man stared at Tim. Each opened his mouth wider and wider, and presently the other man gasped,—

"Well, here's a pretty go!"

"Who *are* you, pray?" asked Tim eagerly.

"Who are you?" asked the other man, with a helpless shake of his head.

"Why I—I—*was* Tim Teddington; but now I—I—I believe—I'm dreadfully afraid—I *must* be Harry Perret." Tim groaned as he spoke.

"And I *was* Harry Perret, but I'm terribly afraid I must be Tim Teddington now,"—and the other groaned likewise. "O man, how could you?"

"How could I what?" asked Tim. "You needn't complain, for you've got the best of it."

"The best of it!" reiterated the other. "What, with that one wretched little cramped-up room, and two squalling babies—"

"Dear little fellows!" murmured Tim. "But how did it happen?"

"Why, a queer sort of old fellow brought me a pair of shoes, which he said belonged to you, and he ordered me to put them on, and wouldn't take any denial. That's how it came about."

"And Mary?" said Tim. Harry Perret sighed—a real genuine sigh.

"Good little woman, but so meek; butter won't melt in her mouth, and tear-bags frightfully near to her eyes. Give me something stirring—something to keep me alive."

"Oh dear," moaned Tim; "I wish you had it back: it is stirring enough, and no mistake. I say Perret,—Teddington I mean,—at least, whoever you are,—*do* tell me—how did you manage when you were me,—at least in these shoes; how did you manage about—about—"

"Speak out, man," said the other.

"*HER* tongue?" whispered Tim, with his new fear strong upon him.

"Just submit, and never mind, and be happy elsewhere," said Harry.

Tim shook his head. He would have to "submit" undoubtedly; but "not minding" was a different matter. And this sort of thing didn't suit his notions of comfort, any more than Mary's gentle ways suited the other's notions of liveliness.

"Could we exchange back again, I wonder?" asked Tim wistfully. "Your shoes don't fit me at all—in fact they are rather painful. Would you mind?"

Tim felt as if he must be making a cruel request indeed, when he remembered Betsy's tongue; but the other man answered with astonishing alacrity,—

"To be sure—a capital plan! Wonder we didn't think of it before! Off with your shoes, old fellow, and let's try."

Tim kicked off the shoes in a trice; but instead of being able to make the proposed exchange, he suddenly felt himself sinking downwards, downwards, as he had done before; while his limbs grew fixed and helpless, and his teeth chattered, and a cold wind passed over his face, and everything grew dark about him.

And in one moment more Tim was again seated in the cellar, with piles of shoes on every side, and the queer old gentleman in front carrying his big blue bag.

CHAPTER IV.

SEBASTIAN SMITH'S SHOES.

"Oh, here you are," said the old gentleman, rather sarcastically. "Back in a hurry. So

you didn't find that pair of shoes suit you."

"N—o," faltered Tim. "They didn't exactly fit."

"Of course not. How could they?" asked the old gentleman tartly. "They were not made for you. If folks won't keep to the shoes made for them, they can't expect to find a perfect fit."

"I think I'll have my own pair, please," said Tim earnestly.

The old shoemaker looked extremely surprised.

"Your *own* pair! I beg your pardon. Did my ears deceive me? Your *own* pair, I think you said."

"Certainly, if you please," said Tim.

"Very unfortunate," said the old gentleman, rubbing his head. "People have no right to change their minds so easily. I'm sorry to say it is quite impossible that I should comply with your request,—will be so, in fact, for some time. I couldn't in honour break through all arrangements. But here is a pair which I think you particularly desired,—Sebastian Smith's. Sorry it wasn't at liberty last time I had the pleasure of seeing you. Sebastian Smith already has yours."

Tim looked doubtful whether to be pleased or distressed.

"Put them on," said the old gentleman.

Tim hesitated.

"*Put them on!*" repeated the old gentleman sternly.

"Couldn't you just manage to get me my own?" pleaded Tim.

"On no account. *PUT THEM ON,*" said the old gentleman with a voice of thunder.

Tim obeyed in a great fright. And all at once, as before, the cellar shrank and faded into nothing. Tim felt himself swept away somewhere, like an autumn leaf,—and shutting his eyes for one instant, he opened them, to find himself—

Well, it wasn't so bad this time. The cottage was a particularly nice one, and Sebastian Smith was seated at a plentiful breakfast, before going to his daily work. The room was better furnished than any Tim had ever lived in before, though not over tidy. Sebastian Smith's wife, a pretty little woman, sat at the other end, and three healthy chil-

dren were upon either side. Tim felt quite a glow of fatherly pride and pleasure at his heart for a single moment, as he glanced round and realized that he was Sebastian Smith now, and consequently that these children, with the addition of a seventh in the cradle, were all his very own.

"Come, I've got into good quarters now, and no mistake," thought Tim.

But the glow and the satisfaction didn't last. Tim wondered that he didn't feel happier. How it was he could not make out. He felt as if a great load of anxiety and worry were weighing him down. The very thought of having to feed and clothe all these seven children was quite alarming. He was struck with Sally Smith's depressed timid look, and with the heavy silence among the children. And yet when one or two of them spoke a word under their breath, it teased him, and he roughly desired them not to speak. Tim had never felt so cantankerous and out of sorts in his life.

He thought of his savings and his savings-bank book, but not at all in a hopeful or satisfied fashion. He wondered that he had not made a great deal more money in the past year. And all at once he found himself saying so aloud in a disagreeable complaining voice, which quite startled himself, but which seemed to surprise nobody else; only he thought he saw a shrinking movement among the children, and heard a whisper,—*"Take care! father's cross this morning."*

"I'm sure I don't know how it is, Sebastian," said Sally in a mournful low minor key.

"Then you *ought* to know," said Tim angrily. "Toiling like a slave as I do,—the least *you* could do would be to save a bit."

"I'm sure I save as much as ever I can," said Sally patiently; "but you're never pleased at anything, Sebastian."

"I tell you, if things go on like this, I don't know what we'll come to," said Tim. "Suppose I should be taken ill now,—or fall and break my leg,—or the children get measles,—or work grow slack. Why, the savings 'ud all melt away like snow, and leave us with nothing,—like that poor wretch of a Teddington, who used to be so well-to-do, and has come down to one miserable room."

It seemed quite natural somehow to speak of "Teddington" as another person; yet even while saying the words, Tim had a sort of indignant feeling down in his heart that Sebastian Smith *could* thus speak of his friend.

And how strange it seemed, that whereas Tim had never been so well off in his life as now that he had become transformed into Sebastian Smith, yet he had never in his life felt so dreadfully anxious and burdened. Not through all his troubles and privations in the past winter, had Tim ever felt a tithe of this pressure on his mind. *Then*, with blithe Mary by his side, he had been ready to face anything, and at most only gave vent to an occasional grumble. Now, the mere weight of anxiety respecting bare possibilities of future troubles seemed too much to be endured.

"If I should get ill, or if work *should* stop,"—Tim found himself saying again. "I tell you what, Sally, the children *must* eat less. If they don't, we'll all just end our days in a workhouse."

Sally began to cry, and the children's faces were a sight to see for dolefulness.

Tim got up from the table, and went to the drawer where he kept his savings-bank book carefully treasured up. He examined it earnestly, putting his whole heart into the matter. Money had never seemed so important to Tim when he had very little, as now when he had comparatively a good deal. The figures in the book all slanted about so queerly that Tim could not exactly make them out; yet he saw that there was ample provision for present need, and for many a "rainy day." And still—still—he *could not* feel cheerful about the matter.

"I wish you wouldn't look so dismal," he said roughly to Sally, feeling sure he had found out the cause of his own extraordinary depression. Of course it was—must be—only sympathy with Sally's melancholy.

"And whose fault is it if I do look dismal?" sobbed Sally. "I'm sure you couldn't have seen a lighter-hearted lass than I was once upon a time. You've just broke me down altogether with your worrying ways,—always thinking everything's going to the bad, and always expecting troubles, and always out of

humour with everybody. If you don't kill me downright in time, it'll be a wonder. O, dear! I'd sooner have any sort of troubles in the world, than a dismal sour-tempered man like you."

Tim felt aghast. Was it so? Yes; too well he knew Sebastian Smith was just that in his own house, and even among his fellow-workmen, unless under brief excitement. Always a depressed low-spirited sort of man; always finding grievances; always looking on the dark side of things; always expecting evil.

Tim went out of the house and stood looking into the street. How brightly the sun shone, but it wasn't bright to Tim,—it only bothered him. How merrily the voices of the children sounded, but they were simply disagreeable in his ears. Ah! he *was* Sebastian Smith now, and no mistake. Tim Teddington had never felt like this. Tim groaned aloud for the light-heartedness of other days, which he had never learnt to value at its true worth until he lost it. He had never dreamed till now the actual suffering and positive misery of such a depressed and irritable spirit, as that at which he had often enough laughed in his friend.

"There's old Smith sulking, as usual," he heard the children murmur as they shrank away. And Tim felt it was best they *should* shrink away. Not one gave him a merry word in passing, as he had been wont to expect. Quite correct on their part. Tim felt that he could not possibly give one single merry word back.

"Oh, I do wish I was Tim Teddington again!"

A genuine desire was this, breathed out in a deep sigh. But it did not occur to him yet to kick off his slippers; neither did he feel the least security that he ever *would* be Tim Teddington again. The other seemed too real and too melancholy for any such second change.

"Good morning," said a voice.

Tim looked up, and stood motionless.

"Hope you like my quarters," said the former Sebastian Smith, but present Tim Teddington, in a slightly patronizing voice.

"No, I don't," said Tim. "I never felt so miserable in all my life."

"Miserable! what, with my savings-bank book in your possession?"

"Yes, and your temper too," said Tim sulkily, for he felt aggrieved. "Your shoes don't fit me at all."

"Likely not," said the other carelessly. "Well; when you're tired of them, perhaps you'll hand them over to me. Meantime I must say you've played me a very shabby trick. Such an exchange,—that wretched room of yours, in the place of my home and all my savings. Why, you haven't a spare shilling against a rainy day,—I mean I haven't."

"Couldn't help using it all up," said Tim. "But as for this sort of life, I begin to think I'm going melancholy mad. Have your shoes back, and welcome; and give me the others quickly, please, or that old gentlemen will be sure—"

But Tim's sentence was unfinished. Hardly

(To be continued.)

were the shoes removed from his feet, than down—down—he sank again, and once more found himself in the cellar.

It was a brief interview this time.

"You're hard to please," said the old gentleman. "I've no time to waste to-day; so please be quick. There are Will Browning's shoes. I've obtained them with great difficulty, for he's a wonderfully contented fellow,—didn't see any inducement towards an exchange. But I've got my own way. On with them, man."

This was delightful. Now at last Tim saw a free happy easy life before him. For once he felt sure he had no reason to fear. Will Browning, the esteemed and respected foreman, the most honest, earnest, hard-working, sensible, prosperous, highly-principled man of his acquaintance,—Tim was going to be in clover at last. He pulled on the shoes with great alacrity.

Common Mistakes about Religion.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "DAY BY DAY," "NOT YOUR OWN," ETC.

II. "DOING MY BEST."



FEW months ago I met by the wayside a poor, wretched-looking woman.

Her house was sadly neglected, and all about it gave evidence that those who dwelt there were living without the least regard to God, or even common morality. No prayer, no keeping holy God's Day, no training up the little ones in the nurture of the Lord, was known in that house. It was a Mission season, and many were inquiring the way to heaven. So I put a plain question to this woman. I asked her whether she were seeking Christ. I met with the old answer. "I'm doing my best," said this careless, ungodly woman. Thus she tried to quiet her conscience and stifle the appeal that was made to her.

"Doing my best" is a great cheat and deceiver. I constantly meet with him in some shape or other. But I should like to unmask him if I could, for he has ruined many souls already, and is likely, I fear, to ruin many more.

You say, "I am doing my best;" but *is this true?* Has any one ever done their best? Did this woman do her best? Have you done your best? For example, when some one inflicted upon you a trifling annoyance, and you gave way to angry feelings, and uttered many hasty words, were you doing your best? Or when you wasted an hour or two in bed, and arose too late, and duties were neglected, and perhaps you hurried to your work without a word of prayer or of thanksgiving to Him who had watched over you through the night, were you doing your

best? Do you mean to say that every day and every hour of the day you have been striving to please God? Is there a day in your life in which you might not have done more for God's glory and the good of others? And if this be so, is it true when you say, "I am doing my best"?

Nay, I could go further and say, Have you not again and again done your worst? Have you not many a time yielded to temptation, doing that which you knew well was contrary to God's plain command and the warning of your own conscience? And what could you have done worse than this?

"Doing my best." After all, what is the value of this hope of yours on which you are risking your salvation? What is it but "a sinner's best"? And a sinner's best can be but sinful. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Who can bring a drop of sweet water out of a bitter fountain? Who can bring good fruit from a bad tree?

I remember hearing of a lad that had such a disposition to steal that he could not overcome it. "I can't help taking it," he said, "unless it is too hot or too heavy." Here was an honest confession of his own character, so that whilst such a disposition lasted he would be sure to act dishonestly.

Now what is the nature of man? He is prone to sin and evil. It may not be to theft or murder or any open crime, but in some shape or other the heart follows the evil and not the good. It may be pride or covetousness or selfishness. It may be self-will, worldliness, and utter indifference to a God of love. But in some form sin lives and works within. And whilst this remains unchanged, the fruit of such a disposition cannot but be sinful thoughts and words and deeds. Every action, either in itself or in its motive and principle, must be defiled and impure when tried by the standard of God's holy law. Therefore, until your heart is changed by Divine grace,

whatever you may call "doing your best," you are only adding day by day to the long catalogue of your sins and transgressions.

"Doing my best." This is the Law and not the Gospel, and none can save themselves by "doing." As many as are under the law are under its condemnation. Till you give up trusting in any works or doings of any sort you stand guilty and condemned. Never, since the world began, has there been a man saved by doing. Till you are saved and forgiven through Christ, "doing your best" is only like a man in a condemned cell sweeping or clearing the floor, or putting a few pictures on the wall, or falling in with the rules of the prison; it cannot the least remove the sentence of death. Ah, think of this! The sentence has gone out against you—"Sinner, thou must die;" and all these self-efforts are utterly in vain to blot it out.

"Doing my best." If this were sufficient, why has God given us such warnings of danger and such promises of pardon to the penitent? Why did Christ come down from heaven and die for sinners on the cross? Surely, all this were needless if you or I could ever be saved by doing our best.

The truth is, you cannot be saved by any doings of your own. You can only be saved by that which Jesus has done for you. He gave Himself to fulfil the law, to work out a perfect righteousness, and then to die as the penalty of our transgressions. He finished the work of man's salvation, and by His death He made it a just and righteous thing for God to forgive the sinner. And you have to believe and accept this salvation thus provided for us.

Instead of pleading that you are "doing your best," acknowledge that you have left undone the things you ought to have done, and have done the things you ought not to have done; acknowledge that you are guilty, and then plead the death of Christ on your behalf: "O God, I am guilty, and

deserve to die, but Jesus died instead of me. For His sake pardon my sins, and receive me as Thy dear child."

When you come in this spirit, you stand on solid ground. You are no longer on the sand, but on the Rock. God will wel-

come you and bestow upon you all the blessings of His grace. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." "All the promises of God in Him are Yea, and in Him Amen."

Booth Climbing the Rocks of Time.

BY THE REV. E. WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, E. YORKS.



H, dear Girl, to such as thee
Life is but a smiling sea,
O'er whose waves Hope gaily throws
Lines of gold or tints of rose.

Life is but a happy strand
Bordered with imaginings grand;
And all eager thou to climb
Up the dangerous rocks of Time.

May the angel-hand of Grace
Help thee o'er each slippery place,
Guide thee on thine upward way,
Year by year and day by day:

And across Life's changeful sea
May it show that Bridge to thee,
Skyward built by One of old,
Not with silver or with gold.

Men of Mark from Working Homes.

I. THOMAS KELLY, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 15.)



YOUNG Kelly's conduct to his parents was above all praise. His first salary was £10 yearly; half of this scanty pittance he sent to his parents. And as his wages advanced so did their allowance. "The largest part of my salary I sent home to increase their farming stock, and increase their credit." £80 a year was his highest stipend; and it is believed he then paid the whole of their farm rent. Through his whole life he was a most liberal friend to all his relatives. His mother had been his best teacher. One of her injunctions to her son was, "Never to keep company with those beneath him, but to look up and strive to raise himself in the scale of society."

Mr. Kelly was through his whole life a constant observer of the Lord's-day, and who can

doubt that a reverent attention to its duties conduced greatly to his worldly prosperity? Religion, accepted as a guiding principle, cannot fail to bring other advantages in its train. Prosperity and wealth may not be amongst these advantages. God may see that we need the discipline of trial and affliction. But "godliness with contentment,"—contentment in that "state of life to which it has pleased Him to call us," whatever our outward circumstances may be—"is great gain:" so that whether rich or poor the true Christian *does* really "make the best of both worlds."

When he had been about ten years in the Row he had an opportunity of taking service with the late Sir Francis Baring; but his employer persuaded him to remain with him, saying,—

"Thomas, you can never be a merchant, but you *may* be a bookseller."

His faithful servitude extended over twenty



YOUTH CLIMBING THE ROCKS OF TIME.

"Ah, dear girl, to such as thee
Life is but a smiling sea;
And all eager thou to climb
Up the dangerous rocks of Time."

years. And as showing how little our happiness is dependent on outward circumstances, and how truly contentment may enrich a humble portion, it is worthy of note that Kelly often declared that at no period of his life was he happier than during this long period of servitude in Paternoster Row.

Mr. Hogg falling into bad health, and desiring to be relieved from business, proposed a few months before his death that his son should succeed him, but that he should unite with Kelly as his partner. Kelly, however, felt obliged to decline the offer on account of the young man's character; and in this difficulty, in 1809, in his thirty-eighth year, he resolved to commence business for himself.

But where was he to go to get a shop? He had employed a barber for several years, who lived at 52, Paternoster Row, and on him he prevailed to allow him the use of a room for his intended experiment. On this small nook he wrote, "Thomas Kelly, bookseller;" but he was best known to the customers as "Thomas." That his friends might not be ignorant of his abode, he used to stand at the door every hour or two, to show his acquaintances that he was now in business. One of them, looking at the name above the door, inquired, "Well, Thomas, who is this Kelly that you have taken up with?"

He rented a small sleeping room in Chapter House Court, and for this alone he paid half a guinea a week. There was no fireplace, but he was privileged to have hot water when he needed tea.

Success attended his exertions. Of *Buchan's Domestic Medicine* he bought 1000 copies in sheets at a low price, prefixed a memoir, and having divided them into parts, went out in quest of subscribers, and soon got rid of them. A thousand copies of the *New Week's Preparation* were dealt with in the same manner. He had two years of trial, and then the dark side of his history ended.

He formed a project from which he hoped to reap wealth. He resolved henceforth to print at his own risk. Having commenced a standard work, say a Bible, in weekly numbers at 6d. or 3d., he entrusted the sale to agents stationed all over the kingdom, to whom he gave a percentage in proportion to the sale.

The agent was called a canvasser, who supplied buyers with the numbers from time to time, commonly once a week. Deliverers were also employed, a division of labour greatly facilitating the work. Kelly took no agents but men of good character. To each young man he gave stock on credit value from £20 to £100, giving them rules, and often instructing them personally. This plan ensured a quick return of capital. Ready money was insisted upon. The first work extended over 170 numbers. Before it was finished he was able to commence other undertakings, and in a few years immense sums of money passed through his hands, and he rapidly accumulated wealth. The first serial, a large family Bible, edited by John Malham, rector of Hilton, Dorset (a novelty of its kind), under the name of *Kelly's Family Bible*, had a very rapid sale, ultimately extending to 80,000 copies, which he supposed paid in duty to Government £20,000. To the Bible succeeded *The Life of Christ, Foxe's Martyrs*, and *The History of England*, all in folio, with copper-plate embellishments; in 8vo, *Hervey's Meditations*, *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, and various other popular works followed.

In 1814 the printing of standard books by stereotype began to be adopted in England, and Kelly reaped great advantage from the new plan. Opposed by the trade, he purchased land at Merton to erect a building to manufacture type; but the printers soon abandoned their opposition, and readily supplied the work he needed. A fire breaking out near Mr. Clowes's premises, where he had considerable property, he went next day to the Phoenix Company, in Lombard-street, and insured to the extent of £2,000. In a few weeks, before the policy was made out, Clowes's place was destroyed by fire, and Kelly's property wholly consumed. The office paid the insurance without an hour's delay. As a proof of his sense of this liberality, he never cancelled a single policy with the Phoenix, until he had repaid, in annual premiums, the whole of the £2,000 he had received from them. How largely Kelly traded is shown by the fact that from one of his agents alone he often received from £4,000 to £5,000 a year. Of the *Memoirs of the Princess Charlotte*, he sold in a very

small space of time 50,000 copies for as many pounds. He soon found that his business was too extensive to be carried on in his limited premises, and added to them at an extraordinary outlay. His gains and his expenditure were now immense, and no profitable undertaking failed for want of abundant supplies.

He always lamented deeply his lack of a superior education; but late in life he indulged himself with frequent tours on the Continent. Notwithstanding his immense issues of costly books, he exercised the most watchful prudence. "Books (says he) generally, printed in the ordinary way, sell 500 or 1,000 copies, and periodical publication would be ruinous. Nothing but a vast sale will prove remunerative." Here is a list of some of his sales:—*The Gazetteer*, 4,000 copies, at £4 10s. each; *Hume's England*, 5,000 at £4 18s.; *History of the French Revolution*, 20,000 copies at £3; and the architectural works collected, 30,000 (sold separately), and altogether 50,000 at £1 12s., or £1 15s. each; *The Life of Christ*, 100,000, from £1 10s. to £2 each. He was always ready to lend out his money. When little known, he saved a member of the Court of Aldermen from bankruptcy, by an advance of £4,000. His liberality kept pace with his prosperity; his sympathy for every form of suffering was ever alive.

He was elected Lord Mayor of London in 1836. A French visitor thus describes his appearance:—"The new Lord Mayor, in his state chair, was drawn by six beautiful steeds, ornamented with ribands. He seemed about threescore; his figure was made impressive by the flowing wig and the mantle of ermine that covered his shoulders, but he knew how to sustain his dignity; a thriving bookseller, a perfectly honest man, and very charitable."

As Lord Mayor, he proclaimed the accession of Queen Victoria; and when his year of office drew to a close, he received a requisition to serve during a second year; this, however, he declined. The new Queen dined at the Guildhall on the day of his retirement from office, and he thus missed a baronetcy.

The career of Thomas Kelly furnishes a noteworthy example of prosperity attained by industry and integrity. Neither poverty nor want of friends need paralyze exertion; and exertion, by God's blessing, is, as a rule, attended by a fair amount of success. "In all labour there is profit." "Seest thou a man diligent in his business,"—whatever that business may be,—"he shall stand before kings."

But the filial piety of Kelly added the greatest charm to his noble character. As a good son he took a higher place than that of a prosperous citizen; and although prosperity, such as his, cannot be the portion of many, all sons may emulate his filial devotion.

Above all, the fear and love of God had been the actuating principle of his life. And so, when old age crept on, peace was his portion—the peace which they possess who in the school of grace have learned to love God's law. About a fortnight before his death, he paid a last visit to the grave of his parents. As he sat musing, he murmured, "How very happy I am."

Truly "at evening time there was light."

His strength now failing him daily, he directed that his funeral should be private, and added a wish that the Old Hundredth Psalm and the Gloria Patri should be sung over his grave.

On the 7th of September, 1854, "In a full age, and like a shock of corn, in its season," he was gathered to his rest.

Next the Heart.



TALE is told of shipwreck on the deep—

A vessel doomed, whose crew came home no more.

Amidst the victims roughly hushed to sleep,

Was one the ravening sea refused to keep,

And flung ashore.

A sailor boy, some lowly mother's pride,
Lay on the beach in death's ignoble rest;
Stripped as he swam for life, and struggling died,
A kerchief held one treasure closely tied
Across his breast.

Some straggling wreckers found him on the strand,
They seized the kerchief, tore the knot apart;
For plunder, not for pity, there they stand—
'Tis but a Book they pluck with ruthless hand
From next his heart.

No hoarded treasure—fools! and say they so?
Its worth outvalues all the gold they crave;—
With baffled, surly looks, aside they throw
A gem more precious than the pearls that grow
Beneath the wave.

No rich man's gift was this—no costly toy—
No trusted talisman of false renown.
The lonely mother gave her sailor boy
A charm whose power not tempests could destroy,
Nor oceans drown.

The wealth the world bestows hath potent spells;
To all the "pride of life" it adds a prop;
Its pomp gilds every spot whereon it dwells,
And reaches to the sepulchre's dark cells—
There it must stop!

But this true mother's keepsake—precious prize—
Could lighten all earth's sorrow, toil, and strife;—
The seal of death was on the sleeper's eyes,
But *this* could waken them to brighter skies
And deathless life.

It could not snatch him from a watery tomb,
Or keep a living mother's tears from starting;
But it could cheer the lonely mourner's gloom,
And save both loved and loving from the doom
Of endless parting.

With varied aims and hopes through life we plod,
With varied hopes and fears from life we part;—
Ah! may we, when that mortal path is trod,
Sleep, to awaken with the Word of God
Found next the heart.

H. E. HUNTER.



Home Makers, and How they Made them.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

II. STRIVE AND THRIVE.



DO not think that my neighbours, a young married couple named Peters, were very happy in the early part of their career, as far as I knew it. Mr. Peters was a bookbinder, and a clever young man, but he was not "diligent in business," nor did he at all think about the whole of that wonderful text—"fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

A friend of mine, a surgeon in Battersea, attended Mrs. Peters in an illness she had, and I heard from the good doctor's wife, that there was heavy trouble in the humble dwelling.

It did not arise from this illness, for Mrs. Peters soon recovered; but her husband had a dislike to his business, thought himself above it, and was neither punctual nor industrious; and I need not tell my readers that those two qualities are indispensable if a man—or a woman either—is to succeed in life.

Some small acts of neighbourly kindness that I was able to render to Mrs. Peters in her illness, made me intimate with her. I learned that her husband, of whom she was both fond and proud, had been led to expect that an old uncle of his would put him in business; and that on the expectation of being a "master-man," as it is called, he had taken a wife, and launched out into many expenses on his marriage, in the way of clothes and a wedding trip to the Channel Islands. To his great dismay, on his return he found that his aged uncle had married also, a widow with a large family, and that all the expectations in which he had indulged for years were overthrown.

So Alfred Peters had to depend, as

thousands of other young men have to depend, on his own diligence to gain a living for himself and his Bessy. They were young, loving, and healthy. Surely they had some of nature's best gifts; and if grace to use these gifts aright had been added, they would have begun the world well.

But the gnawing of discontent was eating into Peters's heart. He got work and hated it, because he was only a journeyman. He disliked his master, for the simple reason that he was his master. Is not a dislike always the most bitter when it is unreasonable? He disliked the men, his companions, because he thought them his inferiors. He would have seen in another the folly and sin of such feelings, but he did not see himself. Had he looked in the Gospel mirror he would have seen "the beam" in his own eye, and ceased to complain of "the mote" in his brother's eye. It was very weary work with him; and if his wife had not possessed a gentle temper, there would have been dark days indeed in their dwelling.

It was wonderful how she contrived to make the home comfortable, and keep herself neat, and their one little child bright and even smart, on the small wages her husband earned; for he wasted so much time, what with his low spirits, and his going off to inquire about some easier way of getting a living, that he lost his regular situation, and often had only "piecework." This was the case when, in the second winter of their union, Mrs. Peters fell ill; and I suspected that the illness was caused by a want of the comforts needful in the depth of winter for a nursing mother.

But one thing was certain, whoever

went short of anything in that home, it was not the husband. There was a clear fire and a clean hearth when he came home; and as all her little stock of coals was bought a scuttle-full at a time, I fear, nay I know, she often went without fire in the day, so as to have one at night for her husband. I think I see, even now, the bright-eyed fragile little creature, still in her earliest womanhood, and the smile of welcome on her face that almost hid its thinness.

But who can minister to a mind diseased with discontent? Peters loved his wife, but that very love made him bitter about what he considered his misfortunes.

I called just as Mrs. Peters was again beginning to do the work of her little home. I found her crying bitterly, with her baby in her lap. To my endeavour at consolation, she replied in such anguish as I had seldom seen. Amid her sobs I gathered that Peters had "resolved to go to America to better himself:" that his uncle had agreed to advance the money for him as steerage passenger, but not a fraction to enable him to take his wife with him. They owed rent, and the landlord's claim prevented his selling his furniture, nor did he seem to wish to encumber himself on the voyage with a wife and infant, both then very helpless.

I need not dwell on the wife's bitter sorrow. The parting took place. He was to send for her as soon as possible: nay he talked himself and her into the belief that he would be so fortunate,—that his talents would so immediately command success,—that he should return speedily, and take her out in comfort—"as his wife ought to go."

I did not see Mrs. Peters for a few days after her husband left. When I called, I saw the parting, and those days, had done the work of years. She had hope to sustain her—the full belief that her husband would succeed—and she had her child.

These were her human consolations. But she had more than these. In the dreary weeks that followed, old teachings of a higher hope, old prayers uttered in childhood, old memories of a mother's dying words, came to her mind; and in her loneliness and desolation she prayed—prayed for her husband, for her child, and for herself. I saw her on the Sabbath, sitting in a pew near the door of the house of God, hushing her baby, and listening with tearful eyes to words that never fail to comfort mourning souls.

That she found such comfort I felt sure, by what I saw of a new energy manifested by her. She was a skilful needlewoman, and it was in the days when baby-caps were most beautifully and elaborately worked. With all a young mother's pardonable vanity, she had worked a very exquisite cambric cap for her little one; but she had never been able to buy a lace to trim it. She took this cap to a shop, kept then by a Scotchman in Burlington Arcade, where embroidery for ladies was sold. She was paid more than she had expected, and, better still, she had work offered her. That summer saw her early and late at her task—a labour of love—for she was intent to get enough to take her out to her husband.

But the murmuring complaining spirit was still his cherished companion; and when she had good hope of attaining her object, her husband's letters told her he was "not satisfied with New York—it was worse than England."

Weeks followed and he wrote again, from Boston. "Ill luck," he said, "followed him, and he meant to go West."

Then came a long time when she had no letters; and the poor thing who had worked in hope, now worked with the energy of despair, and actually saved enough by the year's end to send him his passage money to bring him back again.

Somemaysay,—many did,—"*Whatasim-*

pleton!" Yes; love is both the most foolish and the most wise thing in this world. It is not measured by the merit of those towards whom it is felt; and in this it resembles "Love DIVINE, all love excelling."

An anxious grave little woman was Mrs. Peters, but a tender holy sweetness often came into her pale face; and all who knew her (they were but few) respected her. She was so industrious, so kind and wise a mother to the little prattler that toddled about her room, and cheered her with her smiles.

Meanwhile her work increased. Her landlady had two young daughters willing to learn, and she taught them, and was able to find employment for them. A business grew up under her skilful fingers. "Oh, if I had but known I could do what I have done, Alfred need never have gone!" she often said.

It was a bitter trial to her that she never got a letter that seemed to tell her he was settled. He was always going somewhere else, and her replies she justly feared often missed him. There was no want of apparent tenderness in his letters, and the faithful wife never doubted his love. If she came to the conclusion that the fault was in himself, his want of stability and settled principle, she never said so.

But God was now dealing with her absent husband, as in after-years he himself told her. It was the third winter after he went that he fell down in the streets of Cincinnati, and broke his wrist. In all his wanderings he had managed, and barely managed, to keep himself from want; but how bright to him now was the sweet vision of a past that he had murmured over. Bessy had not been much prized in England, but when he was without her he learned her value. On his sick bed he met with kind Christian friends; but he was lonely and wretched, and his misery threw him into a fever. He was not able to

write, and it was perhaps as well that his wife did not know of his trouble. He was placed in the hospital of the district, and his recovery was very tedious. But long before his body grew strong, his soul sprang up to the light. All his discontent, neglect of God, and of His best blessings, all his selfishness, became clear to him. Ah, it would have been too terrible—the storm of his feelings would have overwhelmed him—but that there came a Divine voice, saying in the depths of his spirit "Peace, be still." In that peaceful stillness he found the Saviour.

During the long interval when Mrs. Peters had no letters, and feared she knew not what, she had to remove to Pimlico. The people she lodged with removed, and she went with them to a better residence. Owing most likely to this cause, one letter sent from America did not reach her. She had now been left alone for four years, and it was the fear of the voyage for her child, and the advice of friends, that alone kept her from going in search of her husband, though she had never gone twenty miles beyond London in her life.

One Friday morning there came a letter with a Liverpool postmark. It had evidently made a circuit. She did not know the handwriting, for it was written with the left hand, but it was from her husband.

He was ill in Liverpool. In an hour after, she and her little one were gone. The journey was long then. She did not reach Liverpool until Saturday night; and there, in a poor lodging in Park Lane, down by the docks, she found her husband—crippled in his right hand, poor, indebted to some kind souls for the means to reach his native shores.

Oh, what must it have been to the poor wanderer, to see his Bessy come to welcome him! For welcome him indeed she did. There were no words of reproof, however deserved, in that glad hour. The

lost was found, and the tears of the wanderer proved that manly feelings were stirring in his breast.

I have little more to tell. They came back wiser and happier than from their first wedding trip. He brought the new heart and the changed nature to his new home. His hand did not permit his working at his former trade, but Bessy's

savings enabled them to take a fancy shop; and he could transact the business matters, while Bessy's taste and skill brought customers. I cannot say they were ever anything but hard-working striving folks; but God's blessing was on them, and they had,—ay, and yet have, now the grey hairs are sprinkled on their heads,—a happy, thriving, pious Home.

Thoughts on Things in Cottage Homes.

BY W. WELDON CHAMPNEYS, M.A., DEAN OF LICHFIELD.

II. CANDLES.



WHEN I have been travelling on a dark night, lights from time to time have seemed to come towards us and then to run from us, because the train was rushing towards them first and then rushing away from them; just as the sun seems to rise, because our earth is turning round so fast towards it in the morning, and rolling away so fast from it in the evening. No one could doubt what those great volleys of flame are that make the air so red all round them. A stranger indeed might think that those flames are bursting up from below the earth; that they are vents to let the fires, of which we are told the middle of our earth is full, get out. We, however, know how the Black Country looks by night when it is "lighted up," and that these fires come from furnaces where day and night the hard-working men of England are following their useful and laborious trade.

Look at that long line of lights, at regular paces from each other. We know that they are gas-lights, and that we are passing some town, or very large village almost like a town, such as are called in the Greek language, "village-towns." But

what are these small twinkling lights,—bright, and yet not so bright or large as the others,—that flame and glitter as they run up to us, and then seem to run away? It cannot be a bank lined with glowworms—they are too large, though not too many for that. What are they? Every one of those twinkling lights is from a candle in a cottage.

Men, and women too, that have got up very early in the morning, perhaps with the sun, and worked hard all the day, are glad to get to bed early in the evening. In the summer, when the great sun himself scarcely lies down all night long in these northern parts of ours, when you may follow him by a bright light almost to his rising again, candles are not wanted. But when winter comes, with its short days and long dark nights; when the sun that did not rise till nearly eight goes down over the moor a little after four, and the working man plods homeward in the dark,—then they must have some light; and it is those lights twinkling in every cottage that we see as we rush by the villages in the dark winter's night.

What a difference does that one little candle make in that cottage. The light indeed is not such as the many flaring gas-lights in the gin-palace, but it makes us

see what we could not see before; for, as it is said in the Bible, "that which maketh manifest is light." The mother sees her way to get her husband's supper ready, and when they have had it, to work a little, if she is a tidy notable woman, at mending Jem's trousers which he has torn in climbing up a tree,—for boys and goats *will* climb,—or darning the stockings through which some forward toes have come that are not contented to stop quietly at home, but are determined to make their way out and look about upon the world. That candle gives light enough to enable little quiet Henry and Jane to learn what they have got to learn by heart for school tomorrow. That one candle might look down with pleasure on a great deal that is good and pleasant in that cottage, and, if it could feel such things, might well be pleased also that the light which it gives makes those there to do what they are doing: for they could not do it without *him*.

I well remember once going into the country from Whitechapel to a small cottage for country air and rest. The first night we were there, our friends had laid in what we wanted for our need after our journey, but they or we had forgotten to order candles. It was simply laughable to hear what was said by those who could not see what they were eating; and though we managed to feel our way to our mouths, we learnt that it is better to *see* it, and one candle would have enabled us to do that.

In Eastern countries there are two things which are found in every house—a millstone and a candle: for every one wants bread and light. They could not have bread without flour, nor flour unless the wheat is ground; so they grind the wheat every day to make the daily bread, as, in some other countries of the East, they always grind or pound the coffee fresh and fresh, so that they get out the pleasant

smell and the fresh oil and all the goodness of the coffee-berry. It is the business of two of the lowest maid-servants, in a great Eastern house, to grind the wheat. They sit to grind on the ground with the millstones between them: the lower one fixed, the upper being pushed round and round, by pegs fastened in it, from one of the servants to the other. So also there is a candle as well as a millstone in every house. When, therefore, God's angel foretells the *utter* destruction of Babylon (Revelation xviii. 23), he says, "The sound of the millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee; and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee." Those two things which *every* house needs shall not be found there.

You would think it a very strange thing, when one of your children had lighted the candle, to see her take a bushel, turn it upside down on the table, and put the candle under it: for you want it that you may see by it.

What is a candle? It is made up of a twisted strip of cotton which we call the wick; and this is dipped over and over again in a quantity of melted fat or tallow, and when this has dried we have a candle. We light the wick, the flame melts the fat near and round it, draws it up, and so keeps the flame burning as long as the wick is fed, and then it dies out.

Every true Christian is a candle. God has lighted him. He loves God as his own kind, forgiving, and forbearing Father. That He is kind to him, every night's sleep, every day's health, every meal he eats, every breath he draws, proves. That He is a forgiving Father, he knows well; for he knows that he has committed many sins, and still falls often into faults; yet, for His Saviour's sake, God has forgiven and still forgives and bears with him. This love to God is a flame that burns within his own heart, and makes the man shine and give out light, within his own house first,

and then wherever else he may be. He must *give* light because he *has* it. It is not a matter of choice with the candle whether it will shine, neither is it with a true Christian,—he *must*. The truly Christian father or mother cannot but give light to all that are in the house. Their children must see it first, and their neighbours next; and the good man's cottage, as angel eyes see it, glitters with as true a light from God, amidst the darkness of this evil world, as it does to the traveller's eye as he passes by it in the dark night, and sees the candle like a tiny star shining in the window. Our hearts, like the candle-wick, need to be continually fed with grace, that the flame of love and the light of goodness may not go out; and He who *lighted* us at the first will give us a continual "supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ," if we only ask Him.

The humblest Christian has no more notion HOW FAR *his* light will reach than the smallest candle has. I have seen a

single candle placed on the floor of our beautiful cathedral when there was no other light there; and the rays from it showed the groined roof, the carved bosses, the vast windows, the pillars and arches of the nave, the screen of the choir, the transept, and threw its light over to the Lord's table in the choir. Our Bishop pointed this out to me, and we thought of what Shakspeare wrote,—

"How far the little candle throws its beams;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Yes; such a man as he was who died with his twenty-one companions in the Pelsall mine; such men as many of those were who laboured so nobly and so unweariedly to rescue them, are "candles of the Lord," which "let their light so shine before men, that (while) they see their good works they glorify their Father who is in heaven."

Hear then what your candle says from his pulpit—the candlestick—for he preaches well if we will only hear him.

England's Workshops.

NOTES AND FACTS FROM THE EDITOR'S "COMMON PLACE BOOK."

III. AMERICAN INCOMES.



STATEMENT was recently published, to the effect that the average earnings of every man, woman, and child in the United States reached 800 dollars, or about £160 a year, thus giving to every family

of five persons an average annual income of £800. This seemed too magnificent to be true; and more accurate statistics have, as might be expected, reduced the estimate very considerably.

Averages of this kind are necessarily misleading, by distributing the large fortunes of the few among the many. Intending emigrants who are dazzled by the notion of an "average" family income of £800 a year, will certainly find it more profitable to learn that incomes on the wrong side of the average

are by no means astonishing. The annual earnings of a factory hand are stated to be about £70, and of a common labourer or domestic servant about £65.

This sounds high, according to English ideas, but as the cost of living in America is considerably higher than here, the value of wages ought to be estimated accordingly. Under these circumstances the English servant or labourer seems to be at no disadvantage compared with the American. In the statistics quoted, "agriculturists, persons engaged in the railway service and fisheries, in cotton, woollen, and leather manufactures, and in the production of iron," are classed together, and their daily pay put down at about 6s. for 300 days in the year.—*Globe*.

IV. THE TRADES OF ANIMALS.

Bees are geometricians. Their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of



WINTER.

"This wintery day may be cheerful and gay,
If well understood:
God sends it in love, and 'tis working our good."—B. GOREAU.

material, to have the largest-sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice. So, also, is the ant-lion. His funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation, as if it had been made by the most skilful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instruments. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the nine-killer is an arithmetician; so also is the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sail, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and woodcutter—he cuts down trees and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer; he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. The East India ants are horticulturists; they

make mushrooms upon which they feed their young. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The bird *Ploceus Textor* is a weaver; he weaves a web to make his nest. The *Primia* is a tailor; he sews the leaves together to make his nest. The squirrel is a ferryman; with a chip or piece of bark for a boat and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream.

Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants have regular day labourers. The monkey is a rope dancer. The association of beavers presents us with a model of republicanism. The bees live under a monarchy. The Indian antelopes furnish an example of a patriarchal government.

Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders. Wild horses are said to select their leaders. Sheep, in a wild state, are under the control of a military chief ram.

The Young Folks' Page.

II. "A CUP OF COLD WATER" RECOMPENSED.



YOUNG English lady was sent to France to be educated in a Protestant school. A few evenings before the 24th of August, 1572 (the massacre of St. Bartholomew), she was taking a walk with some friends in a part of the town where there were sentinels placed. One of the soldiers, as they passed him, earnestly begged them to bring him a little water, saying he was very ill, and that it would be

as much as his life was worth to leave his post and fetch it himself.

The English lady, though ridiculed by her companions, went and procured him some water, which he drank. He begged her to tell him her name, and where she lived.

On the night of the massacre he contrived to save her life, while all the other inhabitants of the house were killed!

The Bible Mine Searched.



ANSWERS are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. Where did the Jews worship the "Host of Heaven?"
2. Who was buried in the city called after him?
3. What two noted priests were natives of Anathoth?
4. Who was told that he should die the day that he passed over the brook Kidron?
5. Who asked the prayers of one, for attempting to seize whom he had just been seized?

6. What Benjamite entered the capital of Syria blind, but left it seeing?

WRITTEN EXERCISE.

Give instances of the fulfilment of Bible promises to individuals.

ANSWERS (See January No.)

1. Tit. i. 2.
2. Deut. viii. 3 and Heb. v. 8.
3. Heb. xiii. 15, 16.
4. 1 Sam. xvi. 13, with xviii. 12.
5. Gen. xvii. 18, 19.
6. Mark xiii. 32; Rev. i. 1.

SUN.—1st day.
Alms 7.42. Sets 4.48.

FEBRUARY.

MOON.—New, 6th, a. 7.55.
Full, 20th, a. 8.1.

GRACE

LIFE

LORD,

TEACH US

TO PRAY.

PEACE

LOVE



Pray
to thy Father.

St. Matt. vi. 9.

- | | | |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | M | Continuing instant in prayer. Rom. xii. 12. [xv. 30. |
| 2 | Tu | PURIF. V. MARY. Strive together in your prayer. Rom. |
| 3 | W | Let us come boldly to the throne of grace. Heb. iv. 16. |
| 4 | Th | Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Jas. v. 13. |
| 5 | F | Every one that asketh receiveth. Matt. vii. 8. |
| 6 | S | Praying always for you. Col. i. 3. |
| 7 | S | Quinquagesima S. Behold he prayeth. Acts ix. 11. |
| 8 | M | Ask, and it shall be given you. Matt. vii. 7. |

I will pray
with the Spirit.

1 Cor. xiv. 15.

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| 9 | To | I will pray with the understanding also. 1 Cor. xiv. 16. |
| 10 | W | FIRST DAY OF LENT. Let us go speedily to pray. Zech. |
| 11 | Th | Pray to the Lord for us. Jer. xxxvii. 3. [viii. 21. |
| 12 | F | Men ought always to pray. Luke xviii. 1. |
| 13 | S | We made our prayer unto our God. Neh. iv. 9. |
| 14 | S | 1st S. in Lent. The Lord will receive my prayer. |
| 15 | M | Their prayer came up to heaven. 2 Chron. xxx. 27. |
| 16 | Tu | I give myself unto prayer. Ps. cix. 4. |

BEFORE THEY
CALL, I WILL ANSWER, AND
WHILE THEY ARE YET SPEAKING,

I WILL HEAR.

ISA. lvi. 1.

I have
heard thy prayer.

2 Kings xx. 5.

Watch and Pray.

St. Matt. xiii. 33.

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| 17 | W | A bruised reed shall He not break. Isa. xlii. 3. |
| 18 | Th | Sin shall not have dominion over you. Rom. vi. 14. |
| 19 | F | He giveth . . . liberally, and upbraideth not. Jas. i. 5. |
| 20 | S | I will heal thy backsliding. Hos. xiv. 4. |
| 21 | S | 2nd S. in Lent. A new heart will I give you. Ezek. |
| | | xxxvi. 26. |
| 22 | M | He will abundantly pardon. Isa. lv. 7. |

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| 23 | Tu | Pray that ye enter not into temptation. Luke xxi. 40. |
| 24 | W | St. MATTHIAS. I am a sinful man, O Lord. Luke ix. 8. |
| 25 | Th | Cleanse Thou me from secret faults. Ps. xix. 12. |
| 26 | F | Through Christ we have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Eph. ii. 18. |
| 27 | S | I will put My Spirit within you. Ezek. xxxvi. 27. |
| 28 | S | 3rd S. in Lent. I have prayed for thee. Lk. xxi. 32. |

I AM lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me "Nay."

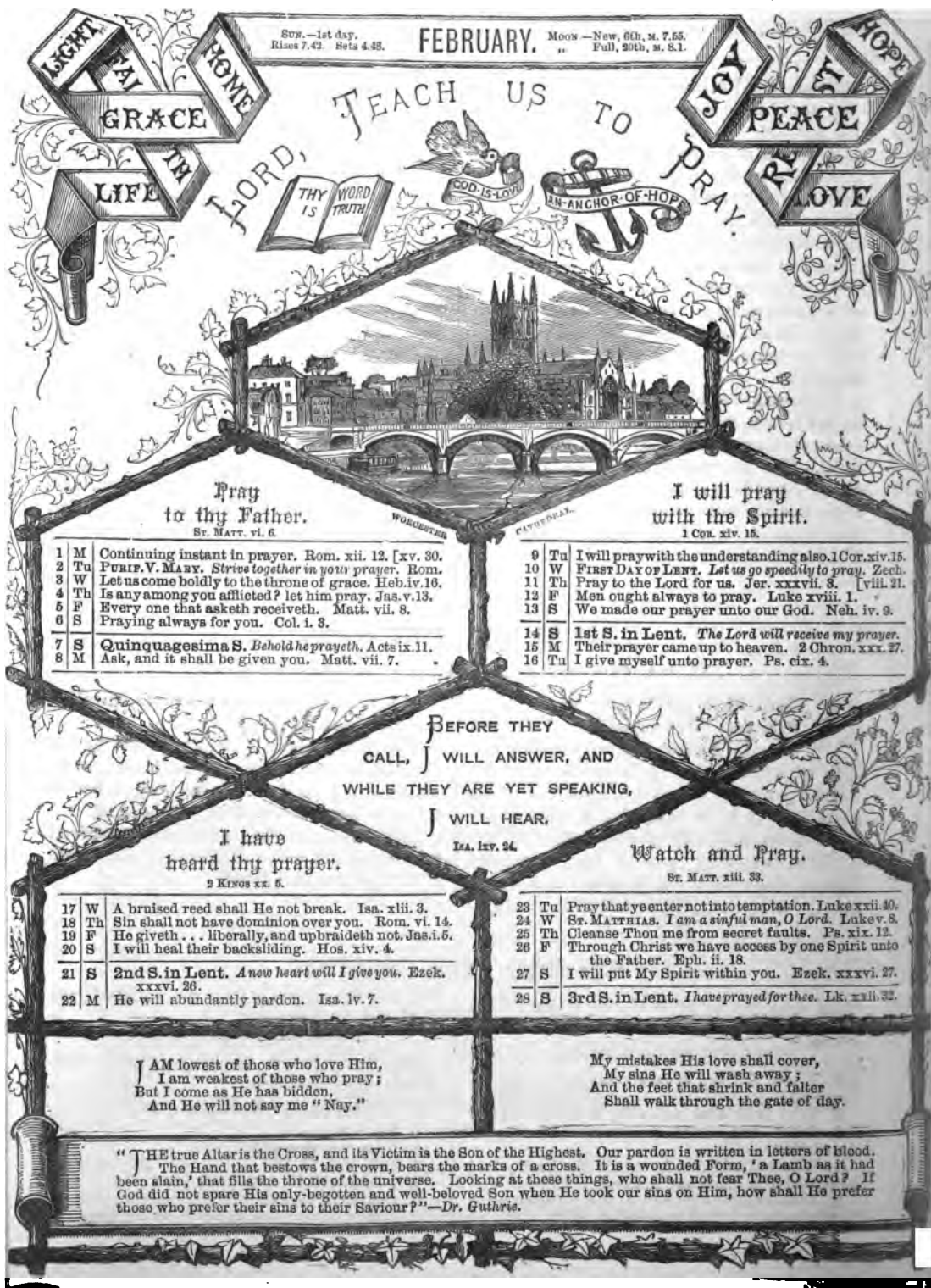
My mistakes His love shall cover,
My sins He will wash away;
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gate of day.

"THE true Altar is the Cross, and its Victim is the Son of the Highest. Our pardon is written in letters of blood. The Hand that bestows the crown, bears the marks of a cross. It is a wounded Form, 'a Lamb as it had been slain,' that fills the throne of the universe. Looking at these things, who shall not fear Thee, O Lord? If God did not spare His only-begotten and well-beloved Son when He took our sins on Him, how shall He prefer those who prefer their sins to their Saviour?"—Dr. Guthrie.

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Pray
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ST. MATT. vi. 6.

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| 1 M | Continuing instant in prayer. Rom. xii. 12. [xv. 30. |
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ISA. lxxv. 24.

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2 KINGS xx. 6.

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| 17 W | A bruised reed shall He not break. Isa. xlii. 3. |
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THE SUMMIT OF CALVARY.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Summit of Calvary.

GOOD FRIDAY EVENING.

I WAS the calm evening of that dreadful day
When our salvation was so dearly won.
No darkness now veils the descending sun;
Doves' silver wings turn gold in the last ray,
Circling the fatal Tree; while drawn that way
By a strange sympathy, lambs do not shun
The crimsoned precincts where the deed was done
Which rolled the cloud of human guilt away.
At that Tree's foot let me be daily found,
Washing my robes in precious drops Divine;
While in the glorious rays which stream around,
Those robes like gold or lustrous silver shine:
Till through the dying Lamb and brooding Dove,
My soul is fashioned to God's perfect love!

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

Beneath the Cross.

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken
soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a bleeding Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.
When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,

One only Stream, a Stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.
'Tis JESU'S Blood that washes white,
His Hand that brings relief,
His Heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.
Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded Side.

ANON.

"Other Folks' Shoes; or, Who was the Worst off?"

BY AGNES GIBERNE; AUTHOR OF "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY;" "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.



WILL BROWNING'S SHOES.

DARK sad night,—a candle flickering on the table, a little child gasping out its feeble life upon its mother's knee,—a sorrowful heart-broken father standing by! Ah, poor Tim! his little

guessed it was *this* to which he was coming.

Tim had felt depressed and worried before, but what was that to the bitter anguish of his heart as he stood by his dying child? For he was Will Browning, Will Browning's children were his. Will Browning's heart was his. Tim felt half-distracted with bitter sorrow. He looked back and remembered the one—two—three little ones, who had been already, at long intervals, removed by death. How dear they had been to him! Strange,—for *Tim* had never given much thought to these children of his neighbour, passing one by one away. He had noted well his prosperity, and had been sorry for him in a careless fashion now and then, but he had never realized this!

He realized it now, standing in Will Browning's shoes. Three children gone. Another going. Only two remaining. Ay, and the sweet-faced delicate mother, another Mary, only pale and careworn, instead of plump and blithe—might there not be the dim shadow of death creeping already over her face? Tim knew it to be so, as he gazed upon her, while she bent tearfully over her dying little one. And his soul recoiled from the thought, and his heart beat thickly, and deep sobs struggled upwards, and tears rose to the many eyes which had never grown moist at aught of bodily pain. For Tim was Will Browning now,—as brave and manly and true-hearted a working-man as ever lived,—prosperous so far as money was concerned. But, oh, how was it that Tim had not remembered or had so faintly calculated the darkness of *this* shade which lay over Will's life?

"Will! when did the doctor say he'd come again?" asked Mary in a hollow voice. "Seems to me there ain't much time to lose."

"He said he'd come by the earliest morning," Tim answered in tones so low and gentle as to startle himself; "but he could do nothing more, he said. Willie, Willie; won't Willie look at father?"

The child's blue eyes did open and look up for a moment, and a sweet smile passed over the little wan face. But then there was a change,—a dark grey shadow, the meaning of which Tim too well knew.

"Will! he's dying," sobbed the poor mother. "O Willie, Willie, mother's darling! Oh, can't you call the doctor, Will? Maybe he'd try something fresh."

Tim felt wild,—frantic. He rushed to the door and out into the dark silent night. He hastened through the streets with rapid footsteps and burning brow. His Willie,—his darling little Willie! Oh, what was aught of outward success and prosperity beside such sorrow as this? Money-troubles,—why, they were as nothing in comparison.

Poor Tim grew confused as he hurried along; and now he thought of Willie, and now of his little Tim at home,—one moment passionately grieving, as Will Browning, over the dying child; the next rejoicing, as Tim Teddington, over the thought that *he* at least had never known such woe. Poor Will Browning,—how Tim pitied him. And then he remembered that *he* was Will Browning, and he pitied himself, and wished he were Tim; only, as usual, it never occurred to him to take off the shoes. And then he thought afresh of Willie, and rushed on with redoubled speed.

The doctor's house was reached at length. But just as Tim put out his hand to ring the bell, he stopped short; for in one moment he found himself face to face on the doorstep with the little old gentleman carrying his blue bag.

"Just in time," said the little gentleman politely. "I won't trouble you to descend into my workshop this time. Here is a pair

of shoes which I believe you particularly wanted."

"My own?" exclaimed Tim eagerly.

The old gentleman pulled off his cocked hat, scratched his head, surveyed Tim from head to foot, and put it on again.

"Your shoes! That is good, now. Didn't you wish you were in the *doctor's* shoes?"

"I—I believe I did," faltered Tim, almost aghast at such unexpected promotion. "But do you really—really mean it?"

"Exchange!" said the old gentleman curtly.

Tim took the shoes which were handed to him, and endeavoured to put them on, but it was not easy. "Dear me, they seem very small," he muttered.

"Weren't made for you," said the old gentleman. "Very extraordinary the sort of expectations people have, that anything under the sun is fitted for anybody. Shoes won't fit unless they're made to fit. That's how it is so many kings have failed to keep their shoes on long, because in fact they had been made to fit somebody else. But never mind,—of course you don't mind a little pain. Pull hard."

"They won't come properly on at all," said Tim. "I don't think they'll tumble off, though,—in fact they are too tight. Dear me, how they pinch my toes."

"Mustn't mind that," said the old gentleman consolingly. "Perhaps by-and-by they may pinch less, as your foot adapts itself to its new covering."

"Or the shoes may stretch a little," said Tim hopefully.

"Why no, I don't think you must expect much in that line. Now then, put on the second shoe; pull *hard*, all at once,—and—"

Tim heard no more, for he was sound asleep in a big four-posted bed, with chintz curtains on either side.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOCTOR'S SHOES.

"PLEASE, sir,—"

It was a voice, startling Tim unexpectedly from his slumbers.

"Yes,—a—ah—oh—" yawned Tim, in various tones of sleepy surprise.

"Please, sir, Browning's little child is dying, and he has come to beg you to go and see him."

Tim sat upright and looked round. He liked his new quarters amazingly,—much better than he liked being disturbed therein. Such a soft comfortable bed. Such a luxurious apartment, compared with anything to which Tim had hitherto been accustomed. He would have liked to remain where he was for hours longer.

"Browning's little boy! Why, I told him I could do nothing more for him," said Tim involuntarily, having already lost the impression of his own recent suffering in Will's place.

"Yes; but he does beg so that you'll go, sir. The poor fellow seems half-distracted like. You see, sir, it's the fourth he'll have lost."

Tim yawned again. "Five o'clock, and I didn't go to bed—till—till past twelve, I am sure. Well, there's no help for it."

Kind-hearted as Tim himself had always been, and kind-hearted as was the doctor into whose shoes he had stepped,—still it *was* rather a trial to him to turn out of bed at that time in the morning, more especially as he knew that his services would be absolutely useless. No human aid could save the child, he told himself.

"Dear me, how odd!" he muttered at the first moment of stepping on the floor. "I must have got into bed with my slippers on."

Then he remembered facts, and held his tongue; but the shoes pinched so unmercifully that he walked quite lamely, and the servant, who was still lingering, said,—

"I'm afraid you were overdone yesterday, sir."

"Hum,—he,—yes,—perhaps so," said Tim, rather uncertain as to how the previous day had been spent, if he really *was* the doctor now, and not Tim Teddington any longer.

"Won't you put on another pair of shoes, sir?" asked the servant, evidently surprised to see the doctor's heels nearly resting on the bare ground.

But Tim knew *that* would never do. "On no account," he said testily. "Go and order the carriage. I'll be ready in half an hour."

The servant opened his eyes wide. "Car-

riage, sir!" for the doctor usually walked, if called up in the night.

But Tim did not see how he was to walk in these shoes; so he said, "Yes," very decidedly; and the servant disappeared, and Tim went to the looking-glass.

Yes; there was the doctor,—the very same benevolent face which Tim had seen before, when bending over his baby's cradle, only there was just a look of Tim himself showing through the eyes. It was very odd. Tim could not make it out at all.

At all events he felt very wise now. What a deal of knowledge he had to be sure! All about his own and his neighbours' insides as well as their outsides; and all about skeletons and skins and veins and arteries and the mysteries of the human frame generally, concerning which physicians know so much, —though little is that much, except in comparison with the greater ignorance of other men.

Tim felt quite oppressed with the burden of so much learning, and yet he was proud of it too. He did not regret *this* change of his. It was a great thing to be a doctor,—a grand thing to be able to help everybody who was ill. How people would look up to him! And then what a comfortable home he had of his own!

So he had, if only he could have found time to enjoy it. Tim soon discovered what was lacking in this respect, however. He drove to the Brownings' house, and stood by the little fellow when he died, and tried to speak some comforting words to the poor father and mother. He was astonished to find how small was the power of the very kindest words to give real consolation. Poor Will and Mary thanked him heartily, but they sorrowed on just the same.

Then Tim drove back, feeling tired and sleepy, and having some thoughts of going to bed again. But, behold! a second message was awaiting him from a nervous old lady at the other end of the town, who had been seized with spasms. Somehow Tim was quite aware that it wouldn't do to offend *her*. He had gone to the Brownings out of sheer kindness. He must go now, out of mingled politeness and regard for his own interests. If he offended her by any inattention, she would

forsake him immediately. And Tim, though a well-to-do doctor, couldn't of course afford to offend his wealthy patients.

So, after snatching a hasty breakfast, off went Tim again, perfectly aware all the time that the old lady could have managed just as well without him as with him for a couple of hours,—if only she could have been induced to believe it. And having paid her a long visit, greatly to the detriment of his own patience, but quite as much to the composing of her nerves, Tim set off on his regular round.

He would have been rather at a loss himself to know where to go; but the coachman seemed thoroughly acquainted with the doctor's plans, and drove Tim from house to house quite systematically.

It was delightful at first,—driving luxuriously about in his own carriage, with books and papers to while away the time, and anxious patients perpetually welcoming his arrival. But gradually the first bloom of pleasure began to wear away. He missed the bodily exercise to which he was accustomed, and the monotony of his occupation palled upon him. The supply of books was not to his taste. The constant atmosphere of sick rooms, and the never-ceasing recurrence of questions on his own part and catalogues of ailments on the other, became positively depressing.

Besides, as Tim went thus from house to house, he began gradually to realize the great load of responsibility which rested on him. *Suppose* in this house or that he should have taken a wrong view of a case, and have entered upon a mistaken course of treatment. Tim quite shuddered at the thought. Of course he knew himself to be a highly capable and dependable physician in the opinion of most folks,—certainly not excluding his own. But the very cleverest doctors are liable to make mistakes, and this weight of responsibility coming thus suddenly upon Tim was almost more than could be endured. The real fact was of course that *the shoes didn't fit*.

"Suppose,—only suppose,—only just imagine," sighed Tim, as he leant back in his cushioned corner, "that nice little Mrs. Parker now,—if she were to die, and to leave all those nine poor children, and I

were to feel I hadn't done the very best and wisest thing,—wouldn't that be dreadful? Nobody else might blame me; in fact, I don't see how they *could* if I'd given the best advice in my power; but I should never forgive myself.

"And that other poor fellow, whose brain is in such a state; I'm sure I don't know what is the matter with him. Who can? If there was a consultation of all the chief doctors in England, nobody would be any the wiser. But what a terrible thing, that his life or death may be hanging upon the remedies which I shall devise! and if—if I make a mistake—"

Tim groaned aloud, deeply as he had groaned over the dying child. He was getting tired out and depressed; yet still he had to go on, and still he had to be kind and patient, and polite and attentive. Once a sharp word did escape him, and Tim saw at once that dire offence had been taken. These invalid ladies were accustomed, evidently, to being treated with the utmost circumspection. Tim began to feel desperate. He backed out of that house somehow, and wanted to go straight home; but the coachman would not hear of it. On and on he drove remorselessly, and Tim's remonstrances were in vain.

The regular round was over at last, and poor exhausted Tim was able to recruit his energies by a good dinner,—a peculiarly good one it must be confessed, and very particularly Tim needed it. After that he wanted to go to sleep. But no; this was the time for seeing patients at home. No sooner was dinner cleared away than they began to appear, one after another, in a ceaseless stream. And as fast as they streamed in, just so fast did Tim's patience stream out.

Then came a fresh call. Somebody else wanted a visit from the doctor,—a little child taken with the croup. Tim went, and came back to find another note awaiting him. Tim flung it down, subsided into an arm-chair, and refused point-blank to go.

"Am I to say that you intend to remain at home this evening, sir?" asked the amazed man-servant.

"Say anything you like. I'm not going," responded Tim.

So the servant vanished, and in his place appeared the old gentleman with his blue bag and a very frowning face.

"Tim Teddington, this won't do. If you stand in the doctor's shoes, you must do the doctor's work. Folks can't be left to die for want of medical aid, just because you are—ahem!—somewhat addicted to laziness."

"You may well call it work. I'm worn to death," said Tim.

"Possibly," was the sarcastic answer. "A good many other doctors are, besides yourself; so you mustn't mind that."

"But I say I *do* mind it," retorted Tim. "When am I to rest and amuse myself, pray, if I'm never left an hour in peace?"

"Why, just when it happens that you *can*," said the little gentleman. "A doctor isn't his own master, you see."

"But perhaps every day isn't like this," said Tim hopefully.

"Fair average day,—fair average,—some better, some worse."

"Worse! I couldn't stand that," said Tim.

"No; you like a good many holidays, I believe," said the old gentleman drily.

"Who doesn't?" asked Tim.

"Ah! but you see illness won't wait for holidays."

"What! no holidays!" said Tim, aghast.

"Well; you *may* take a few days' leave of absence now and then,—in fact, you will doubtless have to do so; but it is trying to come back and find everything gone wrong in your absence, and maybe a patient or two in danger of being killed off through mistaken treatment. Once a year or so, perhaps oftener, you will make some such attempt at recreation. Or you may arrange occasionally to take a day in the country, you know; but at the last moment somebody is very likely to fall dangerously ill, just in time to stop you on the platform as you are starting. Or, if you are already off, a telegram may overtake you. Just ordinary little incidents, these, connected with the medical profession,—somewhat patience-trying at first, but you will grow used to them in time."

"I give it up," said Tim. "Talk of slavery! This is slavery, and no mistake. Why, there isn't a moment of the day I can rightly call my own."

"No; *that* would be too much for a doctor to expect. Still, no doubt you will find a little leisure at odd times, now and then, though there are days-when even meals themselves get pushed away nowhere. But if you would like to make longer trial,—I don't know whether I could bring it about, but I'll try. I confess, the doctor finds himself particularly uncomfortable in your shoes, and complains bitterly of want of interest and occu-

pation. You see, smoking in the doorway doesn't suit his views. But if you would like to make a six months' trial—"

"Six months!" shouted Tim, "I should be in a lunatic asylum before three were over. No more doctoring for me, if you please. I have done with prescriptions and draughts. Give me *any* shoes,—any you like,—in exchange,—only don't ask me to keep these."

(To be continued.)

Song of the Heartsease.

I AM a little Heartsease,
A very common flower;
But I gladly grow and sweetly blow
In the sunshine and the shower.
I can live in any corner
Of the poor man's humble plot;
And I'm found in royal gardens,
Contented with my lot.
I am told they call me Heartsease
Because I look so bright;
For my head is always buoyant,
And my heart for ever light.
I have learnt how to be happy,
I can spring on any soil;
And people say I'm always gay,
And, looking up, I smile.
I have seen folks dressed in purple,
And all aglow with gold,
With miserable faces,
Quite painful to behold;
And I say, "Fie!" as they pass by,
"See how kind God is to me;
My life is joy without alloy,
Heartsease is blithe and free."

Sometimes the sick and suffering,
With tear-drops in their eyes,
All pale and meek, with sunken cheek
And trembling steps and sighs,
Stop to behold me all in bloom;
And I sing them this short song:—
" 'Twas God made Heartsease beautiful,
And God can make you strong."

I am a little Heartsease,
And I'm merry all the year;
I never cry, I never sigh,
And never grieve or fear.
In sunshine I'm all radiance,
And tempests make me thrive;
And my kind look can't be mistook,
I am Heartsease—all alive!

So look at little Heartsease,
And learn to live and smile;
And let your kindness lighten
The weight of others' toil.
God smiles on you—look cheerful,
And smile on all around;
'Tis thus that little Heartsease
With happiness is crowned.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

ON MINDING OUR BUSINESS.

Two reasons have been given why some persons don't mind their own business: One is, they haven't any business; and the other,

they haven't any mind. There may be some truth in this. Let me think about it.



Lent and Easter Thoughts.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

I.
REPENTANCE.

"And Peter went out, and wept bitterly."—*St. Luke xxii. 62.*

PETER quickly fell; but he was as quickly penitent. Scarcely had he arrived at the knowledge of his sin, when he was overcome with sorrow on account of it; he "went out."

What need had he any longer to remain in the place of danger he had so badly filled? The ground appeared to burn beneath his feet; he was compelled to go out. Which way he should bend his steps, his agonized mind had no time to ask. But he felt it was better to go out into the wide world than to remain in the palace of his offence, before the face of Jesus.

He "wept bitterly." His heart would have broken without such a relief. Tears relieve sorrow, especially when shed for sin. Peter was lost in the consciousness of his great guilt; he had never before so deeply fallen, nor felt so miserable. When a sinner sheds such tears, it makes joy in heaven.

What awakened in Peter these tears of repentance? The crowing of the cock, which brought the words of Jesus to his remembrance, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice;" the look of his Master: "And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter."

Oh, what a compassionate High Priest! Ask thyself, my soul, what thou wouldst have said to Peter. You would have told him such faithlessness rendered him unworthy of your friendship. But Jesus looked on him again. The sinner now needs this gracious look, and Christ "will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed."

Through this look, Peter bethought himself; his spirit returned, and his heart was softened. Clouds arose in his eyes which broke forth in torrents of tears. Jesus spoke by a look, and Peter answered in tears.

I see Peter weep; how can I refrain? Peter was a sinner; so am I. Peter denied Jesus; so do I. Peter weeps; I weep with him. Oh, look on my tears, thou compassionate Saviour! Turn Thine eyes towards me, and look on me, as Thou didst look on Peter, and be merciful unto me. Oh, let me go out with him for ever from all the dwellings of sin. Fill my eyes with tears of repentance, for so often wounding Thee. Wipe them away, as Thou didst from the eyes of that broken-hearted disciple, and say to me, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

II.
GOOD FRIDAY.

"Because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead."—*2 Cor. v. 14.*

In Germany this day is called Quiet or Silent Friday; because all was hushed and quiet on this day, and we were set free. It is well named Free day, for it is the day of liberty, and consequently a day of highest joy; because on it we were redeemed and purchased from the dominion and power of our enemies, and made truly free. It is also a sorrowful day; for it is the one on which our Lord suffered and died; but it tells us that "we were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Where was sorrow like unto His sorrow? Only Divine nature could feel as He did. Where was a heart like unto His heart, that was touched with the feeling of our infirmities?

Therefore, this is a true *Good Friday*, a day of Atonement and Grace; a day that preaches to us impressively the extent of our guilt and sin, and the endless mercy of our Lord. This is a gracious and reconciliation day; the sufferings of Jesus have healed our sins: His sorrows have been the cause of our joy; His death of our life. The Cross is our tree of life. Because "One died for all, then were all dead."

This day is called *Silent Friday*: because there was storm, and it became calm; there was war, and it became peace; it was hell, and it became heaven. No shadowed sun stands now over Golgotha's Cross. The air which is wafted from that hallowed spot is fatal to our old man. We have no more debts to pay; they were all cancelled on the Cross. O Lamb of God, Thou who hast borne the world's sin, make this *Good Friday*, and all *Good Fridays*, days of grace to us!

III.

EASTER JOY.

"The Lord is risen indeed."—*St. Luke xxiv. 34.*

After sorrow comes joy. After deep sorrow comes great joy. Ascend, ye flames, kindled from Easter's living altar, until the heavens are red and the earth becomes bright! Strike out your praises, ye joyous bells, until the whole earth, her mountains and her valleys, her hills and her plains, echo with the sound!

This is the Church's great festive day; all devout hearts and lips unite, as with one voice, in singing the song of exultation, "The Lord is risen!" *Good Friday* was the day of humiliation; but this is the day of victory. If the Lord had remained in the grave, He would not have been the perfect Saviour! He said, "The third day I shall rise again." He engaged to overcome death and hell, that His people might overcome them likewise. But hell and death laid Him in the dust, and with their bands He was smitten. God chose to deliver His people by a Substitute; and was pleased to accept its sufficiency. God be praised! Christ did arise, and by His Resurrection gave proof that He was the Son of God. He triumphs over death, and buries the last doubt of His Godhead in the grave.

It is written in large letters, in that Book which contains His history, "This is the true God, and Eternal Life." No man henceforth can take Him from us. Our hope is in one whose word is sure; on this word we can build strong towers, Christ Himself being the foundation. The Saviour has not only risen from the dead, but He will appear to us again with power and great glory. Through His Resurrection, we shall rise again, and by it we now stand complete in Him. Let us hold our Immanuel fast; and may we who are His temple rest our hopes on Him who is the Light of it.



The Story of Grace Darling.

RACE DÄRLING! How vivid a picture rises before us at the very sound of that singularly expressive name!

We can fancy a lone lighthouse, dropped, as it were, into the very midst of the sea. The waves toss and wrangle around it, and at

times they even curl up as if to lap the friendly light itself, and, drinking, quench the lustre for ever! Beyond, among the black waters, moves a speck, heaving and disappearing in every fresh struggle with the fearful element. And alone upon the island of the lighthouse, a young girl of delicate form, and strange intelligent countenance, wanders to and fro, clasping her little hands,



GRACE DARLING.

"She holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids she confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at its call,
And, trusting to her God, surmounts them all."

and murmuring prayers for the safety of the hapless mariners; whilst her father hastens to their assistance; and her mother, gazing from the windows above, watches him, through her tears and the ever-blinding spray, go forth upon the merciful and perilous errand!

Later on. The child has grown into a woman. Still goes the father on his work of mercy, to succour the shipwrecked sailor, and rescue the half-drowned passenger from the hungry waves that threaten every moment to engulf himself; but a female form gazes with straining eyes upon those frightful billows, watching the rowers as with marvellous dexterity they surmount each wave, cheering onward with earnest hopeful voice, when strength and courage flag. Whenever danger threatens, whenever others shrink aside—in the tempest, and lighted by the thunder-flash, wave the tresses of the ocean-nurtured maiden, damp with the salt foam.

Those who have visited the coast of Northumberland will remember the group of islands called the Farne or Fern, upon one of which the lighthouse, called the Longstone, is situated. Nothing more desolate can well be imagined. Like the Eddystone, it is so placed that weeks will sometimes elapse without an opportunity of reaching it from the shore, whilst even those accustomed to the jarring warfare of the elements around the lone and unprotected spot, tremble, despite all their courage, to realize its perilous position.

What an abode for the early years of a child, and that child a girl! Yet here the infancy, nay, the greater part of Grace's short life, was passed. Her books were the shifting clouds and the capricious billows; her pleasures the search for strange ocean-shells and many-tinted seaweeds; her companions, the screaming sea-fowl and the melancholy curlew. Around the fire at night, while the waves sounded a rough lullaby, the father would relate stories of tempests which had driven many a gallant vessel against the treacherous rocks. Grace would listen with wild beating heart, or retire to weep in silent corners over the fate of gallant crews, battling for life more madly at every struggle, until, one by one, they sank to rise no more.

So the child grew up to woman's estate.

It was the fall of the year 1838. September had arrived, and the evenings were growing dark and chilly, when the *Forfarshire*, a steam vessel of small size, but containing a considerable cargo, with passengers and crew to the number of between sixty and seventy persons, set sail for Dundee from the port of Hull.

For a short distance all went well, but it afterwards became apparent to the passengers that something was wrong, as the vessel neared Flamborough Head. The crew moved uneasily about, the captain's countenance wore a decided shade of anxiety, and those of the travellers soon reflected it in greater or less degree when it became whispered that a leakage had been discovered in one of the boilers, and the constant use of the pumps was necessary to prevent the deck from becoming inundated with water.

So considerably was the progress of the vessel hindered, that it was the evening of the following day before she entered the narrow channel between the shore and the Farne Islands, and passed into the bay of Berwick. It was eight o'clock, the wind threatened a tempest, and the waves already tossed the hapless bark upon their snowy crests.

From this period up to ten o'clock, the scene upon the deck of the *Forfarshire* can hardly be described. Friend gazed upon friend with pale and quivering features; half-formed words escaped, as if from the ebbing bosom of hope; hand sought hand for support, and even rough sailors lifted glances of silent inquiry to each other's faces, as the fog gradually surrounded them, and shut out all but the melancholy scene on board. The leak had now completely set at defiance the power of the pumps, the engines were useless, and, in a fearfully short period, it became evident that all control over the vessel was gone.

All the time the rain beat upon the unhappy beings who crowded the deck, and strained their anxious eyes to discover some object in the dense mist which enveloped them. Too soon it came. A wild cry burst from a dozen whitened lips, as suddenly the lights of the Farne Islands became visible, and the captain called out loudly, for their

lives, to avoid the breakers, by running the vessel into the channel between the rocks and the mainland. The sea, however, had the mastery; wildly its billows surged up the sides of the frail timbers; and at length looming horribly above the bows, there appeared a massive rock descending at least a hundred fathoms deep, so frightfully rugged, that those who knew the spot closed their eyes with a sinking feeling of despair.

There was a moment's pause, a dead silence!—the next the vessel struck heavily, and the shock brought upon deck those who had hitherto remained unconscious of their danger, and who now rushed frantically here and there—some bent on finding a friend or relative, as if to lose in companionship some of the horrors of the moment; some in search of means of escape; all scarcely hoping, but yet anxious, to take advantage of any mode of preservation.

While the captain, whose wife clung wildly to him, imploring him not to forsake her, gave hurried orders no one cared to obey, the sailors lowered one of the boats, and scarcely had it touched the water, than it was occupied to overflowing. The boiling surges now swept over the decks, and a mighty wave with fearful violence completely lifted the vessel, which fell again with a crashing noise upon the sharp edge, parting the next instant exactly in the midst. One portion, containing the cabin, with its occupants, those on deck, the captain and his wife, with some of the crew, was carried past by the force of the current, while the forepart still remained crushed upon the rocks,—a sad trophy of the wreck.

It was at this awful moment that a few of the passengers crowded around the windlass, and were joined by the remainder of the crew. There were only eight on deck, of all those who had quitted Hull the previous evening—five sailors and three others; but from the cabin below, through which the waves held on a broken course, there came the heart-rending wail of childhood, still adding to the horrors of those who heard, powerless to save. A poor woman, folding two infants to her bosom, lay there. Darkness came down, and night closed in heavily.

The morning of the 7th of September broke

mistily over the lighthouse of the Longstone. Grace, who had passed a night of no ordinary inquietude, rose early, and with her eyes to the glass, sought anxiously to discover some tokens of the disaster her heart had predicted during the silent hours. She uttered a cry of horror, which was echoed by her parents, as the remains of the shattered vessel met her sight, lying about a mile off; while plainly distinguishable between the rapidly-flowing surges, might be observed human forms clinging to the broken timbers, which seemed as if each succeeding wave must sweep them away for ever!

Grace, her father, and mother, were the only persons at present in the lighthouse. The hearts of all sank. What could they do alone, those three, while the waves were running mountains? Even could they reach the wreck, how return without further assistance, which would be necessary on account of the state of the tide? The poor girl turned for comfort to her father's countenance. He shook his head sadly, but made no reply.

Up to this time, Grace had never accompanied her father upon any of his humane enterprises. Others had always been at hand, nor had further duty devolved upon her, than that of warning them when danger or distress were at hand, and receiving the sufferers who from time to time arrived to claim the Longstone's friendly shelter. She knew how to handle an oar, and that was all. A more dangerous mission was now before her; and eloquently she urged her request, for it seemed to her as if the lives of those shipwrecked ones were in her hand.

The success of Grace's solicitation, so wildly, so desperately urged, was not long doubtful. The father yielded to entreaties which his own heart seconded; and by means of Mrs. Darling's aid, the boat was launched. What must have been her emotion as she beheld her husband and the child so precious to them both embark upon that raging surf; when she saw Grace exerting every nerve in her haste to assist the practised hand of her father!

By means of unrelaxing toil, and blessed by the assistance of the All-Merciful One, the father and daughter reached the rock, and could clearly observe the expression of the

eager countenances turned towards them in the newly-formed hope of deliverance. The sight redoubled their efforts, and the difficult task of disembarking and drawing the boat up the rock, out of the reach of the waves, was accomplished.

We may imagine the surprise of the sufferers, as they watched the boat—now presenting a means of deliverance, when hope had almost deserted them—near the rock, and deposit its occupants, a man only and a young girl, upon that perilous landing-place. When it was secured where the sharp edges of the stone could not inflict damage, the pair approached the half-dead and thoroughly-drenched group. The nine were safe, with the exception of the two poor children. Their mother, indeed, was apparently dead also; but care and unceasing attention revived the almost extinct spark, as she relinquished the two poor lifeless forms that had breathed their last sigh upon her bosom. The rescued persons were placed in the boat, and, with the assistance of the sailors, they reached the Longstone Rock, where the kind hands and cordial welcome of the mother of their preserver soon changed their pitiable condition into one of thankful comfort.

But although now in comparative safety, the violence of the sea forbade all thoughts of attempting to reach England; and the narrow resources afforded by the lighthouse were sorely taxed, not only to shelter the sufferers, but to find means of hospitality for the accommodation of a boat's crew from North Sunderland, which, after an interval of some hours, arrived in search of the *Forfarshire*. Nearly three whole days were spent by the shipwrecked visitors in the lighthouse, and Grace's joy was great when the same information that promised them a transit to England brought intelligence of the safety of nine more persons, who had been picked up from the boat first launched, and taken to Shields.

The noble deed of daring heroism aroused universal admiration; and the way in which

Grace received this admiration marked still more the true greatness of her character.

Public subscriptions, gifts from high and low, requests for her portrait, and the personal kindness of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, who invited her to their castle, and presented her with a watch (perhaps the most valued of all the testimonials she received, for she wore it constantly afterwards); all these failed to produce other than quiet tokens of pleasure in the heroic girl's demeanour. Her reward was to be of another description. Disease was at this time slowly and tenderly weaning her from the world, and teaching her how to estimate aright all earthly distinctions. We may fancy the smile with which she rejected an offer made to her by the directors of some London exhibition to earn a considerable sum of money by sitting to be stared at in a representation which had her heroism for its subject. Invited upon all sides, flattered and caressed by those of elevated station—an attractive snare generally to the lowly—Grace preferred to remain a tenant of the island lighthouse, aiding her mother in their simple domestic duties. She still preserved her untiring interest in the safety of the mariners, who grew to regard her name with the same thrill of delight that would have greeted the friendly warning of the light which shone above her home, a guide to safety and an assurance of sympathizing care.

Scarcely three years after the date of the shipwreck, Grace drooped, and showed symptoms of confirmed decline; and, after a few months of suffering, calmly and humbly, as she had lived, she passed away.

The lesson of her life still speaks. She has left behind her a monument of heroism that the storm of time can never destroy. The memory of her deed has been written on the hearts of thousands. Her example has been emulated by heroic men at every point of our island home; and, as of her, so of many a woman, brave to do the right, it may still be said:—

"She holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty points she confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at its call,
And, trusting to her God, surmounts them all."

Prayerful Thoughts for Morning Hours.

(ARRANGED BY THE REV. JOHN DECK, M.A., VICAR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, BULL.)

SUNDAY.

"Lord, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in Thee!
May our toils and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace;
That Thy people here below
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love
In the Sabbath Home above."

IS MY HEART REALLY SET ON OBTAINING SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS THIS SACRED DAY? HAVE I A HEARTY DESIRE TO PRAY? DO I THIRST FOR A WORD IN SEASON TO MY SOUL?

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HELP MY INFIRMITIES: HELP ME TO PRAY AND PRAISE—TO BELIEVE AND LOVE—TO UNDERSTAND AND FEEL, THY HOLY WORD.

MONDAY.

"I journey on, 'not knowing,'
I would not, if I might,
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than walk alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight."

HAVE I LIKE PRECIOUS FAITH WITH ABRAHAM, NOT KNOWING WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH, BUT TRUSTING ONE WHO KNOWS THE END FROM THE BEGINNING?

LORD, WITH THY DISCIPLES OF OLD, I WOULD PRAY; "INCREASE MY FAITH!" MAY I BE STRONG IN FAITH, GIVING GLORY TO GOD.

TUESDAY.

"Thy Saviour knows thee! learn of Him;
And strive to see Him clearer:
When clouds are round thee, dark and dim,
Draw nearer then, draw nearer."

AM I GROWING IN GRACE, AND IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST?

O MY GOD, SANCTIFY ALL THE DISAPPOINTMENTS AND CROSSES THAT I MEET WITH. MAY THEY WEAN ME FROM THE WORLD, AND MAKE ME WALK CLOSER AND CLOSER WITH THEE.

WEDNESDAY.

"No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to light and day.
No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still."

AM I WALKING IN THE NARROW WAY? AM I TAKING UP MY DAILY CROSS, AND FOLLOWING JESUS?

O LORD, MAKE ME A DECIDED AND CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN: MAKE ME WILLING RATHER TO SUFFER AFFLICTION WITH THE PEOPLE OF GOD, THAN TO ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF SIN FOR A SEASON.

THURSDAY.

"Content thyself with patience,
With Christ to bear the cross of pain,
Who can, and will, thee recompense
A thousandfold with joys again,
Let nothing cause thy heart to quail,
Launch out the boat, haul up the sail,
Put from the shore:
And be thou sure thou shalt attain
Unto that port that shall remain
For evermore."

AM I WILLING TO FORSAKE ALL FOR CHRIST? HAVE I PATIENCE OF HOPE IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THAT CONFIDENCE WHICH HATH GREAT RECOMPENSE OF REWARD?

O MY GOD, SUPPLY ALL MY NEED; AND MAY PATIENCE HAVE HER PERFECT WORK, AND AN ENTRANCE BE MINISTERED UNTO ME ABUNDANTLY INTO THINE EVERLASTING KINGDOM!

FRIDAY.

"Thou who in every troubled scene
Hast been Thy people's quiet rest,
Oh, let a tired disciple lean
Upon the Master's breast.
My Master, Thou hast borne for me
The bleeding feet, the weary breast,
And to Thy heart of love I flee
For solace and for rest."

NOW ON WHOM DOST THOU LEAN? WHAT IS THY REFUGE? THE WORLD—OR THE ETERNAL GOD? AN ARM OF FLESH—OR THE EVERLASTING ARMS? "COME UNTO ME, AND I WILL GIVE THEE REST." JESUS, SAVIOUR, THESE ARE THINE OWN WORDS; AND I BELIEVE THEM: RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL.

SATURDAY.

"Oh, to be over yonder!
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the eastern sky, to see the day-star bring
Some tidings of the waking;
The cloudless, pure day, breaking,
My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming
of the King."

IS IT THUS INDEED WITH ME? AND SO MUCH THE MORE AS I SEE THE DAY APPROACHING? FOR NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER. THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND. AM I WATCHING FOR THE MORNING?

MAY IT PLEASE THEE, O LORD, OF THY GRACIOUS GOODNESS, SHORTLY TO ACCOMPLISH THE NUMBER OF THINE ELECT, AND TO HASTEN THY KINGDOM. MAY THE DAY-STAR SOON ARISE. EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS. AWAKEN.

THERE'S ALWAYS A SMILE FOR FATHER!

Words and Music by the Author of "Copsley Annals," Editor of "England's Church."

1. The sha-dow's a - cross the mea-dows, And it's six o'-clock by the sun; Come, chil-dren, who'll meet fa - ther? It's time his work was done: First Ma-ry may set the ta - ble, And Will can help like a man, And mo-ther and ba-by'll sweep up the hearth, And

Ral - len - tan - do. In time.

all of us do what we can: For what tho' a cloud may ga-ther, And a care, or a tear may come: There's al-ways a smile for fa - ther, And a joy - ful wel-come home!

2. There's always news for father

When he comes at the end of the day;
Something to show, or something to tell
That has happened while he's been away:
And now that the home is ready
You may run to the meadow side;
Baby claps his hands, for he understands
That his time has come for a ride!
For, what though some clouds may gather,
And betimes a care may come,
There's always a smile for father,
And a joyful welcome home.

5. Yes, Mary may tell of the garden,

And the brood of chickens hatched;
And Will, of the nest quite under the eaves,
Where the barn was newly thatched:
And, oh, such news of baby!
It'll be for a grand surprise;
How he's learnt to crawl all round by the wall,—
Father 'll scarcely believe his eyes!
There are days when the clouds may gather,
And a care or a tear will come;
But there's always a smile for father,
And a cheery welcome home.

4. When winter's cold and dreary,
The fire burns bright and clear;
And we all keep watch for the click of the latch
Which tells that father's here:
And when the summer evenings
Are long and clear and still,
We go down to the gate, and watch and wait,
While the sun sinks over the hill:
And we say in our hearts together,
No matter what storms may come,
If in winter and summer weather
There's always a smile at home.

England's Church.

II. OUTSIDE TESTIMONIES.



Y "Outside Testimonies" we mean the testimonies of those who, although not themselves identified with the Church of England, have expressed their high opinion of the great value of our national establishment.

The name of William Cobbett (1762-1835) was well known throughout England whilst he lived. He held many opinions from which we should strongly dissent, and at different periods he changed his opinions greatly. But his books and pamphlets and periodicals secured a national interest. "He had the power of making every one who read him feel and understand completely what he himself felt and described," a rare but priceless faculty in any public writer. He was a member of parliament, and furnished a remarkable example of the power of mind over outward circumstances, since he was brought up as an agricultural labourer, and for some time served as a common soldier.

He draws the following picture of the Church of England in his days. We do not say it is a picture *everywhere* realized; or that, under any circumstances, it *could* be always realized. Imperfection clings to humanity, and the most perfect Church on earth will always be capable of improvement. But as a picture of what the parochial system of our Church *might* be, and what to a great extent it *is*, we commend it to our readers.

"Get," says Cobbett, "upon a hill in any part of the country, if you can find one, and look at the steeples, one in every four square miles at the most, on an average. Imagine a man, of some learning at the least, to be living in a commodious house by the side of one of these steeples; almost always with a wife and family; always with servants natives of the parish. Imagine this gentleman more deeply interested than any other man can possibly be, in the happiness, morals, industry, and sobriety of the people of the parish. Imagine his innumerable occasions of doing acts of kindness; his salutary in-

fluence coming between the hard farmer, if there be one in his parish, and the feeble or simple-minded labourer. Imagine all this to exist close alongside of every one of these steeples, and you will at once say to yourself, 'Hurricanes or earthquakes must destroy this island before that Church can be overset!'

"And when you add to all this that this gentleman has, one day in every week, his parishioners assembled together to sit in silence, to receive his advice and his admonitions, in an edifice rendered sacred in their eyes from their knowing that their forefathers assembled there in ages long passed, and from its being surrounded by the graves of their kindred; when this is added; and when it is also recollected that the children mostly pass through his hands; that it is he who celebrates the marriages and performs the last sad service over the graves of the dead: when you think of all this, it is too much to believe it possible that such a Church can fall."

As a second "outside" testimony, we quote an extract from a speech recently given by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, "a Wesleyan patriarch." It will be noted that the Scriptural character of the Liturgy of the Church of England is the point upon which he dwells.

"My sentiments concerning the Church of England for many years have been no secret. My attachment to the Church, strong and abiding, has arisen from extensive reading and from careful observation. Let me, however, define my terms. By the Church of England, I mean the Church of the Reformation, the Church of Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer, and Hooper, and their brave companions, who first gave to the people of England the entire Bible in their own language—who gave them a Liturgy which they could use to their edification; and having rendered these with other important services to their countrymen, they gave up their bodies to be burned, and took their place permanently among the noble army of martyrs. The Church which they founded (and as it was founded by them) has commanded my highest respect and reverence through a long life."

The Dawn of Genius.

(With Illustration.)

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BARKER, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, FOREST OF DEAN.



It may not require a genius to draw a cat upon a slate, as the boy in the picture appears to be doing. But a boy that tries to draw is more likely to find out whether he has any genius for drawing than the boy who never puts pencil to slate or paper. A man never yet became an artist, however clever he might be in his attempts at sketching, if he failed to work hard with his pencil and brush. Still, when there is genius in anybody, it will almost be sure to show itself in early life.

All our great men were fond of experimenting in their youth in those things which took their fancy. Every celebrated chemist has, when a lad, broken many a bottle, and had many a narrow escape, and frightened his mother nearly to death many a time by his explosions. None of these disasters stopped him. He rather enjoyed them. His mother was proud of him, and would predict great things of him. She saw in these pursuits the dawn of genius.

A friend of Mr. Watt one day came upon young James Watt, stretched upon the ground, tracing with chalk all sorts of cross lines. "Why do you suffer this child thus to trifle away his time?" exclaimed the visitor. "Send him to school." The father answered, "You will do well to delay your judgment; before condemning him be good enough to find out his occupation." On examining the "cross lines," it was discovered that this child of six was solving a problem in geometry.

The visitor no longer judged him harshly. He was accomplishing at that early age what thousands of men at fifty, who call themselves educated, could not accomplish.

To the same lad, James Watt, his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, once said:—

"James, I never saw any boy more given to trifling than you are. Can't you take a book and employ yourself usefully. There have you been sitting a whole hour without speaking a single word. Do you know what

you have been about all this time? You have been shutting and opening, and opening and shutting, the lid of the tea-kettle over and over again; you have put the saucer in the steam from the spout; and then you have held the silver tea-spoon in it; and then you have done nothing but pore over them, and bring together the drops formed by condensation on the surface of the china or the clear spoon. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?"

Watt's reply is not recorded. If he had replied, he probably would have said:—"Aunt, don't bother me, please. I'm not wasting my time; I have got a notion in my head about this steam; and perhaps, some day, you will see greater things done by steam than just the lifting up of the lid of the tea-kettle."

By taking away that tea-kettle from young Watt, and forcing him to read his books, we might have been deprived at this day of the steam engine, and never known what it was to travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour! But great results have often very simple beginnings. A burnt stick and a barn door served David Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas; and he afterwards rose to be one of our finest painters. Another famous painter, Benjamin West, made his first brushes, when a lad, out of the tail of the family cat. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose. His master thought only of the shoes, and, no doubt, scolded Gifford for wasting his time and his leather. If Gifford had "stuck to his last" he would never have become a celebrated mathematician, and the editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

They say of poets, that they must be born such. And no doubt it is so, not only with poets, but also with painters, musicians, orators, and the like. But, with whatever gifts we are born, they are of small use without cultivation. The most gifted men have ever been the most studious and laborious. Buffon, the great naturalist, said that



THE DAWN OF GENIUS.

"genius is patience." John Foster held genius to be the power of lighting one's own fire. Sir Isaac Newton, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, modestly answered, "By always thinking unto them."

A great point to be aimed at, is to get the working quality well trained. Talent will help and direct a lad in his work, but work, with small talent, will achieve more success than genius itself which is never brought out. Sir Robert Peel, when a boy at Drayton Manor, was made to stand upon the table to practise extempore speaking, and repeat the Sunday sermon. The result was, that he became renowned as one of the finest orators in the British Parliament. Gainsborough went sketching, when a school-boy, in the woods, while the other boys went to cricket. At twelve he was a confirmed artist. Edward Bird, when a child only three or four years old, would mount a chair, and draw figures on the walls, which he called French and English soldiers. A box of colours was purchased for him, and his father, wishing to turn his love of art to account, put him apprentice to a maker of tea-trays. Out of this trade he gradually raised himself, by study and labour, to the rank of a Royal Academician.

Not long since, we lost by death, at an advanced age, one of our greatest machinists, Sir William Fairbairn. Let me give a story of him in connection with his early life.

When he lived at Moy, where his father, Andrew Fairbairn, was a farmer, one of his

duties at home was to nurse his younger brother Peter, then a delicate child under two years old. To relieve himself of the labour of carrying Peter about, he hit upon the device of constructing a small wagon in which to wheel him. This was his first machine; but by no means his last. This tiny wagon became the index of a mechanical skill which was unsuspected before, and which led to great results. His only tools were a knife, a gimlet, and an old saw. A blockhead would have disdained the implements, and produced nothing. In using them the dawn of Fairbairn's genius appeared.

Out of a piece of thin board, and by the help of a few nails, he soon made the body of the contemplated vehicle. When he came to the wheels, his difficulties increased. But by cutting sections from the stem of a small alder tree, he obtained the material properly shaped; and then, with a red-hot poker, he bored the holes in the centre to receive the axle. The body was mounted on the four wheels, the axles introduced, and the wagon was complete, and became a sort of perambulator (before the days of perambulators) for the daily drives of the future Mayor of Leeds, Sir Peter Fairbairn, who had the honour during his mayoralty, of entertaining her Majesty the Queen.

His brother, William, the carriage builder, never looked with greater pride on his most finished cotton-spinning frame, constructed in after years, than he did on this, his first stroke of genius, the baby-wagon of his nursing days.

The Young Folks' Page.

III. THE LOST HALF-CROWN.

WORK was over for the week at the factory, and two of the lads were on their way home from their labours. As they went along they talked about a large sum of money a gentleman in the next town had lost out of his pocket.

"I should like to be the finder," said one of the boys.

"So should I," replied the other; "it would

set me up in the world for life; I would then soon give up the factory."

Just at this moment they were overtaken by old Andrew Jones, who worked with them at the factory. He soon found out what they were talking about, and their wishes in the matter.

"I once found some money—only a small sum, it is true," said Andrew; "but it taught

me one of the best lessons I ever learned in my life."

"Do tell us about it," cried the boys.

"Well," said Andrew, "as we are going the same road, I have a mind to do so.

"It is now fifty years ago since I first came to the factory. The foreman had a notion that hard work was good for lads; and for two or three years he certainly did not spoil me by letting me grow idle.

"It was early on a Monday morning, when I was sweeping the work-room, that I saw something lying on the ground, wrapped in a piece of brown paper. I took it up, when a half-crown fell out on the floor.

"I took the money in my hand; turned it round and round, and rung it on the step of the door. 'Yes,' said I, 'it is a good one for certain.' So I slipped it into my pocket, and went on with my work; but not without a voice within saying, 'It is not yours; find out who has lost it.' But I tried to put away the thought with the answer, 'It does belong to me; I found it. Why should I go about all the factory, crying out, Who has lost a half-crown? No, indeed, I have a right to keep it, and mean to do so.'

"All that day I was not quite easy in my mind. I did not get on with my work as well as I used to do. I tried to sing, but my heart was not cheerful. All my thoughts were about the best way to spend the half-crown. Should I buy a smart breast-pin, or have a feast of buns and tarts, or save it till my next holiday? I felt I was rich; and the piece of money was in and out of my pocket all day long,

"In the afternoon I heard the sharp voice of the foreman calling to me. I started and trembled, and thought the next words would be, 'Where is the half-crown you found, and which you have kept from its owner? You are no better than a thief.' But he only said, 'I want you to go to widow Knight's, down by the turnpike, and tell her that if she comes to me in the morning, there will be some more work ready for her.'

"These words gave me great relief; and so, leaving the factory as soon as I could, I took the money out of my pocket again and again, that I might feast my eyes upon it. Yet I almost wished I had not found it. 'To keep it,'

I said to myself, 'is almost as bad as if I had stolen it. It is not just or honest to conceal what belongs to another.'

"'But then,' I replied, 'if I do not know who the loser is, how can I give him the money? It is only because I am afraid some one would take it from me that I do not wish it to be known. Nobody can say that I ever stole a penny. If the owner should ask me for it, why *then* I would give it to him.'

"Thus I tried to make matters easy; but it would not do. The half-crown was like a load upon my heart. I wished that I could lay it down just where I had found it, that it might get into other hands than mine. I was not nearly so happy as when I had not a penny to call my own. I wondered if everybody who got money by wrong means was as uncomfortable as I was.

"When I got to widow Knight's cottage, she was not at home; but the town constable stood at her gate. He looked me straight in the face, and I made sure he was going to take me up for being a thief; but, as he did not speak to me, I left my message with one of the widow's six children, and got back to the factory as soon as I could.

"At night, too, when I went home, as it was quite dark, I felt like a coward, and looked upon every tree and bush and post as a robber who had come to take away that half-crown.

"Early the next day I saw widow Knight talking with our foreman about her 'great loss.' The money, she said, was for her rent; and though it was only a half-crown, it was much more than she could afford to lose. She had only earned five shillings in all the week, for work was short, and to lose half of it would cause her much distress. She declared that it must have been lost as soon as she was paid at the factory, and somebody must have picked it up.

"'Who could be so dishonest as to keep it?' asked the foreman.

"'That I am sure I cannot tell,' said Mrs. Knight. 'But I do not think it will do them much good. It is a cruel thing to rob the widow and the fatherless.'

"These words touched my heart. No, I could not be dishonest, though I was like a

man brought to the edge of a deep pit, and was in danger of falling into it.

"'I have got the money, Mrs. Knight,' I cried, at the same moment pulling the half-crown out of my pocket: 'here it is, I found it on the floor.' And then I went on to clear my breast of the whole affair. And I did not forget to tell her how I had been tempted to keep the money; but I was truly glad I could give it up to the person who had lost it.

"'You have done quite right in restoring the lost piece,' said the foreman. 'Always be honest, Andrew; and remember the "golden rule," as it is called, to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. If you were to lose any part of your week's wages, I do not think you would say that the finder had a right to keep it. You would think that he ought to try to find out the owner. To keep what we pick up, without trying to find out to whom it belongs, is very much like robbery, and is unjust in the sight of God.'

"When I put the half-crown into the widow's hands, tears came into her eyes. 'May God bless you, Andrew,' said she. 'I am glad you have been kept from sin. Here is sixpence for a reward.'

"'No, thank you, Mrs. Knight,' I said, 'I do not wish to be paid for doing what is right.'

"I then had the happiness of seeing the poor widow return home to her six little children, with a smile on her face and joy in her heart.

"Fifty years, as I told you, have passed away since this took place, but never shall I forget the lesson I was then taught. It was worth to me more than a pocket-full of half-crowns.

"Since then, I hope the grace of God has touched my heart, and that I have been brought to believe in Jesus Christ for the pardon of my sins. When we truly love Him, and hope in Him for eternal life, we shall be sure to seek to obey Him. His Holy Gospel teaches us to live honestly, and to do justly, and to do no wrong to our neighbour even in the least matter. It says, 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.' I hope, my boys, that you will give your hearts to Christ, and, through faith in His Name, live an upright and holy life."

The boys now came to the parting corner of the finger-post, and, having bade Andrew "good night," they went home to tell their brothers and sisters the story of the lost half-crown.

The Bible Mine Searched.



ANSWERS are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. ROWLEY HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

1. What was the earliest thing promised by God to man?
2. Why did our Blessed Lord hunger?
3. What sacrifices are we required to offer in the Christian dispensation?
4. Show from the Old Testament Scriptures that the Holy Ghost is God?
5. When was the promise of a blessing given with the denial of a prayer?
6. What great truth was only made known by

the Father to our Lord after His Ascension into Heaven?

WRITTEN EXERCISE.

Give Bible instances of true and false Repentance.

ANSWERS (See February No.).

1. "Upon the house-tops." Jer. xix. 13; Zeph. i. 5.
2. David. 1 Kings ii. 10.
3. Abiathar (1 Kings ii. 26) and Jeremiah (Jer. i. 1).
4. Shimei. 1 Kings ii. 86, 87.
5. Jeroboam, the son of Nebat. 1 Kings. xiii. 4-6.
6. Saul, or Paul. Acts ix. 1-26; Rom. i. 1; xi. 1.



Sun.—1st day.
Rises 6.43. Sets 5.37.

MARCH.

Moon—New, 7th, A. 8.20.
.. Full, 11st, A. 11.51.



FATHER, I HAVE SINNED.



Will thou
be made whole?

St. JOHN v. 8.

I
will restore
health unto thee:

Jer. xxx. 7.

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 1 | M | Repent ye, and believe the Gospel. Mark i. 15. |
| 2 | Tu | Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. Mark ix. 24. |
| 3 | W | The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. |
| 4 | Th | I will give them an heart to know Me. Jer. xxiv. 7. |
| 5 | F | I will pardon all their iniquities. Jer. xxxiii. 8. |
| 6 | S | Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? |
| 7 | S | 4th S. in Lent. Be not faithless, but believing. |
| 8 | M | I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 9 | Tu | Ye must be born again. John iii. 7. |
| 10 | W | Now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. vi. 2. |
| 11 | Th | Look unto Me, and be ye saved. Isa. xlv. 22. |
| 12 | F | The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. |
| 13 | S | He also maketh intercession for us. Rom. viii. 34. |
| 14 | S | 5th S. in Lent. Lord, save us, we perish. Matt. viii. 25. |
| 15 | M | Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Acts xvi. 31. |
| 16 | Tu | He gave Himself for me. Gal. ii. 20. |

HEREIN
IS LOVE, NOT THAT
WE LOVED GOD, BUT THAT
HE LOVED US.

There is
One Mediator.

1 Tim. ii. 5, 6.

1 St. JOHN iv. 10

The
Author of
Eternal Salvation,

Heb. v. 9.

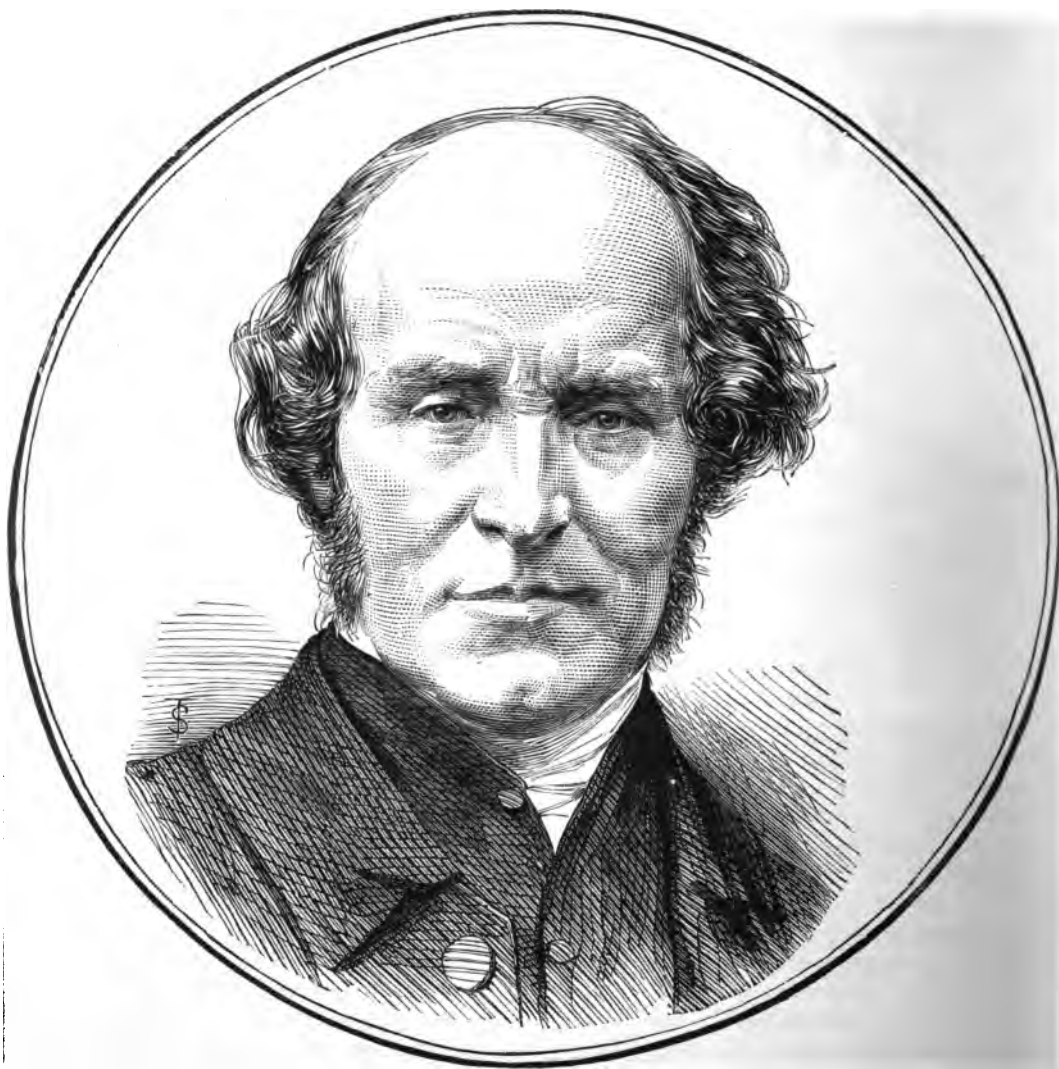
- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 17 | W | Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Heb. xiii. 8. |
| 18 | Th | It pleased the Lord to bruise Him. Isa. liii. 10. |
| 19 | F | God so loved the world. John iii. 16. [Heb. ix. 28. |
| 20 | S | Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. |
| 21 | S | Palm Sunday. He died for all. 2 Cor. v. 15. |
| 22 | M | Who His own self bare our sins. 1 Pet. ii. 24. |
| 23 | Tu | We love Him because He first loved us. 1 John iv. 19. |

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 24 | W | By whose stripes ye were healed. 1 Pet. ii. 24. |
| 25 | Th | ANX. V. M. LADY DAY. Being in an agony, He prayed. |
| 26 | F | GOOD FRIDAY. Christ died for our sins. 1 Cor. xv. 3. |
| 27 | S | He loved me. Gal. ii. 20. |
| 28 | S | Easter Day. He is risen. Luke xxiv. 6. [il. 1. |
| 29 | M | E. Mox. We have an Advocate with the Father. 1 John. |
| 30 | Tu | E. Tu. In Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 22. |
| 31 | W | Looking unto Jesus. Heb. xii. 2. |

WHICH of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed His blood?
But Christ Jesus died to have us,
Reconciling us to God.
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a Friend in need.—Newton.

I do believe it was for me
That Jesus died,
And Heaven's door I think I see
Is opened wide;
I do believe that He will let me in, [—Anon.
And that His blood has cleansed me from my sin.

"LOOK upon, and study much, that infinite Love of God and His Son Jesus Christ towards us. He gave His only-begotten Son; the Son gave Himself. He sweetened His bitter cup with His transcendent love, and this He hath recommended to us; that even as He loved us, so should we love one another. We cannot reach this highest pattern; but the more we look on it, the higher we shall reach, and shall learn some measure of such love on earth as is in heaven; and that which so begins here shall be perfected there."—Archbishop Leighton.



Yrs. most sincerely
W. W. Chapman.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Health.

William Weldon Champneys;

THE MODEL WORKING CLERGYMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE readers of *Home Words* will feel that they have lost a "Friend" in the removal of one of our constant contributors. It has been justly said of Dean Champneys, "few clergymen have achieved a life's work of such dimensions, or left behind them results of their work so important and so enduring;" and we venture to add, the lever of his power throughout was, humanly speaking, his "friendliness." Whatever he did, he did in a friendly way; and this kindliness of spirit naturally won him many friends. It was impossible to read the papers which from time to time appeared in these pages, without feeling that the heart of the writer was beating true to his pen. Those who remember his graphic and touching narrative of the heroism of our colliers at Pelsall* cannot but have noted this secret of the wonderful influence he exerted, especially in his intercourse with working men. Sound common sense, hearty sympathy, the dignity of humility, firm determination, tender consideration, unpreten-

tious sincerity, unflagging industry, and uniform kindliness,—these were some of the leading traits of his character, and these are always well understood and readily appreciated by working men.

We think the portrait of our departed "friend," and a few notes of the leading events of his life, will not fail to be acceptable, as a slight memorial of his worth, as well as an acknowledgment of our indebtedness to him for the constant and ready aid afforded to us in the conduct of this magazine.

Mr. Champneys was the grandson of a former vicar of the parish of St. Pancras, in London. He was born in Camden Town in 1807, and educated at Oxford. He took a good position there as a scholar, and was ordained to a curacy at Dorchester. Up to this time his course had been one of great steadiness and conscientiousness. A gradual preparation had in fact been going on for the marked change which now became apparent in the full consecration of his life to the work of the ministry.

He soon after took the charge of St. Ebbe's in Oxford. Here a circumstance

* See *Home Words*, Vol. III., 1878, page 90.

transpired which deserves record. He was selected by the then Bishop of Oxford for recommendation to a nobleman who had asked the bishop's advice in filling up a valuable and important country rectory then vacant. Mr. Champneys went down. On seeing the nobleman, he found him very pleasant and friendly, and felt that he talked to him as the future rector. Luncheon was announced. The conversation turned, or, it may be, *was* turned, on worldly amusements. Mr. Champneys spoke openly, and concealed nothing as to what he felt. After luncheon another conversation was held with the nobleman. Mr. Champneys then found that the tables were turned, and he was allowed to leave in doubt as to what the result of his visit was to be. In a day or two he heard that he was not to have the rectory. God had "better things in store" for him; and his work in Whitechapel in future years explained to him what those "better things" were.

Whilst in Oxford he took a special interest in the young. He displayed a passionate love for the children of the poor, and to a remarkable extent gained their attachment. The first parochial school known in Oxford was built in St. Ebbe's by Mr. Champneys. In 1837 he was pressed to accept the London living of Whitechapel. The proposal was "against the grain." All his natural inclinations, as he said, were for the life of a country clergyman. But God knew what post His servant was best fitted to fill; and he had the wisdom not to determine to have his own way. Duty ruled him; and he went gladly and dependently to take charge of this vast and long neglected London parish.

There was a population of 32,000, one church, and some forty communicants! It was a glorious field of Gospel labour, though few would have had courage to enter it. But the pastor had God's promise, "Certainly I will be with thee;"

and with God "all things are possible." Seldom has an instance occurred of so great a blessing resting upon persistent spiritual labour. We say "persistent" labour; for however we may value the somewhat spasmodic religious evangelistic efforts common in our own day, we need to remember that the results of excitement are often evanescent. To be lasting the workers must "continue" to "persevere in well-doing." Awakening is good; but building up is essential.

Mr. Champneys' work was a gradual advance. He had to overcome or live down more or less active opposition. How effectually he did it, we gather from his own striking words in a letter to a friend,— "When I came to Whitechapel, it would have been unsafe for me to quit the main street after dusk. I, or any of my curates, can now with entire safety traverse any court or alley at any hour of the night. However late it may be, some mark of respect is sure to be shown us—the wall given, or the hat touched." What an encouraging example to all who would effectually reach the masses! Sympathy creates sympathy, and none are more ready to yield it than those who, from circumstances, alas! over which they have had no control, have experienced so little of it. The kindness, the friendliness, the Christlikeness of the pastor turned a key that opened many a difficult lock in Whitechapel!

There can be no doubt the diligent use of parochial machinery had much to do with the permanence of Mr. Champneys' work. Whilst he laboured as if all depended on the power of the Holy Spirit, he never forgot that the Spirit employs and blesses human agency. Curates, Scripture-readers, city-missionaries, Bible-women, voluntary district visitors, Sunday-school teachers, all met together every Monday to give in reports and map out the week's work. He once said, that those

who thus weekly gathered together never separated without first thanking God for several "departed this life in His faith and fear since their previous meeting." The friend to whom we are indebted for many of these recollections, asked him on one occasion,—“To what one agency, if any more than the rest, can you ascribe this blessed fruit?” The reply sank deep into his heart. “Of course,” said Mr. Champneys, “I have often been led to follow up that inquiry myself. The seed is generally found to have been sown by the Gospel, very simply preached in the parish church.”

“The Gospel simply preached.” How much the words convey; and how truly they express the characteristic feature of Mr. Champneys’ ministry. He spoke and wrote so that all who heard and read could understand him. He was in more respects than one a deep thinker; and perhaps for this reason he avoided using language and terms which are only calculated to increase the difficulties of thought. There was nothing pretentious about him; but there was much that was winning, and always much that was substantial. “He dealt with the staple of the spiritual life. Whatever he saw, he saw clearly and sharply: and so he expressed it, fixing his thoughts in the minds of others by what sometimes took the form of an exuberance of illustration.”

His unflagging energies embraced every work that invited Christian effort. The Church Missionary and Church Pastoral-Aid Societies called out his interest in Foreign and Home missions. Young Men’s Institutes, Ragged Schools, Sunday schools, Refuges, Industrial Homes—all were objects of his care. Not till his removal from Whitechapel became almost a question of life and death did he consent to enter upon another charge. The close and confined atmosphere of the locality, filled not unfrequently with the effluvia of sugar and other refineries, had so broken down his

health, that at times it had seemed impossible that he could bear up at all.

But on leaving Whitechapel he took up a fresh burden. Probably the change of position and the newness of the work were to some extent refreshing to him; but the immense parish of St. Pancras, which he undertook in 1860, might well have daunted a man in strong health. He proved himself equal to the task, although few suspected the cost of physical suffering it entailed; and at the end of nine years he was permitted to see this great parish broken up into some sixteen or seventeen distinct parishes, each with its endowed church and parsonage. The noble freewill offerings of Christian working men in St. Pancras contributed largely to the erection of more than one of these churches and parsonage houses.

In the year 1869, at the age of sixty-one, and after thirty-two years of most laborious London life, came to him the comparative and well-earned rest of the Deanery of Lichfield. Here, in the decline of life, his character shone with the calm radiance of a setting sun. “He was,” says one who had known him almost from his youth, “always cheerful and bright; and yet, at the same time he was always so far grave, as very unobtrusively to manifest that he was realising an unseen Presence which had the first claim on his thoughts and words and works. All that he was in public he was also in his family; a well-spring of kindness and affection, and at the same time habitually remembering Whose he was and Whom he professed to serve.”

Thus he lived, and thus he died—a *model working clergyman*. “I knew him intimately,” says another friend, “from the year 1835; and I cannot remember a day of his life, except when inactivity was forced by illness, which did not yield its full twelve hours of wise, substantial, and thorough work.” The spirit which ani-

mated him may not unfitly be said to have been the spirit of his favourite hymn (one of Richard Baxter's), which was sung over his grave:—

"Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, oh, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no labourer is sad,
To end his toilsome day.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed Face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be?

My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him."

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed," one "always abounding in the work of the Lord," he is now where "those who sow and those who reap rejoice together with the joy of Harvest. "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." As we try to gain some glimpse of futurity, can we not see the devoted pastor amongst bands of grateful ones whom he rescued, and loving scholars whom he taught, gathered from the streets and lanes and dens of White-chapel—"a crown of rejoicing" in "that day" when the Lord shall "make up His jewels"?

"Other Folks' Shoes; or, Who was the Worst off?"

BY AGNES GIBERNE; AUTHOR OF "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY;" "NOT FORSAKEN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THOMASINE DODD'S
SHOES.



"U GH! ah!" groaned Tim, having put on the pair handed to him, and being greatly surprised to discover himself all at once so stiff about the joints. He looked for the old gentleman, but the old gentleman was gone, and so was the doctor's house. Tim himself was in the act of painfully crossing a dingy parlour, the only other occupant of which was a dark-featured woman not far from middle life, seated at the round middle table.

Tim looked across to a certain glass over the mantel-shelf, wherein were reflected the pinched and pain-worn features of Thomasine Dodd. Tim had often noticed them before with no very particular feelings of commiseration. It was altogether a different matter

now that he himself was the martyr to rheumatic gout, and not the mere outside looker-on.

"And I never thought at all about this," groaned Tim to himself. "It is all very well to have so many houses belonging to me,—but, oh dear, how can one enjoy *anything* if one is always in pain? I'd give something to have back my strong limbs."

But it did not yet come into his head that he might take off his shoes; so he only made his way to a chair, and sat down. He eyed Martha Dodd askance, wondering whether she would not notice the change which had taken place. But, no! she received it all quite quietly.

"Father, I'd somebody here this afternoon with a message for you."

"You had, eh? What about?" asked Tim, wincing and frowning under a sharp stab of pain.

"Tim Teddington came, father."

"Oh!" said Tim, suppressing a start.

"He says he can't possibly pay his rent this week."

"This week!" said Tim, feeling some natural landlord's indignation. "Why, he hasn't paid a penny of it for six weeks past."

"So I told him; but he said it was not his fault, and he seemed to think it very hard of you to want to hurry him."

"Likely he does! And there's Green,—much rent I get from him! And there are the Browns, and the Smiths, and the Days, and the Robinsons, and a lot of others, all behindhand! It is a wretched business. I shall be ruined if I let things go on so."

Tim sighed as he spoke. He really did feel a thrill of kind pity for these poor men, all of whom, either through ill-health, or through want of work—or, through too frequent attendance at the public-house, were unable to pay their rents. But then Thomasine Dodd could not possibly afford to turn his houses into charitable asylums, and let the inmates live rent free, as many seemed almost to expect of him. If they did not pay him, how could he pay others? And yet they would not understand this.

"No, that they won't," said Tim, following out his thoughts aloud. "They'll all cry me down as the hardest-hearted landlord that ever lived. It isn't fair. I don't see why I haven't every bit as much right to the rent of my houses, as they have to payment for their work. But they won't see it so,—that fellow Teddington least of all. Other folks' rights and his own rights he don't see at all in the same light."

Tim felt that he was condemning himself, and likewise felt it to be very queer that he should do so. But as Thomasine Dodd he saw the whole matter from such a new point of view, that he could come to no other honest conclusion.

"I think I'll go and speak to some of them, if I can find them."

"It's no good speaking, father. You'll have to turn out one or two as examples."

"And lose my rent altogether,—for their traps won't cover what's owing; and be cried out upon for a hard-hearted wretch!"

Martha looked steadily at him. "Father, I'd have you kind, as you well know; but another year of this will just ruin us. How do other landlords manage?"

"Some by getting ruined, I suppose," said

Tim grimly. "And some by not minding what folks say, and turning out those that can't pay."

Tim did not feel that he had much inclination for either course of action. But he took up his hat and went silently out amongst the houses which he owned, walking painfully and with compressed lips.

Nobody cared about anything he might be enduring. Tim saw plainly enough that his appearance was very unwelcome. He passed slowly through the narrow street where most of the houses belonged to him; and here he saw a man vanish behind a doorway, and there he heard a child shout a warning to some unseen individual, that "Old Dodd was coming!" Nobody had a kind or pleasant word to offer. Everybody seemed afraid of him.

"Well, I don't like being landlord at all," thought Tim decidedly. "I'd rather have wages run short than have this wretched pain; and anything in the world is better than to have everybody wishing me away. I just wish I was Tim Teddington again."

"You do; do you?" and Tim found the old gentleman by his side.

"Well,—yes," said Tim.

"Quite sure! You don't feel inclined to live in the white house with the Australian creeper, and write books."

Tim's desire to be himself again underwent a sudden revulsion. "Indeed I do! You don't mean to say *that* is possible?"

"Change your shoes!"

"What a very queer pair," said Tim, examining those handed to him.

"They fit Anthony Penn well enough. Of course they will not fit *you*," said the old gentleman rather scornfully. "Weren't made for you. But you don't mind that. On with them."

And Tim obeyed.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. ANTHONY PENN'S SHOES.

It was the prettiest drawing-room which Tim had ever seen,—not very large, but most tastefully and daintily furnished, with the bright creeper peeping in at the window,

and books of all descriptions lying about on the table. Mary, in a quiet lady-like dress, sat working at a little stand, looking just like Mrs. Penn; and Mr. and Mrs. Penn's three little boys were romping merrily about the floor in nice brown holland suits.

"Come, I like this," thought Tim.

It was particularly comfortable to be free from rheumatic gout, and Tim felt quite light-hearted. He caught sight of his own reflection in the glass, and admired the look of his broad-cloth amazingly. Also, he could not help being struck with the improvement in his face,—the increased width of brow, the lines of thought, and the highly intellectual expression generally.

"I've hit the right thing now," thought Tim; "there couldn't be a jollier life than this."

So he sat down and began a game with his children, in the midst of which Mary said rather anxiously,—

"Anthony."

"Yes, dear."

"I'm so sorry to trouble you,—but I *don't* know what to do about the bills this quarter; they are so heavy."

"Oh, well, they must be paid," said Tim.

"But, dear Anthony,—if you don't mind my saying it,—I think, unless you manage to make a little more by your writing, it may be difficult."

Tim most unexpectedly found himself giving vent to a groan.

"My dear, if you did but know how I detest being tied down to composition, whether or no I feel disposed—"

"But for the sake of the children, dear Anthony!"

Tim sighed, but allowed that this was indeed a consideration. Still he felt sorely disinclined this morning to go and write. It was quite a relief when the postman's "rat-tat," proved an excuse for a longer delay.

The servant entered, and deposited a bundle of letters and papers on the table. Tim felt quite flattered to see how many were directed to himself.

He opened one, and long printed sheets fell out, with—"Please correct and return quickly," up in a corner.

"Proof-sheets to be corrected. Well, I

think that will be a nice sort of occupation," thought Tim.

The next was a letter.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I hope you do not forget that your promised paper on 'Humanity to Asses,' for insertion in the *Monthly Spouter*, is due the day after to-morrow. We are depending upon you.

"Yours, etc."

"I must have forgotten all about it. Dear me, *did* I begin to write it or no?" thought bewildered Tim.

He opened another letter.

"DEAR MR. PENN,—

"Your serial tale in the *Arrowy Messenger* appears to strike its readers as being somewhat dull, and wanting in sustained interest. Could you not manage to introduce some remarkable or unusual incident. *Something* is certainly required.

"Yours, etc."

"Very rude," said Tim, indignantly. "Wanting in interest, indeed!"

Mary looked at him sympathetically, but seemed afraid to speak.

"Ah,—come; here's a notice of my last work," said Tim, opening another envelope. "Short but sweet. Mary, dear, you will be pleased with this."

"'Motes in the Sunbeams,' by Anthony Penn. A more strikingly well-written, vigorous, manly, and yet pathetic tale it would be hard to find. The reader is at the self-same moment melted into sorrowful tears, and moved into irrepressible laughter. We wish every success to the author."

"Come, there's some one who knows how to appreciate," said Tim. "Here's another,—

"'Motes in the Sunbeams.' Marvellous that any human being can be found equal to the construction of so wishy-washy and senseless a tale."

Tim groaned involuntarily, and Mary said,—"O Anthony!"

"Evidently written by some one whose opinion is not worth having," said Tim loftily. "Good-bye, my dear, I must work hard now."

Tim speedily found himself at his desk in his study, a good deal more inwardly rasped by the above criticism than he chose to

avow. However he spread out his proof-sheets, and read them through, making corrections as he went. What pleasant easy work it was! He just gave it a glance again when he reached the end, to make sure that all was right, and immediately pitched upon some bad spelling which he had overlooked.

That wouldn't do. Tim read it again much more carefully; then let his glance fall over the first six lines, and at once discovered two more mistakes.

"I say!" and Tim wiped his now heated brow,—"this isn't play-work. Why can't it be printed right, without so much bother?"

"What's the matter?" asked Mary at his side, when he had completed a third examination.

"These wretched things *won't* come right," said Tim rather angrily, for his shoes were pinching him a good deal about the heels. "Just give a glance, will you? I think I *must* have found out all the mistakes now?"

"Coach oughtn't to be spelt c-o-c-h-e; ought it?" said Mary. "And spite you have spelt *spit*. Didn't you see that?"

"No, I didn't; and I don't know who would," said Tim, pushing the proof-sheets aside. "I've had enough of *them* for the present." And as Mary went away, he muttered, "What in the world did Mr. Penn mean by calling this *pleasant* work the other day?"

"*Shoes don't fit!*" whispered a soft voice, something like the old man's; and Tim was silenced.

He began hunting through his desk for the promised paper which ought to have been written, and presently came upon a large sheet, on which was inscribed,—

"Humanity to Asses. By Anthony Penn.

"It has been well known, and fully admitted, in all ages, and in all generations, by all orders and all sections of society, that——"

"What? Nothing more than this!"

"What *was* I thinking about when I wrote that? Oh, dear me!" sighed Tim.

He sat for half an hour, pen in hand, and gazed hopelessly at the empty page.

"How do books ever get written, I wonder," groaned Tim.

Not in this way, seemingly. Tim began to grow desperate. He bit his pen, he writhed in his seat, he looked out of the window and

up to the ceiling, he grew hot and distressed and miserable. All in vain. The thoughts *wouldn't* come. He had never felt less interest in donkeys in his life. He put aside the unwritten paper, and took out his magazine story, now in process of composition.

What could he do with that? Wanting in interest! Something unusual to be introduced. Tim ran over possibilities in his mind,—fire,—wreck,—storm,—loss of fortune,—involved will. They were all common enough in life, and still more in fiction. Tim came to the dismal conclusion that there was nothing unusual in existence.

The truth simply was, that Tim's shoes didn't fit. Had they fitted, he would have learnt wisdom sufficient by this time to take more philosophically such a fit of mental blankness, and to be aware that, in the said mood, trying to write was simply hopeless. He would have known, that though his *feelings* told him he could never again advance a line in his tale, yet on the morrow it would doubtless all come right. The burden of anxiety and dread would have been many degrees lightened,—in fact, would have become quite supportable, if only the shoes had been Tim's own.

However, Tim spent a good many hours in misery that day, and went to bed that night with a load of responsibility weighing upon him which haunted him in his dreams, though it did not keep him awake.

Next day he woke up in quite a different mood. All the disinclination to write had forsaken him. He snubbed the little boys when they came for the short after-breakfast romp which they had never before known to fail them. No such paltry considerations might deter Tim this morning from proceeding to work. He hurried to the study, sat down, and opened his desk.

Come! this was delightful—splendid! Tim was in the right vein now, and no mistake. His pen fairly flew over the paper, and his thoughts flew faster than his pen. After two hours and a half, Tim stopped to see how much he had written, and found some thirty scrawled pages accomplished. But he did not cease there. He was a great deal too much afraid of his ideas forsaking him again, so he toiled on hour after hour. Really

he had never known his own powers before. He couldn't imagine where all his thoughts respecting poor dumb animals sprang from, or what made him feel such a gush of compassion for the condition of asses generally.

Evening came, and Tim at length listened to his Mary's entreaties, and put away his pen.

How tired and yet how excited he felt. Tim had known bodily weariness before, but strain of mind and mental weariness were altogether a new experience, and Tim certainly did not enjoy his present sensations. He snapped every one that spoke to him, frightened Mary into tears, and made himself on the whole extremely disagreeable.

Then, when bed-time arrived, Tim found that his writing was by no means so easily put aside as his workman's tools had been, when he was indeed Tim Teddington. His half-written story haunted him. He was bothered by a dread lest his paper on Asses should prove after all a failure. He saw sheets of blank paper wherever he turned; and while perfectly aware that he was lying in bed, he was yet possessed by an unreasoning belief that he would have to fill them all before the morning. He kept perpetually trying to pick up an imaginary pen, which incessantly eluded his grasp. Mary slept peacefully; but Tim strove in vain even to lie still, and patience failed him as the hours went on.

"I can't stand this. It's worse than Dodd,—worse than the Doctor, worse than anything!" The fact was, each new experience seemed to Tim the worst of all while it lasted. "It's

horrid wearing shoes that don't fit! I am sure my heels must be all over blisters. I *must* get to sleep!" And half unconsciously Tim pushed off the slippers, as he lay in bed.

But sleep was not the result. Down, down sank Tim into the cellar, once more helplessly glued to the chair!

"Too much work again, hey?" said the old gentleman, heaving up his blue bag.

"I don't mind downright honest work," said Tim, "but I'm not accustomed to that sort of thing. It's enough to drive a fellow distracted. I believe it *would* drive me distracted in a little while."

"Then it's just as well that you removed the shoes, before taking up your abode in a lunatic asylum," was the dry response. "You want an easier life, I presume?"

"I just think I do," said Tim.

"With nothing to do, eh?"

"Ah! if that *could* be. Nothing to do except to amuse myself."

"Precisely so. And plenty of money?"

"Yes," said Tim eagerly, wondering what was coming to pass next.

"And a good big house?"

"Certainly," said Tim.

"You think you would be happy then?"

"Quite," said Tim emphatically.

"Here."

Tim caught the shoes flung at him.

"Whose are they?"

"Mr. Berriman's."

Tim gave one delighted and wondering gasp—then put them on.

(To be continued.)

A Happy Fireside.

THE Key of Heaven unlocks the Storehouse where the following requisites may be obtained for a Happy Fireside:—

Righteousness to rule.

Faithfulness to serve.

Peace to preside.

Truth to testify.

Love to act.

Hospitality to entertain.

Courtesy to welcome.

Patience to endure.

Honesty to deal.

Temperance to moderate.

Consideration to check.

Cheerfulness to obey.

Contentment to speak.

Liberality to give.

Carefulness to save.

Joy to gladden.

Sympathy to soothe.

Kindness to help, and

Longsuffering to bear and forbear.

THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."



The Confirmation Vow.

O JESUS, *I have promised*
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

Oh! let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

Oh! let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will:
Oh! speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control:
Oh! speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

Oh! let me see Thy features,
The look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for Thy sake:
The look that beamed on Peter
When he Thy Name denied;
The look that draws us ever
Close to Thy pierced side.

Oh! Jesus, *Thou hast promised*
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

Oh! let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end,
And then in Heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

JOHN ERNEST BODE.

Common Mistakes about Religion.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "DAY BY DAY," "NOT YOUR OWN," ETC.

III. "I'M NO SCHOLAR."



"'M no Scholar."
I am sorry for it. It's a great loss to you, especially if you are unable to read the Scriptures. But I trust you make use of all the help you can obtain. If you cannot read, you can hear the Word of God and store it up in your heart. There was one of whom I have read, who became a true Christian through repeating to herself the texts she heard in church, and thinking over them when alone.

But when you tell me you are no Scholar, I cannot help thinking there may be a mistake in your mind. You seem to think this a reason why you cannot be a true follower of Christ. Indeed, my friend, it is not so. Many of the most holy and happy Christians that have ever lived have had no more human learning than you have. Numbers have lived useful and devoted lives, and have borne witness for Christ in the world, and yet never had an hour's schooling from the day of their birth to their death.

I remember a striking example of this. The man was a carrier, and he was exceedingly ignorant of common matters of general information. But he was nevertheless a valiant soldier of the Cross. He served the Lord with all his heart and soul, and rejoiced in the Saviour as the only hope of his salvation. He had a wife who often persecuted and mocked him for his godly ways; but he held on his course without wavering. He taught himself to read as he travelled from place to place; and the New Testament, that he always kept in his van, had been read again and again. He lived and died a Christian, and many followed him to his grave and mourned over his loss.

No; it is not much learning that makes any man a Christian, nor the want of it that can shut any man out of the kingdom of God. On the contrary, how many there are who know everything almost except "the one thing needful." Perhaps they are acquainted with foreign languages, and know a great deal about modern sciences, and may even write learned books on one subject or another; and yet all the time they know nothing of God and peace and holiness, and are walking far away from the way of life.

It has been truly remarked, that "To know everything, and not to know Jesus Christ, is to know nothing." I think it might be said, too, with equal truth, that "To know nothing, and yet to know Jesus Christ, is to know everything." Of this I am sure, that the knowledge of Jesus which leads us to trust and love and follow Him is worth far more than all other knowledge beside. It guides a man in his course through life; it sustains and comforts him in time of sorrow; it gives him a bright and cheering hope in the dark valley of death; and leads to a home in glory when life is over.

A friend was speaking the other day of a little girl in a National School. The children were being examined in their knowledge of Scripture, and they were told to write out what they knew about Christ. This girl wrote but one short sentence, and yet in that she expressed more than all the rest. She wrote—"He is my very own Saviour." Here was true knowledge. She might not be so clever, or know so much of many things, as other girls in the school; yet in knowing this one thing, she knew the secret of true peace and happiness.

Ah! dear friend, I should like you to be a good Scholar, a very good Scholar indeed. But I want you to be a Scholar in the school of Christ. I want you to sit where Mary sat, at the Saviour's footstool. I want you to listen to His life-giving words, and to hide them in your heart. I want you to ask Him for the teaching of His Holy Spirit, that He would lead you into all the truth, and make you wise in heavenly wisdom.

You will find Jesus will prove a patient and faithful Teacher. He will not turn you away from His school because you are slow in learning. He will instruct you as you are able to bear it. He will teach you precious lessons. He will teach you the inestimable value of the soul. He will show you how sinful and unworthy you are. He will make you see how completely He forgives and cleanses from every stain of evil. He will put you in the school of affliction sometimes, that you may know more of His love, and of His power to help and comfort you. He will make the Scriptures more plain to you, so that the simplest promises will fill your heart with joy.

"Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will He teach sinners in the way. The meek will He guide in judgment; the meek will He teach His way."—*Ps. xxv. 8, 9.*





Faithful unto Death.

(See Illustration, page 87.)

MR EDWIN LANDSEER'S picture of "The Widow" touchingly illustrates the strength of affection in the animal creation. A pair of birds, that just now were happy amidst the wild herbage of the mountain streams, are suddenly parted; the remorseless gun has laid one low in death, and the survivor knows of life only as a scene over which a cloud is spread, that makes it dark with sorrow.

Mr. Shirley Hibberd, in his interesting volume on "Clever Dogs, Horses, etc., with Anecdotes of other Animals,"* quotes the following anecdote.

"The late Mrs. Saville had a pair of beautiful pea-fowls, that were the prime ornaments of her poultry-yard, and remarkably fond of each other. It happened one day that a fox, who had been for some time a depredator of the neighbouring hen-roosts, found his way into her yard, and, in an unguarded moment, seized the poor pea-hen and carried her off. The robber, by some accident being disturbed in his flight, left his prey, undevoured, in the hedge at the bottom of the orchard. The body being found, was brought home, and, after being honoured by the lamentations of the whole family, was deposited upon the dunghill. In the meantime, the peacock missed his companion, and with anxious search paraded about the yard, till at last he discovered her remains; and, no doubt, hoping to cherish her with his warmth, he sat down upon them, and continued at his post for three days, till, finding all his efforts ineffectual, he at length gave up the attempt."

This story, Mr. Hibberd observes, contains at least two good points for reflection. The poor bird had an object in view in his attentions to the dead body of his mate—his object was to revive her. Another point is, that he was ignorant of death; it was long ere he would believe that the dead feel not, neither do they know us.

A very remarkable story of a dog and a nightingale is given by Mrs. S. O. Hall, which may, perhaps, prompt considerate thoughtfulness in some of our young readers, by showing how much suffering may be inflicted on parent birds when deprived of their young.

A gentleman went, some time ago, to the house of a Mr. Webb, a large sheep farmer, at Babraham, in Cambridgeshire; and, while they were at dinner, he heard the "jug jug" of a nightingale close outside the window.

On asking about it, the answer was, "Poor thing! she is only taunting the house-dog."

A nightingale "taunting a house-dog!" What could it mean?

It seems that the large dog, a species of Newfoundland, had followed his master down the drive, past a laurel-bush, where the nightingale had built its nest. He discovered and snapped at it, and just missing the old bird as she flew off, devoured all the young ones. I am glad he was not my dog; for although it was his nature, and Pilot is a very faithful animal, I do not think I could have ever liked him again. But from that moment the bird never left the dog. She followed him when he walked, continually sitting either upon his kennel-top, or on a bush hard by, asking for its young ones. Actually, if Pilot followed his master into the house, the bird, usually so shy and timid in its nature, would accompany him to the very door-step, and wait till he came out again,—just like an avenging spirit.

The sympathy of the family at Babraham was greatly excited by the sorrow of the poor mother, who mourned for her children—a bird Rachel, who "would not be comforted, because they were not;" and they would have rejoiced most heartily if they could have replaced the nest and the little ones. Their surprise was great that the poor bird could keep up its mournful song so long. So long as Pilot was in sight, she continued upbraiding him night and day. Sometimes Pilot was permitted to join the family circle, when they took their work or tea on the lawn. It was his custom to ascend the front steps, and seat

* London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

himself by the door of the hall; even then the poor wailing bird would hop on the steps after the dog, and the dog never offered to molest her. For three weeks or a month the family always knew where Pilot was by the wearisome wail of the devoted bird. Once the sorrowful notes ceased to be heard, and Mr. Webb's family thought she was gone; but suddenly the musical knell was resumed, and there was the mourner on a high birch-tree across the lawn, and, almost at the same moment, Pilot was seen passing under the tree!

Surely this touching incident cannot but affect all who read it. They will feel deep sympathy for the suffering mourner, though but a bird; and no doubt the story will influence the young to abstain from an "amusement" that causes such intense sorrow; while their parents will surely learn hence to discourage, nay, to forbid, a practice that hardens the heart, and may, therefore, be the seed of fruit that is only poison.

One other story may furnish a concluding illustration of "faithfulness unto death." It is recorded in Captain Phipps' "Voyage to the North Pole."

"The ship was icebound, and, early one morning, the man at the masthead sang out that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and directing their course towards the ship. They had, it was supposed, been enticed by the blubber of a sea-horse, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the children were nearly as large as the parent. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out of the flame part of the flesh of the sea-horse, which remained unconsumed, and devoured it.

"The sailors threw upon the ice great pieces of the flesh, which they still had. These the poor bear, with all a mother's unselfishness, carried away, and divided between her cubs, keeping a small share for herself. She returned for the last piece, and, as she was carrying that away, the men levelled their muskets at the cubs, shooting them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the mother, but not mortally.

"It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling men, to have seen the affection shown by the poor beast for her expiring young. Wounded as she was, she crawled to where they lay, carrying to them the food she had brought away. She then tore it in pieces and laid it before them. When she saw they did not eat, she laid her paws first upon one then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up. Her moans were piteous when she found she could not stir them. She went off, and, when at some little distance, looked back and moaned. As they continued motionless, she returned, and smelling round them, moaned while licking their wounds. She went off a second time, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind, still moaning; but her poor cubs could never follow her any more. So she returned to them, and, with signs of the greatest fondness, went from one to the other, caressing, trying to raise them up, howling their death-chant all the time.

"Finding at last that they were lifeless, she raised her head toward the ship; there was no longer the moan of lamentation, but the deep and angry growl, fierce and terrible, of resentment against the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between the cubs, and died licking their wounds."

Penny Proverbs.



"A penny, and a penny laid up, will be many."

"A penny saved is a watch-penny to watch the pocket."

"Buy what you dinna want, and you will sell what you canna spare."

"Those who go a-borrowing go a-sorrowing."





From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer.]

THE WIDOW.

Home Makers, and How they Made them.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

III. SAVINGS OR EARNINGS.



THINK some of my readers may object that in these true narratives of Home Makers women are described who have had some special industrial pursuit or business talent by which they supplemented their husbands' efforts or supplied his lack of wisdom or success; but that the life of women in the Home is usually rather passive than active as to the outdoor duties. The bread-winning should and does mostly rest with the husband.

This is generally true; and yet the office of the wife is none the less important; and in the quiet, passive, unnoticed round of her daily duties she may be a most successful Home Maker.

This was the case with a friend of mine whom I will call Mrs. Pleck. She was a native of Scotland; and great was the vexation of her husband's mother when William Pleck, who had been for some time working among the linen weavers of Montrose, returned to his Yorkshire home bringing a very young Scotch lassie with him as his wife. "A bit of a girl who knows nothing and can do nothing," was the hard and, as it proved, unjust verdict of the mother-in-law.

Many of the respectable working-men's wives in that district of Yorkshire work in the spinning or weaving mills, and a good income is made by the united wages of the husband and wife. It must, however, be confessed that the home is often neglected, and the young children, if there are any, are put out daily to the care of some old woman, who is scarcely able to take care of herself. Hence the infant mortality is great.

Now young Mrs. Pleck had in a quiet

way a firm resolute mind. She had told her husband before they married she would do all she could *in* the home, but that she hoped never to have to go *out* of it to earn; and William had promised that as long as he had health she never should.

What the young wife saw when she came to the populous Yorkshire valley confirmed her in the resolution she had made. She was very reserved, and to all the unkind words she heard about "wives kept at home to be looked at," she only answered, "It's the lot of some to *earn*, and those that canna *earn*, can *save*."

So, shut up in her house, and quite neglected by the gossips, she set herself to making and mending and carefully keeping her own and her husband's clothes. Not a speck was on her or his Sunday suit, and she would not have been without a better garb for Sundays on any account. She made quite a study of cheap cookery, and many a wholesome Scotch dish of brose smoked upon her board; and whatever the meal, it was always neatly served, and ready when her husband came home. He had to get up early in the morning to his work, and she never let him go out without food and a warm cup of cocoa. "Nothing wasted, and nothing untidy," was her motto. She found, however, that this rule of hers required that she should be very diligent and look well to the ways of her little home.

She had received a good plain education, and there was a row of books on a shelf which did her mind and her soul good. Many a pleasant evening she had with her husband, each reading aloud in turns; and she, being the better instructed of the two, was able to help him in his efforts at self-improvement.

The wages in England were higher than those that were paid in Scotland, and her aim was to live upon as small a sum as they could with comfort. There was a desire in both not to spend more than two-thirds of their income; and though another life came into the dwelling in little more than a year from their setting up housekeeping, yet the extra expenses were met, and they had saved a third out of the husband's earnings.

I need not say that Mrs. Pleck did all her own needlework and ironing. If she ever had any help, it was when she was not quite strong, and a washerwoman came—a poor soul who had buried ten out of her twelve children, and whose two surviving daughters were now earning fourteen shillings a week each at the mill, but spent it all on themselves and did not know how to make the plainest garment, and were therefore either tawdry or tattered, never decent and comfortable. Such a lesson, it need not be said, confirmed Mrs. Pleck in her plans.

Hers was not an eventful life. Her simple round of duties took up her time. Her children, well nursed and trained, were healthy and happy. Her husband, being always punctual, neat, and orderly, was noticed and trusted. His salary gradually rose, and then he was able to save half the income and still to allow a few more extras in the home.

But no foolish or dangerous luxuries were allowed. Mrs. Pleck had never read the maxim, "Resist beginnings;" but it was her maxim, and, something more, she practised it.

Years went on, and slowly Pleck rose to be overseer. Soon after, he heard that the firm intended to take in a junior partner. A sum of money was wanted; and Mrs. Pleck, who had been depositing for years, and had let the interest go to the prin-

cipal, was able to produce an amount which, though not enough under ordinary circumstances to have induced the firm to admit him as a partner, yet in Pleck's case was allowed; for, said the senior who was about to retire, "If the man has not money, he has more than money's worth in brains and conduct."

In all these changes, of course Mrs. Pleck had removed to a better house, but still much within their income. She dressed herself and children better, but still with great plainness; which indeed made them look so well that a lady from London who was visiting in the neighbourhood, and who saw them at church, said, "Who were those quietly dressed, genteel people who sat near us?" The remark was retailed to Pleck's old mother. She had long altered her first opinion, for she now said, "Genteel, indeed! If that means having a right good head to think and hand to manage, my Will's wife may stand up with the best."

Yes, it was so. A saving wife in this case proved far better, as to mere worldly success, than many an earning wife; and as to home comfort and the soul progress which depends on "patient continuance in well-doing," all who remember that the wife is the light of the dwelling will know that this humble house-mother did wisely.

In a lovely house on a hill-side in Yorkshire, overlooking a long valley where tall chimneys are smoking, lives Mrs. Pleck. Her family are some of them grown up, and helping their prosperous father, who has added "*& Sons*" to the title of the firm. On a visit I made to them, the wife told me of her early married days, and she closed her narrative thus,—“We were blessed with health, love, and contentment. God gave the increase, and to His Name be the glory.”



England's Church.



I. A WORKING MAN'S ARGUMENT.

LET us just look at the relative merits of Church and Dissent so far as I am concerned, and perhaps it will apply to hundreds more. I reside in the district of Saint Mark's Church, Sheffield. It would take me twenty minutes to walk to that place of worship, whilst there are six Dissenting chapels within ten minutes walk of my house, and at each of these chapels there is a stationed minister, making a total of six stationed ministers. What is the result? Although I never attend the church, nor any of my family, yet I have frequently been visited by the curate of the Church referred to; whilst in regard to Dissent, the only visitor we have is in the person of a delicate lady who brings us tracts.

I do not wish it to be understood that at the six chapels referred to no good is being done, or that no effort is being made to make men better. I believe that at these places there are to be found some really good men who are deeply in earnest for the welfare of their fellow-men, and are extremely solicitous for the young of their congregations. But what I should like to know is, supposing the desire of the Liberationists to be an accomplished fact, would the Church become more powerful for good, or would the opportunities for increased effort be augmented amongst Dissenters?—*A Working Man.*

II. HOSPITAL COLLECTIONS.

As a proof that the Church of England is not behindhand, even in Birmingham, in voluntary offerings for benevolent purposes, we give the amounts collected in that town on Hospital Sunday, October, 1874:—

	£	s.	d.
Church of England	3,894	0	5
Congregationalists	496	16	1
Baptists... ..	469	7	7
Unitarians	296	9	4
Wesleyan Methodists	210	0	10
Dawsonites	162	6	6
Jews... ..	185	0	0
Quakers... ..	183	10	5
Roman Catholics... ..	77	17	0
Presbyterians	47	14	8
	5,423	12	5
Other Denominations, Schools, Workshops, etc.	156	12	7
	£5,580	14	0


III. THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

Recent statistics, published by the authority of the Government, show that the Church is doing her work most satisfactorily in her own way; the official returns of last summer testifying that out of the total number of children for whom school accommodation is provided at the established rate, viz., 2,582,549 (i.e. in schools connected with the Privy Council), the Church finds accommodation for no less than 1,751,697. Speaking generally and in round numbers, the Church annually expends two millions of money, raised voluntarily, on the education of the poor.

The Gain of Sunday Rest.

“OF course I do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days. But I very much doubt whether, at the end of a year, he will generally have produced more by working seven days a week than by working six days a week; and I firmly believe that at the end of twenty years he will have produced less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week. Therefore it is that we are not

poorer, but richer, because we have, through many ages, rested from our labour one day in seven. That day is not lost. Man, the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labours on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed bodily vigour.”—LORD MACAULAY.



The Sailor Boy and his Mother.

BY MATTHIAS BARR,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHILD'S GARLAND."

HARK to the thunder!
List to the rain!
See the fierce lightning
Flashing again!

See at yon window,
Gleaming afar,
Shines a pale taper,
Like a lone star!

There a lone mother,
Bending the knee,
Prays for her darling,
Far, far at sea.

O God, in Heaven,
Hear Thou her prayer;
Still Thou the tempest,
Calm her despair!

Out on the waters,
Where the winds roar,
Tossed by the billows,
Miles from the shore;

In his rude hammock,
Rocked by the deep,
Lies a young sailor
Buried in sleep.

Sweetly he's smiling,
Dreaming of home,
Far in green England
Over the foam.

She who is praying
Stands by him now,—
Parting his tresses,
Kissing his brow.

God send him safely
To her again!
God grant her watching
Be not in vain!





THE HAVANA: MOUTH OF THE HARBOUR.



The Habana.

THE island of Cuba was discovered by Christopher Columbus in the year 1492, but it did not submit to the jurisdiction of Spain till 1511.

In the year 1762 it was captured by the British, but restored to the Spaniards again in the following year.

Cuba is the largest of the West Indian islands, and is situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico. It is about double the length of England, with a varying breadth of from seventy-four to one hundred and thirty miles. Its area, including its dependent islands, is about 33,000 square miles. A chain of mountains extends from east to west along the whole length of the island, and divides it into two parts. In the south-east these mountains attain an elevation of about 6,900 feet above the level of the sea. Great fertility, however, exists in the valleys, and the sides of many parts of the mountains are covered with dense forests. Amphibious reptiles, as the alligator and turtle, abound, as well as land serpents. Birds are numerous, and rich in their plumage; whilst the rivers and coasts are well supplied with fish.

The productions of the island include ginger, long pepper, and other spices in abundance; aloes, mastic, cassia, manioc, maize, cocoa, potatoes, yams, and bananas. Tobacco grows to great perfection; also

sugar, coffee, cotton, and indigo. In the plains large herds of cattle are reared. The population is estimated at 1,000,000, of whom about a fifth are whites, and the rest free coloured and slaves, divided into nearly equal proportions.

The Havana, which in Spanish (*Habana*) signifies "the harbour," is the capital of the island. It is situated on the north coast, at the mouth of the river Jagida. Our illustration gives a view of the entrance to the harbour, which is one of the best in the world. It is capable of holding commodiously one thousand ships; but has so narrow a channel, that only one vessel can enter at a time. This channel is strongly fortified; and the city is also surmounted with works, all furnished with heavy artillery. A square citadel of great strength is erected near the centre of the town; and here is the captain-general's palace, where the treasure is deposited. An aqueduct supplies the shipping with water, and turns the saw-mills in the dock-yard. The town stands in a plain on the west side of the harbour; and the houses, which are elegant, are mostly of stone. The great square is a fine ornament of the place. The manufactures include cigars, chocolate, straw hats, and woollen fabrics. The trade of the port is chiefly carried on with the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Spain. The population is about 130,000, of whom half are slaves.

The Bible Mine Searched.



ANSWERS are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. ROWLEY HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

1. Can you prove, from St. Luke's Gospel, the union between Christ and His people?

2. "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." Have we reason to believe that the invitation was accepted?

3. What wicked king had his sin forgiven in answer to prayer, yet did *one thing* which the Lord would not pardon?

4. For what was our blessed Lord commended even by His enemies?

5. Show from the Bible that God's people are sanctified by the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

6. On what occasions did Christ assert His omniscience and His omnipresence?

ANSWERS (See March No.).

1. Tit. i. 2.

2. Deut. viii. 3; Heb. v. 8.

3. Heb. xiii. 15, 16.

4. 1 Sam. xvi. 18, with xviii. 12.

5. Gen. xvii. 18, 19.

6. Mark xiii. 32; Rev. i. 1.

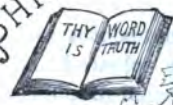


SUN.—1st day.
Rises, 5.33. Sets 6.30.

APRIL.

MOON.—New, 6th, M. 6.35.
Full, 20th, A. 4.30.

CHRIST HATH REDEEMED US.



It is
Christ that died.

Rom. viii. 34.

Yea rather,
that is risen again.

Rom. viii. 34.

- | | | |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | Th | A Lamb as it had been slain. Rev. v. 6. |
| 2 | F | He was wounded for our transgressions. Is. liii. 5. |
| 3 | S | In whom we have redemption. Eph. i. 7. |
| 4 | S | 1st S. after Easter. I am He that liveth. Rev. i. 18. |
| 5 | M | Being justified by faith. Rom. v. 1. |
| 6 | Tu | We have peace with God. Rom. v. 1. |
| 7 | W | Through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. v. 1. |
| 8 | Th | There is therefore now no condemnation. Rom. viii. 1. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 9 | F | Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. |
| 10 | S | Your life is hid with Christ. Col. iii. 3. [1 Thess. iv. 14.] |
| 11 | S | 2 S. af. East. I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. |
| 12 | M | All power is given unto Me. Matt. xxviii. 18. |
| 13 | Tu | In Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 32. |
| 14 | W | Because I live ye shall live also. John xiv. 19. |
| 15 | Th | I will give thee a Crown of Life. Rev. ii. 10. |
| 16 | F | Lord, increase our faith. Luke xvii. 5. |

JESUS SAID,
I AM
THE RESURRECTION AND
THE LIFE.

ST. JOHN x. 11.

Rejoice
in the Lord alway.

PHIL. iv. 4.

I
will rejoice
in Thy Salvation.

PS. ix. 4.

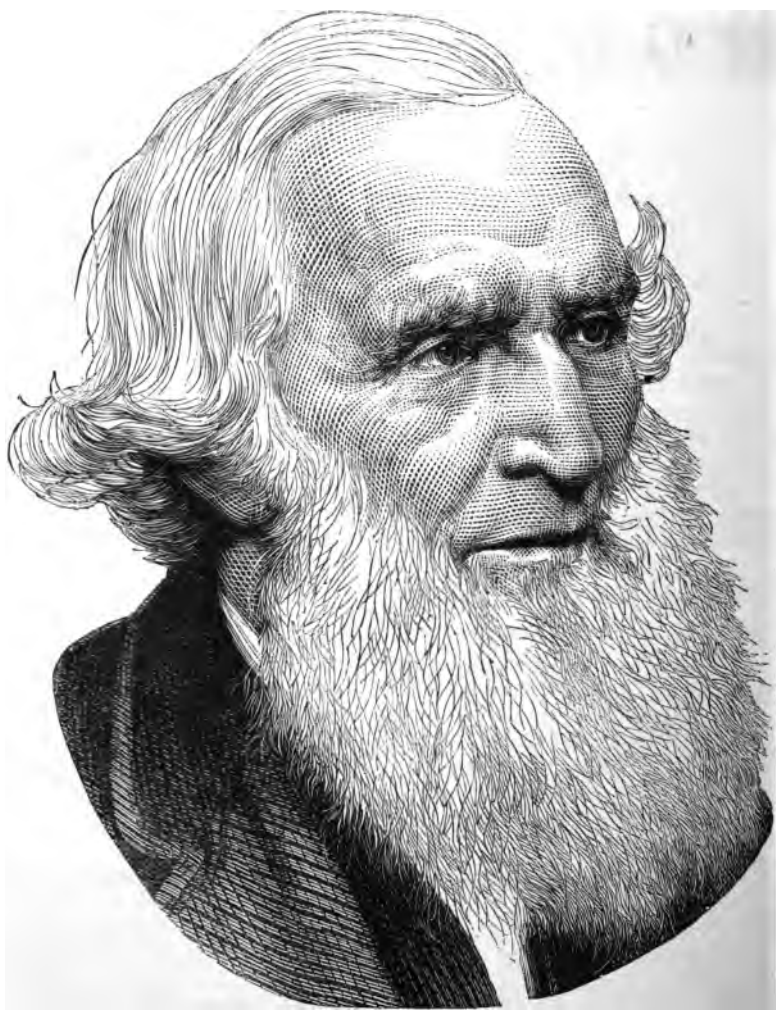
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|----|----|--|
| 17 | S | I will sing of mercy and judgment. Ps. cxxx. 1. |
| 18 | S | 3rd S. after Easter. They sang a new song. Rev. |
| 19 | M | Let us offer the sacrifice of praise. Heb. xiii. 15. [v. 9.] |
| 20 | Tu | Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift. 2 Cor. |
| 21 | W | Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me. Ps. l. 23. [ix. 15.] |
| 22 | Th | I will bless the Lord at all times. [xxxiv. 1.] |
| 23 | F | His praise shall continually be in my mouth. Ps. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 24 | S | Children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Gal. iii. 26. |
| 25 | S | 4th S. aft. East. ST. MARK. For me to live is Christ. |
| 26 | M | And to die is gain. Phil. i. 21. [Phil. i. 21.] |
| 27 | Tu | God hath given to us eternal life. 1 John v. 11. |
| 28 | W | In My Father's house are many mansions. John |
| 29 | Th | A little while and ye shall see me. John xvi. 16. [xiv. 2.] |
| 30 | F | Your redemption draweth nigh. Luke xxi. 28. |

NO longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

It is not exile—rest on high:
It is not sadness—rest from strife:
To fall asleep is not to die:
To dwell with Christ is better life.

THE only true light in a dying chamber, is the light which comes from "the Light of the World," "Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life." "I see Thee! I see Thee!" exclaimed a devoted Christian in the dying hour. The eye of faith rested on JESUS. It saw not death. O God, grant, that in my dying hour I may see Jesus, and never see death!—C. B.



Faithfully Yours
Josiah Mason



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Health.

Make your Mark!

IN the quarries should you toil,
Make your mark!
Do you delve upon the soil?
Make your mark!
In whatever path you go,
In whatever place you stand,
Moving quick or moving slow,
With a firm and honest hand,
Make your mark!

What though born a peasant's son,
Make your mark!
Good by poor men can be done:
Make your mark!
Peasants' garbs may warm the cold,
Peasants' words may calm a fear;
Better far than hoarding gold
Is the drying of a tear.
Make your mark!

Life is fleeting as a shade;
Make your mark!
Marks of *some* kind *must* be made;
Make your mark!
Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong,
Make it with the stamp of truth:
"Make your mark!"

M. N.

Men of Mark from Working Homes.

BY THE EDITOR.

II. SIR JOSIAH MASON.



BLESSED and a blessing;
a receiver and there-
fore a giver; entrusted
with wealth and using it
as a steward in the
Master's service. Such is
the Divine purpose in
the bestowment of riches. Happy are they
who having "freely received" are equally
ready "freely to give." Not what we have,

but what we *use*, and use aright, is the un-
erring standard of true wealth. A rich man
may be poor, and a poor man may be rich.
But when a rich man is "rich in good works"
as well as in bank notes; "rich towards God"
as well as rich towards man; he becomes an
enricher of others. His philanthropy then
claims grateful remembrance from the many
who are its needy objects, and his example is
a living commentary to all to whom God has

given much, enforcing the admonition, "Go and do likewise."

The career of Sir Josiah Mason illustrates this lesson in a very remarkable way. He has done that which will give him a name which will be revered in thousands of homes; and in what he has done he has been influenced by the consideration that wealth is a stewardship—a consideration expressed so simply and fitly in his own words on the occasion of his recent munificent gift to Birmingham, on his eightieth birthday—"I am thankful to God that He has given me the means and the will to do it."

The life of such a man must under any circumstances be full of interest; but, as "a man of mark from a working home," the interest will be special to our readers. The outlines of his biography will show that his example as a struggling persevering worker is as noteworthy as his benevolence and generosity in the time of wealth and prosperity.

Josiah Mason was born at Kidderminster on the 23rd of February, 1795. Educational advantages he had none. "Schools," he says, "in my youth were few and poor; there were no institutions for popular teaching, no evening classes to which youths might go after their day's work was ended. Whatever I learnt I had to teach myself in the intervals of laborious and precarious occupations." From his earliest youth he was engaged in earning his livelihood, first as a shoemaker, then as a baker, and next as a carpet weaver—the staple trade of the place. Kidderminster, however, offered him no scope for his energies, and therefore, in early manhood, he left his native place, and came to Birmingham, the capital of the midlands; and then, as now, the centre of a vast net-work of manufacturing industry, though then on a small scale as compared with its present magnificent development.

Ten years after settling in Birmingham he was employed in the jewellery and gilt toy trade—the latter name being given to the manufacture of imitation jewellery and other light articles of personal ornament. In this business the young man received a cruel blow—one that would have permanently dispirited a less resolute and self-reliant

temperament. He had made himself so useful in the trade, and had exhibited such remarkable powers of invention and organization, that his master, desirous of retaining him, promised to take him into partnership. The fulfilment of the promise was delayed, then evaded, and finally broken, at the instigation of the family, when the master lay upon what proved to be his death-bed. Instead of the promised partnership, Mason was offered a large salary as manager. His nature revolted at the deception which had been practised upon him; he refused the offer, and severed his connection instantly with the business. At the age of thirty, with just twenty pounds as his whole fortune, he now found himself without employment.

Such a man, in such a town as Birmingham, had not long to wait. Indeed, as the event proved, he had not to wait at all; for the incident which seemed to destroy his prospects, really put him in the path of prosperity. He had scarcely left the jeweller's warehouse, still suffering from a keen sense of wrong, when an acquaintance met him in the street, and learned the story of the separation. "Go to Mr. Harrison," said his friend; "he wants just such a man as you. Go and see him."

Mr. Samuel Harrison was a splitting maker in Lancaster Street, Birmingham. Mason went straight to him and asked for employment. "You are not afraid of dirtying your fingers with work?" said Mr. Harrison. "Try me," was Mason's rejoinder. Mr. Harrison did try him: the trial resulted in a permanent engagement. This led to a life-long friendship of the closest kind, and when Mr. Harrison died, Mr. Mason succeeded to his business, which, after an interval of more than fifty years, he still carries on, upon the same premises in Lancaster Street, with some of the old tools and presses still on the premises, if not in actual use.

Other memorials of Mr. Harrison are preserved, with reverent care, at Mr. Mason's house at Erdington; and nothing affords greater pleasure to his friend than to recount anecdotes of his old master and associate. Mr. Harrison was, in many respects, a man deserving to be held in affectionate remembrance. He was remarkable for strong, keen

sense, and for uprightness of life and dealing: one of the class of old Birmingham manufacturers who never broke their word, and never consciously turned out a piece of bad or dishonest workmanship. He was not only a manufacturer, he was a man of considerable scientific acquirements. Amongst other things he made a steel pen. It was rudely fashioned—as compared with modern pens—out of a piece of sheet steel, formed into a tube, and then the lower part was filed away into the shape of a pen, the parts where the tube joined being left as the “split.” Pens, however, were Mr. Harrison’s amusement; the making of split rings and key rings was his trade; and in this,—Mr. Mason helping him,—he introduced many improvements; bringing the manufacture, indeed, to the state of perfection in which it still exists.

While looking with Mr. Harrison at the steel pen the latter had made, and regarding it as a curiosity of manufacture, Mr. Mason little thought that he was himself destined to become one of the largest steel pen makers, if not the largest, in the world. Yet so it was, and this addition to his business came about seemingly by accident. In the year 1828 or 1829—he does not remember the precise date—Mr. Mason was walking up Bull Street, in Birmingham, when, looking into the shop window of Mr. Peart, a then well-known stationer, he saw a card of steel pens marked 3s. 6d. each! Infinitely better pens are now sold at 4d. per gross of twelve dozen. “The novelty,” said Mr. Mason, recounting the incident lately to a friend, “and thinking of Mr. Harrison’s pen, induced me to go in. Mr. Peart was writing with one of the pens. He said ‘it was a regular pin.’ I instantly saw that I could improve upon it, and I bought the ‘pin’ for sixpence.” On examining the pen, Mr. Mason made out the name of the maker to be “Perry, Red Lion Square, London.” Going home, he made three pens, from which he selected the best, and sent it, by that night’s post, to Mr. Perry. Two days afterwards Mr. Perry presented himself in Lancaster Street, to see the man who had made a better pen than his, to ascertain if he could make them in large quantities, and to conclude a bargain with him. The requisite assurances and proofs

were given—indeed a talk with Mr. Mason was the most convincing proof that he could do whatever he undertook to do—and an arrangement was made between him and Mr. Perry for the manufacture of steel pens. From this beginning Mr. Mason became one of the greatest steel pen makers in the world. He soon invented machinery for stamping, slitting, grinding, and the other processes requisite, and from time to time, by his own skill and that of others employed by him, the machinery has been improved until it stands out perfect of its kind. It is curious, that although Mr. Mason has been so largely engaged in this trade for more than forty years, his name is scarcely known as a pen-maker. The reason is, that for many years the Messrs. Perry took all he made, and the pens were sold in their name, as the famous “Perryian” pen. When he began to make for other dealers Mr. Mason still kept his own name back, and stamped his pens with the names of customers—chiefly foreign houses—for whom they were produced.

Up to the period just described Mr. Mason had remained comparatively unknown, and this from choice, for he had always, and still has, a great aversion to come prominently before the public. A new association, however, was formed thirty years ago which, in course of time, gave his name a world-wide reputation, although he himself was still little known personally. By the year 1840 he had become wealthy—the result of steady industry and quiet accumulation—and he then sought for some way of investing part of his means in a new form of industry. In 1842 he became connected with the late Mr. G. R. Elkington, who was then endeavouring to give commercial value to the new system of electro-plating. Mr. Elkington had the scientific knowledge which enabled him to take out patents for the new process, but he needed capital to develop it. Mr. Mason had the capital, and, equally important, he possessed the insight which enabled him to foresee the capabilities of electro-plating, the courage to make a great experiment, and the patience to wait for returns which, slow in coming, were, he felt convinced, sure to come at last. So he entered into partnership with Mr. Elkington, and the now magnificent

establishment in Newhall Street,—much of it planned and arranged by Mr. Mason himself,—began to rise; and the renowned firm of Elkington and Mason became known to the world.

A few years after he had joined Mr. Elkington in the electro-plating, Mr. Mason also joined him in another undertaking which also proved a source of great profit to both. This was a venture into the trade of copper-smelting by a new process. After some difficulty in finding a suitable place, they decided upon establishing works at Pembrey, in South Wales. Pembrey, then a little fishing village, rapidly grew into importance, and, thanks to the copper-works, is now a flourishing town. It is notable, as indicating his future use of the wealth thus honourably acquired, that one of Mr. Mason's earliest projects at Pembrey was the foundation of a school for the workmen's children; and this he made, on his regular visits, the object of his own particular care. The school is still continued,

under the superintendence of one of the firm of Elkington & Co., and gives education to about five hundred children.

The partnership between Mr. Elkington and Mr. Mason, both in the electro-plate trade and in the copper works, continued for some years; up to the time, we believe, of Mr. Elkington's death, or just before that event. Finally, however, Mr. Mason desiring to contract his operations, the partnership was dissolved, and he retired from both undertakings, returning, in his later life, to the business which had engaged his earliest regards, the split ring trade, and that which soon followed it, the steel pen making. These branches of business he still continues to prosecute at his extensive manufactory in Lancaster Street, Birmingham, and other places in the town; and even now, in his eightieth year, he gives personal superintendence to undertakings which many younger men would shrink from controlling single-handed.

(To be continued.)

“Other Folks’ Shoes; or, Who was the Worst off?”

BY AGNES GIBERNE; AUTHOR OF “TIM TEDDINGTON’S DREAM;” “WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY;” “NOT FORSAKEN,” ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. BERRIMAN’S SHOES.



TIM did not know himself.

It was not very surprising, and, in fact, as he could not strictly be counted as *himself* any longer, it was hardly to be expected that he should.

He was sitting at breakfast,—not the first meal of the kind to which he had, as it were, suddenly awakened,—in a luxuriously appointed morning room. Lavish wealth was plainly written on every side. If colours were a little gaudy, and taste was somewhat wanting, *one* thing, at least, was clear,—there had been no stint whatever in the expenditure of money.

And then the table! Such fragrant tea and coffee; such ham and eggs; such cold salmon and French rolls,—it did Tim’s heart

good to look upon them; at least, so he fancied. Not that he felt any the better in his body after largely partaking of the same.

Just opposite, in Mrs. Berriman’s chair, with Mrs. Berriman’s cap and spectacles, and Mrs. Berriman’s stout matronly figure, sat Mary. Tim could have laughed to see her thus. But the next moment he dropped his newspaper, and exclaimed in dismay,—

“Why, Mary!”

“Well, my dear!” said Mary, in just Mrs. Berriman’s slow, comfortable, sleepy tones.

“Mary! You don’t mean——! Why, your hair’s quite grey!” gasped Tim.

“And so is yours.”

“No!” exclaimed Tim, realizing all at once the fact of his advanced age.

“Well, never mind,” said Mary consolingly.

“It is very comfortable here, Tim.”

“Well, yes; so it is,” said Tim.

He took up his paper, and was astonished to find that he could not read it. For one

moment a horrid suspicion flashed over him that he was going blind; the next, he remembered that he had just pulled off his spectacles, and that he was an old man now and could not read without them.

Tim sighed, and put them on again.

Mary did not seem to have much to say to-day. Her usual cheerful chattiness had forsaken her; and Tim himself felt uncommonly stupid and devoid of ideas. So the meal was rather a dull one, notwithstanding all the good things of which it was composed.

Breakfast over, Tim rose and put down the newspaper, of which he was tired. He felt rather at a loss what to do next.

"Well, my dear," he said to Mary, hoping she might propose something; "what shall be our plan for the day?"

"I'm going to order dinner," said Mary; and she took a large bunch of keys and disappeared.

Tim wandered into the drawing-room and sat down.

Here he was, at last,—such a happy man,—with a fine well-furnished house, abundance of money, a nice affectionate wife, all his time at his own disposal, and nothing to trouble him. No; literally nothing at all. Tim couldn't remember one single real trial.

Oh, dear! why didn't he feel brighter?

Just *because*, poor fellow, he had nothing to do; nothing to trouble him; nothing to occupy him; nobody to work for. Already the burden of this great want began to weigh upon him.

Suppose he were to read for an hour? But the paper was not interesting this morning; and besides, when he had the whole twenty-four hours in which to read, where was the hurry? He could do it at any time. Suppose he were to go for a walk? Well, so he would; only he had nothing to go for.

However, he resolved to start. Slowly, and somewhat drearily, he sauntered along the pavement, gazing at the passers-by. How happy and busy everybody seemed, everybody with *something to do*! Tim alone was idle; Tim alone had no object in life. He had never known before this intense longing for something of regular occupation. Why had he ever retired from business at all? The very thought of the musty old counting-house

came over him like a picture of something delightful.

Ha! there was the doctor driving his rounds. How absorbed and interested he looked. Once again Tim longed to be in his shoes, but it was very unlikely that the doctor would consent to a second experiment of the kind.

And there was Mr. Penn! Tim longed to exchange with *him*, and once more to be in the midst of papers and pens and ink. Anything rather than this. Mr. Penn looked so happy, and Tim felt so miserable. But then Mr. Penn's shoes fitted him like Parisian gloves, and Tim's were compressing his insteps most painfully.

And *there* went a group of men to their day's work,—oddly late, somehow, for the Berrimans did not breakfast early, but all busily chatting and laughing. Tim Teddington was among them. Tim envied them from the bottom of his heart,—Sebastian Smith, and Harry Perret, and all; for they had something to do, and he had nothing. Not that Tim Teddington looked particularly happy in their midst. It was by no means to be expected that he should, since his shoes were not his own. Mr. Berriman in Tim's shoes felt the change from idleness to enforced occupation, just as much as Tim in Mr. Berriman's shoes felt the change from enforced occupation to idleness.

A bright idea struck Tim all at once. He would choose a present for Mary,—a nice surprise. How enraptured she would be! Something pretty she should have,—ever so much prettier than the little blue glass brooch which he remembered once bringing home to her, thereby causing great delight.

Off went Tim over the road to a jeweller's shop opposite. It was a long time before he could be satisfied. But at last he selected a massive gold ring, with a row of great blue sapphires.

"There now! *won't* Mary be charmed?" thought Tim gleefully, half frightened to remember what it had cost him.

Back he went, and found her in the morning room. She was seated in an arm-chair, knitting a white counterpane rather languidly, with a melancholy expression on her face. Tim hurried up and presented his gift.

No raptures! no delight! Mary took the

ring from his hand, put it down, smiled faintly, and said,—“Thank you, dear.”

“Why, Mary, don’t you care for it?” cried the disappointed Tim.

“It’s pretty,” said Mary. “I’ve got two rings like it, dear; and I am getting too old now to care for such things as I used to do. It really is not worth your while to waste so much money on me.”

Tim felt woefully flat. He had never in his life received such a dash of cold water from Mary’s hand. He had nothing more to say for himself, and as he did not feel inclined to walk out again, he sat and idly watched the movements of Mary’s fingers.

“My dear, what is the matter?” he inquired, seeing a tear on Mary’s cheek.

“I’m very silly,” murmured Mary; “but—there’s nobody to do anything for, Tim.”

“Nobody to do anything for!” repeated Tim, surprised to find her troubled by the very thought which had troubled him.

“No,” said Mary sorrowfully. “No children now,—oh dear! And there isn’t one single button off your shirts this week, Tim, or the least bit of mending wanted among the linen. And even if there were, I am quite sure my maid would not let me do it. I am afraid of her, Tim, she is so very grand.”

“Well, you’re making a counterpane,” said Tim. “I can’t do even *that*.”

“Yes; but it’s for nobody in particular,” said Mary, with dropping tears. “It is only because I must do *something*.”

Tim began to think he must do something too,—only the question was what it should be. He found himself looking forward to dinner as quite a pleasant diversion, though he never had been a greedy man, or given to thinking much about eating. He asked Mary when it would take place.

“Lunch at one,” said Mary, “and tea at five, and dinner at eight, and tea at half-past nine. And in winter a drive from half-past two to four or half-past, and in summer from half-past five to seven.”

“Well, that’s the queerest sort of day,” said Tim.

“It’s the fashion, you see, dear,” said Mary.

“But I don’t like it. Couldn’t we alter?”

“Oh no; we *must* do like other people,” said Mary.

And somehow Tim was afraid to resist the authority of that mysterious “must,” though he could not have told why.

Luncheon was a relief when it came, only it lasted so short a time. And after luncheon Tim felt sleepy, through sheer want of employment, so he and Mary gently nodded their heads for an hour in two armchairs. It was not exciting, but it was soothing. And by-and-by they had their two hours’ drive, but it fell somewhat short of Tim’s expectations. If it had only come to him as a novelty, he would have enjoyed it heartily. But unfortunately it came to him as a thing which he was tired of, and he could not at all persuade himself that it was any particular pleasure. The truth is, a little work beforehand would have enabled him to appreciate it; but Tim had had no work that day.

Night came at last. Tim was weary; not weary of work, but weary of no work. He looked Mary in the face, and asked her,—

“Do you like this?”

“I can’t bear it,” said Mary. “I’d rather have *anything* than *nothing* to do. I’d rather be a street-sweeper.”

“Well, I almost think I would too,” said Tim. And therewith he deliberately kicked off his shoes.

“Again! and so soon! I thought you really were disposed of for a time.”

“It’s harder work doing nothing than doing too much. And yet I always have thought it delightful to—to—”

“To be idle. Just so,” said the old gentleman. “Case of perversity of human nature. So long as you feel it your *duty* to work, you want to be idle; but once remove the duty and necessity, and—dear me! you’re all agog for work again.”

Tim felt the truth of the words, and was abashed.

“Bag rather empty to-day,” observed the old gentleman, hauling it up. “However, here’s a pair which I believe you have desired,—Lord Bracket’s, of the Castle.”

Tim’s eyes opened to a startling extent. “His lordship’s! You don’t mean—”

“Unless you would prefer those of Mr. Todlington, the lawyer?”

“N-o,—thank you,” said Tim slowly,

remembering past experience. "I am much obliged—truly; but—I think it might perhaps be as trying as the doctor and Mr. Penn. And then law business is dry."

"Not a bit if your shoes fit," said the old gentleman. "Ha! ha!—rhyme and reason combined."

"But then they might *not* fit," suggested Tim humbly, looking down at his two feet.

"Extremely likely. So you prefer his lordship's?"

"I—yes—I certainly think I do," meditated Tim half aloud, for he was growing cautious. "His lordship hasn't too much to do, and yet he has enough. He has money, and he has rank,—in fact, he has everything that he can wish. And no particular trouble worth mentioning. And people look up to him too,—very much. And then he can do just what he likes."

The old gentleman grinned rather cynically at this catalogue, but handed a pair of shoes to Tim, with the usual injunction,—*"Put them on."*

"They're very handsome,—and very big," said Tim slowly. "I'm really almost afraid I shall not be able to keep them on. It is odd, for I have a large foot, and his lordship has a small one; but somehow—they are very big indeed."

"Weren't made for you, you see. Tie them on. Ha! here's a piece of string."

It wouldn't look exactly ornamental, but there was no help for it. Tim tied them on so tightly, that it was evident he had little expectation of ever wishing to take them off again.

And then—he was Tim no longer.

CHAPTER X.

HIS LORDSHIP'S SHOES.

"PAPA dear," said a gentle voice, and Tim found himself in a long arched corridor, with a window of stained glass at either end, and curtained openings into side-passages, which led to other parts of the lofty building. "Papa dear, somebody is waiting to see you down-stairs, but mamma wants a word with you in the drawing-room first."

Tim looked down with fond pride at the

sweetest rose-bud of a face ever seen. It was a delicate fairy form too, and there were deep blue eyes and fair silken hair, but—ah, *but*—a certain pair of crutches sent a sudden thrill through Tim's heart.

"I'm coming, my darling," said Tim, somehow finding himself all at once speaking in the refined and quiet tones which suited with the beautiful surroundings. The young girl passed on, with a certain sorrowful bend in her pretty head, and Tim looked yet more mournfully after her. "Oh that something could be done; something,—anything,—be tried! How thankfully I would become a poor man this day, if by it I could only purchase health for *her*!"

Tim was startled at the strong wish which welled up thus in his heart. So often he had seen the fair frail girl driving about in her little pony carriage; and even while marking her father's tender and devoted affection for her, had thought lightly of the affliction, and largely of the alleviations. Ah, it was a different thing altogether, now that Lady Alice was his own child,—now that his *father's* heart was aching for her shadowed and hopelessly suffering life. How he loved her, his own and only—no, *not* quite his only one!

Tim sighed heavily.

He made his way through the lofty passage to the drawing-room, with its wealth of furniture, its abundance of ornament, its windows draped in white, its subdued light, and its exquisite display of taste in colour and arrangement. Tim's mixture of sensations was strange. On the one hand he cared wonderfully little for all this grandeur, now that it was his own. Of course, if suddenly called upon to part with it, the trial would doubtless to his lordship have been great,—just as Tim and Mary had grieved over leaving their pretty cottage for a humbler abode. Nevertheless, he plainly felt that these things were but outside—that his heart, his affections, his happiness, were altogether untouched by them, altogether resting upon a different foundation.

On the other hand, Tim had a very strong and distinct consciousness that his shoes did not fit him. He felt somewhat like a fish out of water,—in fact, just as if somebody had taken and put him into a strait waistcoat,

and was guiding his every movement by the pulls of certain invisible wires. His voice was controlled to a quiet gentlemanly pitch; his feet might not move too fast; his hands might not fidget; his movements altogether must display a dignified but exceedingly irksome deliberation. Tim muttered involuntarily to himself, "Talk of slavery! What's *this*?"

He entered the drawing-room composedly, but there could not suppress one little start. It was hard to believe his eyes. Was that really Mary? Mary! His bonny little Mary to have become transformed into that graceful, highbred lady, with her rich though simple attire and alarming dignity of demeanour. Tim positively changed colour, and stood abashed. He felt sure that the transformation in his own case could not be equally perfect, and a glance at the mirror only tended in some degree to reassure him.

"I—I—believe you wished to speak to me," said Tim, hesitating, and resisting the inclination to say, "my dear."

"I did. Would you kindly—?" And as her ladyship's pocket handkerchief slipped from her hand, and fell to the ground, a little motion showed Tim that she expected him to pick it up for her. Tim was astonished, never having been accustomed to wait upon his little wife in any wise. But quite a new sort of impulse came over him now. In fact he felt that he had no choice at all about the matter; so he lifted the handkerchief and returned it to Mary, with a courteous air.

"Thanks," said Mary languidly, as she sank upon a damask sofa.

"I think you—you wished, to say something," remarked Tim, feeling uneasy at seeing the lace handkerchief raised to Mary's eyes. "I hope nothing is wrong."

"Nothing?" sighed Mary, as if that were an impossibility.

"Nothing more than usual?" said Tim gently, feeling half choked under the polite necessity to speak thus, when he was longing to order her point-blank not to be nonsensical, but to tell him all straight out.

"A letter,—and that paper,"—said Mary hysterically.

"Yes; but what—what can it be?"

"Our Alban," breathed Mary, with a faint

sob. "Oh, do not be hard upon him! But—oh, what shall I do?"

Tim couldn't think what made him turn so cold and queer all over. "Our Alban!" Yes, he knew whom "our Alban" signified well enough. His lordship's own and only son and heir—the brilliant, talented, winning, but wild and misled young man of whom Tim had often enough heard careless talk. He had heard *about* it all before. He felt it now. Tim's heart grew sick and faint with a father's pain. Strange, this intense devotion of his towards these two children,—both twined round his very heartstrings, and both in different ways the source of such bitter grief!

What new trouble was coming now? This boy of his had been a care for long years past.

Tim took up the newspaper, and tried to read the paragraph Mary pointed out; but the letters danced before his eyes, and he lowered it hopelessly.

"That isn't all," said Mary. "See here,—a letter has come from himself; and oh, I am afraid things are worse than ever."

"Debts again?" asked Tim gloomily.

"Yes; that, and more," sobbed Mary. "Oh, only think, he has been—has been——"

But Mary broke down, and Tim with a strong effort read the letter, telling the bitter tale of threatening ruin to his child, alike without and within. And then he perused the short newspaper paragraph, in which some report of this private family sorrow was printed, and calmly and cuttingly and almost smilingly commented on.

Tim clenched his hands as he read. What business of the writer's was this grief of his? And what had it been to *him*, as Tim Teddington, that the young man of noble promise should be thus led astray? He had looked enviously at his lordship's prosperity, and had lightly spoken of the son's misdoings, and had marvelled at the shadow which rested habitually on the father's brow, notwithstanding all his good things of this life.

Ah, but *Tim* was his lordship now; and that shadow lay across his own heart, and he might not keep it to himself. Tim Teddington in sorrow might at least have the luxury of unmolested grief. But his

lordship's concerns were far too interesting to the world at large to be thus let alone; and Tim knew right well that every look, and every gesture, and every sigh, would be noted by eager watchers, to serve as food for gossip concerning his private affairs.

He had to go and see his visitor. Tim went, and fully understood the said visitor's curious scanning glances. His trouble was already abroad and under discussion. No wonder poor Tim, in very self-defence, spoke coldly, and showed a grave and distant demeanour. He knew that it would be set down to pride; but he *could* not manage to assume a genial air to-day.

Though neither doctor, author, nor lawyer, Tim found that his day was likely to be a busy one. People came incessantly; some on business, some to petition, some to grumble, and some to beg. One wanted this thing done for himself, and another wanted that thing done for somebody else. The postman brought a fresh influx of business upon poor Tim. He began to feel weary. It was hard to have to do so much, and always to preserve the same calm courteous demeanour, with so heavy a weight at his heart. But there seemed little leisure for rest. After lunch callers began to arrive, and Tim found himself compelled to "do the agreeable" harder than ever.

And then the callers stopped, and Mary sat languidly,—

"Dinner at half-past eight; nearly two hours. Well, we must have our drive, and then dress."

"Very well," said Tim submissively, for he was learning not to rebel.

"Lady A. and Lord B., and Lord and Lady C. and Sir D. and Lady E., dine with us to-day," said Mary rather plaintively.

Tim sighed, but said no more, and the

drive followed in grand style. How many envious glances he saw directed to himself, as he was borne fleetly along! Ah, if folks had but known and understood!

Dinner-time came, and Mary appeared with some diamonds glittering about her, far outshining her poor tired sad eyes. And Tim's sensation of being in a strait waistcoat increased to a painful degree. He would have liked to welcome his guests with hearty boisterous cordiality; but no,—subdued tones, and courteous attention, and dignified reserve, and polite conversation had to be the order of the day. He grew tired of their presence altogether in half-an-hour, and longed to lounge about, and brood over his troubles, or at least to have the relief of a little silence. But no! This new constraint over him—which Tim might have recognised, only he didn't, to be the polite social tyrant *ETIQUETTE*,—prevented any lounging, prevented any gaping, prevented any audible sighing, prevented any air of weariness, prevented any cessation of conversation.

But the guests went at last, and Tim threw himself into an easy-chair with a deep sigh.

"Oh, Alban! Oh, Mary!"

The words broke from him uncontrollably. Mary went up to his side in her rustling silk.

"They *all* know it! Did you not see?" she asked huskily.

"Oh, the weariness of grandeur at a time like this!" said poor Tim bitterly.

"Tim, why did you ever choose it?"

Mary looked steadily and fixedly at him, with her eyes expanding.

"Tim, why did you?"

"I don't know," faltered Tim. "I—I wish I hadn't."

"Tim, why did you? Tim, why did you? Tim, why did—why did—why did you? Tim; what is—what is—*what is the matter?*"

(To be continued.)

Pithy Proverbs.

WHO who waste in the Spring, will have a lean Autumn.

Good words are worth much, and cost little.

What is said, cannot be unsaid.

Soften the words of truth with the oil of sympathy.



Common Mistakes about Religion.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "DAY BY DAY," "NOT YOUR OWN," ETC.

IV. "A VERY GOOD CHRISTIAN."



IN the course of my ministry, I have a very vivid recollection of my visits to an aged woman living in a small farmhouse in the country. She had known many trials, but in the midst of them all she had borne up, and in many respects had done her duty and won the respect of those around her. When past seventy, a serious disease attacked her, and I saw at once that it was likely to prove fatal. I spoke to her very earnestly about her ground of hope. She was quite satisfied with herself, and had no fears. So I asked her again very plainly upon what she was resting. Then she told me. She spoke out very clearly that which, I fear, is generally the spirit of very many:—

"I was baptised," she said, "when I was an infant: I was brought to the Bishop to be confirmed: I went regularly to church twice every Sunday: I went to the Sacrament once a month; and if I am not a very good Christian, I do not know who is."

I was very glad she spoke out so distinctly, for I then knew how to reason with her. I told her it was a hope that would never save her. I tried to point her to the Saviour, but I am not sure whether it was to any purpose. Two or three months after, the end came; and the Great Judge alone knows what her true condition was.

The same foundation error comes out continually amongst those who have been regular Church goers. Sometimes it is in one form, and sometimes in another. "I go to Church, and do my duty, and I hope all will be well." Or, "I read my Bible and say my prayers, and God is very merciful." Something of this kind is enough

to satisfy the consciences of many, and lead them to think that they will be saved at last. But it won't do. It will prove like a bad anchor when the storm is high. It won't hold the ship, but will give way when you want help most.

Remember that no outward acts of worship, no going to Church, no repetition of prayers, will ever cover a single sin.

Your own conscience reminds you that you have sins to answer for, sins against God, sins against your neighbours, heart sins, lip sins, life sins; and if you could go to Church three times every day, and pray seven times a day, all this would never make up for one of them. Multitudes have tried hard in this way to get peace and rest for the conscience, but they have always failed. God never appointed ordinances for this purpose, and therefore they will never accomplish it.

More than this. Our services and prayers, and all our duties connected with God's worship, are very imperfect, and marred by sin and wandering thoughts.

The iniquities of our holy things are enough utterly to condemn us, and need themselves to be cleansed and put away through the blood of Christ. How many there are who go Sunday by Sunday to God's house, and yet their thoughts are full of business and the world. Who shall tell the guilt and evil of this? A few years ago a man was waiting for the last messenger. Death was not far off, and he knew it. He cast himself upon Christ for salvation, but one sin oppressed his spirit like a terrible nightmare. "Ah," said he, "I have been such a hypocrite! I used to sit there in Church as if I was every whit a Christian, but all the while my thoughts were full of letters and the work I had to

do, and the duties of the coming week. Will the Lord forgive sin like this?" So great was the sin in his sight, that it seemed hard to believe that the Lord could really forgive it. And is not this sin a very common one? And even when a real effort is made to give earnest heed to the word spoken, and to join in the prayers offered, is there not still much of the evil remaining? How then can that which itself needs pardon and forgiveness be itself the least ground for hope?

Then consider the purpose for which God has appointed the various means of grace. One great object is to show to us our exceeding sinfulness, and to teach us to own and confess it before Him. Hence when we enter God's house we begin with a call to repentance, and kneel down and humble ourselves before Him. "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have broken Thy holy laws. We have left undone the things we ought to have done, and we have done the things we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us."

Then, too, we meet for making known our wants to God; we meet to thank and praise Him for all His mercies; we meet to hear His Word, and to learn to know and love Him more.

But it is only when we are His true children, when we are washed and justified and saved already, that we can really and fully enter into the services. They are all the language of truly Christian people. They express the feelings of those who are trusting only to the blood of Christ for forgiveness, and who have the Spirit of Christ dwelling in their hearts.

Therefore, instead of attendance at ordinances being any foundation for your hope, you must have a true hope in the Saviour, looking to Him and leaning upon Him, before you can take the language of the service as your own.

Dear Reader, I do pray you make use of all the ordinances of God's house, and so use them that they may prove to you a source of help and grace and consolation. Do not trust in them the very least, as if your going to them were any work of merit, or could claim any reward at God's hand. Instead of this, we must ever be humbled before God, and confess with shame how little we have profited by them.

Whilst we do this, nevertheless let us gladly frequent them. Never let our place be vacant if we can avoid it. Let us look for the Lord Jesus to come and meet us when we go. Let us listen to His Voice, and hide in our hearts the messages of His Word. Where two or three meet in His Name, He is ever in the midst of them to hear their petitions, and to grant them His blessing.

Let us ever draw near to our Father in Heaven, in the power of the Spirit, and in the Name of our Great High Priest. Our worship, unworthy as it is, is acceptable when offered in reliance upon the blood and intercession of Christ. Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, pleading our utter unworthiness, and His all-sufficient merit.

Father, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery;
Turn to Thine Anointed One,
Look on Thy beloved Son:
Him for sinners bruised see—
Look through Jesus' wounds on me.

An Unanswerable Question.

IF ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your Heavenly

Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

England Past and Present.



POSSIBLY in no country upon earth has Time effected greater improvements than in England. The history of our own country is no other than a narrative of the progress of the human mind in moral worth, in intellectual attainments, in personal comforts, in literary political and commercial greatness, and above all, in the religious tendencies of the majority of the nation.

Once cruel superstition prevailed amongst us. The time was when idolatry was the established mode of worship; the time was when human sacrifices were offered to false gods, and temples erected in this land to the honour of Apollo, of Diana, and of other heathen deities. The time was when slavery was recognised in the kingdom, and debts could be paid by the transfer of slaves or of cattle, at a price regulated by the laws of the State. The time was when parents sold their children and their kindred; the time was that the nation was so despised that the Romans advised their countrymen not to purchase the men of this island, even as slaves; and the time was when a governor was forbidden to marry a native.

There was a time in England's history when this country abounded in negatives—things the people had not—instead, as now, of possessives—things the people possess: for the men of England had no gardens, no corn-fields, no orchards, no books, no churches, no palaces, no museums, no ships, no docks, no sheep, no bread; when theft was a capital offence, and murder was not; when men used rings for coin, and brass and iron were the metallic currency; when men marked their time by nights, and not by days; when mental darkness covered the land, and cruelty and superstition prevailed among the people.

But time in its progress bids us regard our favoured isle in the sunshine as well as in the shade. Centuries have rolled on, civilizing and evangelizing our forefathers, expanding their minds, enlarging their store of knowledge, implanting a love for the arts and

sciences, and also the social duties of life; rousing them to invention, and leading them to turn to rich account the iron and the coal treasured in the bowels of the earth for hundreds of thousands of years, as a preparation for England's future greatness. Time has urged her sons to cultivate the arts of peace, and to foster a commerce too great to be described. While the gold and silver of other empires have entailed poverty, the iron and the coal of England have conferred more wealth than Golconda's mines could bestow. Time has borne us onwards, daily improved and still daily improving; and now this once degraded race has become the greatest and the most highly civilized people that the world ever saw. They have extended their dominion over every quarter of the globe; their colonies girt the earth; they have scattered the seeds of mighty empires; they have called into existence, out of a few fishing boats, a maritime power which we are told would annihilate, in one quarter of an hour, the navies of Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice, and Genoa combined.

Nor is this all that constitutes England's greatness. In the science of healing, how vastly, how immeasurably superior the medical men of the present as compared with those of former times! Look also at the present means of travelling, contrasted with the past. We are no longer thirty days going from London to Edinburgh. No longer do we find men making their wills as a preparation for a journey to York; but Brighton is now the town residence of the City merchant, whose colleague may occasionally breakfast in London and sup at Perth—a distance of about five hundred miles; while another member of the firm, after breakfast, runs over to Paris, and returns to his friends next day; and, as if this were not enough, his neighbour, who was on 'Change on Monday, informs him that he was transacting business at Boston, and at New York on the Monday night following; and a young cadet of his household writes to say that he reached India in a month.

Look again at our modern correspondence. No longer is it an epistle now and then, with

"Haste, haste, Postman! for your life, haste!" but a simple address carries millions upon millions of letters, at a charge less than the horseman would have paid at the first turnpike-gate. Look also at the mechanical arts, and see how vastly improved and how usefully directed they are. So also in whatever promotes the convenience of life, how vastly the men of modern days excel! Behold our government unsurpassed, our monarch bearing a name beloved at home and revered abroad, and our statesmen the leaders of the world in political improvement. These are some of the benefits which time, in its progress, has conferred on our honoured and favoured land.

But the advance made in religious light and privilege is, if possible, more remarkable still. A man is not now compelled to give a cartload of hay for a leaf or two of St. John's Gospel; nor would a copy of the Scriptures cost as much as an arch of London Bridge. Nor is it needful to transfer an immense estate to become possessed of a single volume, as did one of our early kings; nor would it be necessary to deposit a large quantity of plate, and add thereto the security of the leading nobles, to obtain the loan of one book; nor need our Bibles be chained to pillars in our churches, as was wont to be in olden times, seeing that a Testament can be procured for twopence, and the whole of the Sacred Scriptures for the outlay of sixpence.

The state of things has indeed changed for the better since the dark ages of England's ignorance and degradation. Superstition has withdrawn most of her absurd claims; and civil liberty is the recognised right of every Englishman. Everywhere education has made wonderful progress. Once scarcely gaining an entrance to the palace, the school-master is now a cottage friend. We have none of our princes arriving at twelve years of age, and unable to read, as Alfred was at that period of life. We have no king summoned as a vassal to France; we have no barons who deem it needful to coerce the monarch for the protection of the people; we have no foolish king submitting to the Pope's interdict in his kingdom—that interdict forbidding burials, marriages, sacraments, and even public wor-

ship. We have no calls made upon us for a king's ransom; we do not now extract a Jew's teeth in order to extract his money; we have no forced benevolence for the king's service; no deterioration of the coins of the realm, to enrich the chief personage. We have no proud barons, hurling their victims into dungeons filled with adders, snakes, and toads; we do not suffer men's hands and feet to be cut off for slight transgressions, nor a man's eyes to be torn out because he stole a hare. We have no kings now claiming the right of selecting husbands for ladies possessed of estates, and seizing the estate in the event of refusal; we have no member to rise up in the House of Commons, and declare that a justice of the peace was a creature that would set aside half a dozen statutes for the sake of half a dozen chickens.

We have no men dragged to the stake because they will serve God according to their conscience; we have no mother burnt for teaching her children the Lord's Prayer; we have no bishops incarcerated in a dungeon for holding opinions unsatisfactory to the monarch.

We have not 72,000 men executed in one king's reign, out of a population of four millions, as was said to be the case in the days of Henry VIII.; we have no longer 30,000 old women burnt for not being pretty, but charged with witchcraft; and the days of red-hot ploughshares and molten lead are happily gone, though not forgotten.

Our penal laws are no longer written in blood; and the life of man is not now taken for offences which a fortnight's imprisonment would amply chastise.

We may therefore devoutly say, Thank God that the men who now rule over us *would not* commit such acts of atrocity, if they *could*; and they *could not*, if they *would*.

No civil wars destroy our ancient nobles and the flower of the nation, as in the days of the blood-red Rose. No pestilence destroys 68,000 persons in a few weeks, as in London in 1665; no fire devours 13,200 houses, 89 churches, besides colleges and public buildings, thus laying waste 400 streets, and driving 200,000 afflicted persons to find shelter in the field. Yet London presented,

in 1666, this gloomy picture. No famine now threatens, as in days past, to destroy 40,000 of the inhabitants by hunger.

Among the minor changes which time has effected, may be mentioned the exemption from illness caused by living for a great portion of the year upon salted meat, which arose from the want of knowledge on the part of our forefathers. They knew not how to turn their grass into hay, and were therefore compelled, in the autumn, to slaughter their oxen and salt the meat for the winter's consumption, because, having no hay, they were unable to provide provender for the cattle during the winter.

An eminent writer, speaking of the progress produced by time, gives this playful summary:—"Mankind, in the thirteenth century, knew not the heavens nor the earth, the sea nor the land, as men now know them. They made war without powder, shot, cannon, or mortars; and the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing-press. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a love-letter. The richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on trade without books, and corresponded without the postman. Their merchants kept no accounts; their shopkeepers no cash-books."

When we thus contrast the past with the present—without shutting our eyes to the need of greater advancement—may we not now look at our country, and ask in gratitude of spirit, Is not this noble land great in all that constitutes greatness? Of all ancient empires, that of Rome was the largest and the most powerful. At the height of its grandeur, Rome issued its imperial edicts for the government of one

hundred and twenty millions of subjects, and possessed a territory more powerful and more extensive than had ever yielded obedience to any of the kings of the earth. Yet pre-eminent as was Rome in its own glory, England at this moment is far more powerful and her territories far more extensive. Wherever the waters of the mighty ocean flow, there are to be found the ships of England—the mistress of the sea—bearing to distant lands the produce of the globe; and one-fifth of the inhabitants of the whole earth are under the mild and paternal government of the Queen of England.

Yet these great blessings of power, of possessions, and of people, constitute not the chief greatness of this kingdom. No; her brightest honour arises from the purity of her faith, and from the defence of those great principles which have given to conscience its sacred rights, to intellect its unshackled powers, and to devotion its spirit and its truth. To these may be added the bright examples, the out-door proofs, and the fire-side evidence, that England's Christianity is active, benevolent, and expansive, leading her sons and her daughters, her pastors and her people, her senators and her princes, to plan and to work for the welfare of those who need a friend's relief, a father's counsel, or a mother's care. Therefore, in the Scriptural character of England's public worship, in the vitality of her godliness, in the activity of her faith, and in her general benevolence, we behold the true greatness of our country and the pre-eminence of our times. These things impart stability to the monarch's throne and we humbly trust, through the providence of God, abiding power to Great Britain's empire; and in this our national welfare *may time produce no change*, unless it be to make us more faithful to God and more useful to the world!

RETRO.

The Horse's Petition.

Going up hill, whip me not;
Coming down hill, hurry me not;
On level ground, spare me not;
Loose in stable, forget me not.
Of hay and corn, rob me not;
Of clean water, stint me not;

With sponge and water neglect me not;
Of soft, dry bed deprive me not.
Tired or hot, wash me not;
If sick or old, chill me not;
With bit or rein, oh, jerk me not;
And when you are angry, strike me not.

England's Workshops.

NOTES AND FACTS FROM THE EDITOR'S "COMMON PLACE BOOK."



V. ENGLISH CARPENTRY.

It is allowed that England has carried the science of carpentry to greater perfection than any other country. The clever carpenters in the days of the Plantagenets sometimes built churches entirely of timber, as we may see at Greensted, in Essex. More frequently, however, they were content to span the walls of stone churches with open timber roofs; or to cap them with wooden turrets, or delicate spirelets covered with cleft oak shingles, or otherwise; or to shade them with timber cloisters; or to fill them with elaborate screens, stalls, pulpits, and pews. They made bridges too of timber; notably, the first bridge over the Thames. But far more freely they employed their skill in dwellings. Very proud some of the old carpenters were of their work.—*Builder*.

VI. EVERY ONE'S WORKSHOP.

Our very bodies "fearfully and wonderfully made" are themselves workshops. Is there not

In the Hand	... a Vice.
" Arm	... a Lever.
" Wrist	... a Hinge.
" Eye	... a Telescope.
" Leg	... a Crutch.
" Stomach	... a Laboratory.
" Lungs	... a Bellows.
" Veins	... Pipes and Valves.
" Nostrils	... a Respirator.
" Skull	... an Arched Vault.
" Teeth	... Knives, Saws, Wedges, and Millstones.

The advances in practical mechanism of late years may mainly be traced to the closer study of the mechanism of nature—the master works of the Great Designer.

VII. LITTLE ARTICLES AND GREAT VALUES.

How great a variety of things are contained in an ironmonger's shop! Half his

store consists of tools of one sort or another to save labour; and the other half consists of articles of convenience or elegance, most perfectly adapted to every possible want of the builder or maker of furniture.

The uncivilized man is delighted when he obtains a nail—any nail. A carpenter and a joiner, who supply the wants of a highly civilized community, are not satisfied unless they have a choice of nails, from the finest brad to the largest clasp-nail. A savage thinks a nail will hold two pieces of wood together more completely than anything else in the world. It is seldom, however, that he can afford to put it to such a use; if it is large enough, he makes it into a chisel.

An English joiner knows that screws will do the work more perfectly in some cases than any nail; and therefore we have as great a variety of screws as nails. The commonest house built in England has hinges, and locks, and bolts. A great number are finished with ornamental knobs to door-handles, with bells and bell-pulls, and a thousand other things that have grown up into necessities, because they save domestic labour and add to domestic comfort. And many of these things really are necessities. M. Say, a French writer, gives us an example of this; and as his story is an amusing one, besides having a moral, we may as well copy it:—

"Being in the country," says he, "I had an example of one of those small losses which a family is exposed to through negligence. For the want of a latchet of small value, the wicket of a barn-yard leading to the fields was often left open. Every one who went through drew the door to; but as there was nothing to fasten the door with, it was always left flapping, sometimes open, sometimes shut. So the cocks and hens and chickens got out, and were lost. One day a fine pig got out, and ran off into the woods; and after the pig ran all the people about the place—the gardener and the cook and the dairymaid. The gardener first caught sight of the runaway, and, hastening after it

sprained his ankle: in consequence of which the poor man was not able to get out of the house again for a fortnight. The cook found, when she came back from pursuing the pig, that the linen she had left by the fire had fallen down and was burning; and the dairy-maid having, in her haste, neglected to tie up the legs of one of the cows, the cow had kicked a colt which was in the same stable, and broken its leg. The gardener's lost time was worth twenty crowns, to say nothing of the pain he suffered; the linen which was

burned and the colt which was spoiled were worth as much more. Here then was caused a loss of forty crowns, as well as much trouble, plague, and vexation, for the want of a latch which would not have cost 3d."

M. Say's story is one of the many examples of the truth of the old proverb, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the man was lost."—*Charles Knight*.

Kitty:

AN INCONSEQUENTIAL APOLOGY FOR HER CAT, BY MISS KATHARINE, TO THE HOUSEKEEPER, MRS. JONES.

(Dedicated to K. L. B.)

BY REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF THE "KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION," ETC.

"**I** DECLARE! there's that Cat in the basket again,"
You complain.

"There she is!" and you point at the poor little thing;
And the ring

Of your voice is like old Farmer Flint's, when he found,
In the pound

The old pig who, a month before, made such a rout
All about

His front garden, and came back again in a week,
With a squeak,

As much as to say "Here we are!" and made hay
Half the day

(So to speak) of the tulips and hyacinths there,
Like a bear

Among hives, or a bull in a china-shop! Bruin
Brings ruin

To bees, and Sir Cow to the china, and Piggy
Is diggy

To tulips and hyacinths; digging them up
Like our pup

With his bones in the garden: because it's his fad
When they're bad

(Looking ill, smelling worse) to unbury and cat,
As a treat,

The most nasty of all, the nest-egg of the heap,
Buried deep—

Oh, where *have* I got to? I've buried myself
In the delf,



KITTY.

"Just look at her now! with her head up in air,
Without care,
Quite at ease, without knowledge of liberty taking."

And the hives, and the bones, and the pound, and the pig!
 Let me dig,
 And unbury myself if I can! Oh, dear me,
 Let me see!
 What *did* I begin with? Poor Kitty: oh, ho!
 Now I know.
 'Twas *you*, Mrs. Jones, for you looked without pity
 At Kitty,
 As she sits, "good as gold in a gutter," up there
 In her chair
 Of your basket: and quite conscientious, I'm sure,
 And demure.
 Just look at her now, with her head up in air
 Without care,
 Quite at ease, without knowledge of liberty taking,
 Not quaking
 Though you *do* look so cross! See! her eyes look as straight
 Out at fate
 As Papa says the Sphinx's, unmoved; nor to aught
 Gives a thought
 Save to present sufficiency: all as serene
 As a queen
 Unquestioned in all her domain; though it's small,
 Yet withal
 Quite enough for the nonce. And she's singing her ditty,
 So pretty,
 That calmly-content undersong of "Purr-purra,
 Purr-rurra."
 Like brook under brushwood, like wind in the trees,
 Like the seas
 On the long level shore in the night. Mrs. Jones!
 Mrs. Jones!!
 Now ain't you *ashamed* to be cross? Can you say
 Any day,
Any how, any where, that in country or city
 Is a kitty,
 In person so pretty, in ditty so witty—
 As KITTY?

Self-Help.

IT appears, from the calculations of Mr. Greg and Mr. Baxter, that the aggregate income of the working classes in this country may be taken at about £300,000,000. Mr. Smiles estimates, on pretty sure data, the expenditure of those classes in drink and to-

bacco cannot be less than £60,000,000, of which two-thirds, or £40,000,000 must be deemed to be excessive—that is, extravagant and noxious. But, in order to be indisputably within the mark, let us assume it to be only thirty millions. It thus appears that the working

classes spend ten per cent. of their earnings in needless outlay in these articles alone. Another ten per cent. is lost to them by the unsound condition of the retail system which supplies their weekly consumption. It appears, moreover, that a proportion of their means,—certainly not less than five per cent., and probably much nearer ten,—is wasted by mere unthrift, that is, by unskilled or careless marketing, housekeeping, and cooking. Finally, in the case of a large section of them, another voluntary and most unprofitable mulct is levied upon them in the shape of contributions to trades unions and strikes—a tax secretly resented, as we

well know, by thousands who yet find themselves practically forced to pay it.

The total result, then, is this,—and it would seem impossible to question its accuracy,—that, at least as regards the manufacturing and artisan class—the skilled or half-skilled labourers of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Northumberland, Durham, South Wales, and the metropolis, they might easily, beneficially, by the directest means and in conformity to the soundest rules, reduce their expenditure, *and so virtually increase their wages* by THIRTY PER CENT.—an increase of six shillings to every pound.”—*The Quarterly*.

The Pentecostal Presence.

(FOR WHITSUNDAY.)

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., AUTHOR OF “LYRA EVANGELICA.”

“Lo, I am with you alway.”—*St. Matt. xxviii. 20.*

“Me ye have not always.”—*St. Matt. xxvi. 11.*

“O, I am with you always,” ye with Me;

Yet, “Me ye have not always,” saith my Lord:

Thus ever absent, and yet present, He—

What mean these contradictions of His Word?

In Body there, ascended up to Heaven,
Gone up on high along the heav’nward road;

In Spirit here, as by the Spirit given,
The Pentecostal Presence of our God.

The body and its members all are one—
Not by compulsion of external force,
But by the life, the spirit, which alone
Of that communion is the living source.

The bond of Home, however far we rove,
Unseen, but felt, keeps all in unity;
The inward spirit of the home-born love
Unites us all in one, invisibly.

’Tis not the Presence that the hands can feel,

Nor what the eye can realise or see;
That Presence has gone up to Heaven, until
He comes again, to reign all-gloriously.

’Twere not enough to know that He is
here,

Or that He *always* in the world abides;
I want to know that He is *everywhere*,
In every heart, and yet in mine besides

The living spirit all the members own;
The loving spirit binds all homely ties;
The loyal spirit makes a kingdom one—
Unseen, indeed, but felt realities.

Such is the Presence of our loving Lord;
Yea, such the Presence in His promise
given;

There are no contradictions of His Word:
On earth His Spirit, and His Flesh in
Heaven.

“Until He come”—His Body is not here:
Gone on before—ascended, but not lost,
He sent the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The Gift—the blessed Gift—of Pentecost.



The Young Folks' Page.

IV. A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A FRENCH schoolmaster, M. Renon, of St. Césaire, has drawn up the following resolutions for his pupils to sign.

"1. None of us during this year will either seek to discover birds' nests, or to destroy young birds, in whatever place soever they may be, and under no matter what pretext.

"2. None of us will pursue any birds after quitting their nests."

Now, as all people in France, old as well as young, have been thoughtlessly and cruelly in the habit of destroying small birds, this determination to forsake such an evil practice is worthy of all commendation. It seems that until lately they did not know that the birds were of the very greatest service in

destroying the worms and insects that eat up the crops.

In England there is still a great want of knowledge on this subject. There are in some districts sparrow-clubs, and prizes are given to those who destroy the greatest number of the birds.

Let us hope that all English boys and girls will resolve to be kind and humane to the dear little songsters who make the woods vocal with their sweet notes, and whose innocent little lives are passed in helping the farmer and gardener to preserve the kindly fruits of the earth "so that in due time we may enjoy them."—*The Humanity Series*.
By the Rev. F. O. MORRIS.

V. SEED FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.

AN interesting case in Dean Champneys' "Facts and Fragments" shows the benefit of attending services for the young. A youth of an inquiring mind was present at one of these services. No marked impression was apparently made. The youth grew into a man; studied the works of nature, and was well acquainted with the natural sciences; but, from the things made, he had not been led to Him that made them, and was a stranger to that power which melts, softens, and subdues the spirit. He was unhappy, dissatisfied, and driven about by every wind of error.

He heard that an old acquaintance was in the neighbourhood one Sunday. On seeing

the church lighted up, he went in. Although many years had passed away, he knew the preacher's voice and recognised his face. "In an instant he was a boy again. His mother was before him. His school, his teacher, his happy Sunday, *the sermon to the young*." The lessons of his childhood rose to his mind with power; he resolved to open the old Book, and to go to God who caused it to be written. The prayers of his mother, stored up and reserved, were heard, and he became a humble and trusting Christian. "The seeming forgotten past can be made the teacher and corrector of the erring present, and the parent of a joyful future."

The Bible Mine Searched.

ANSWERS are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. ROWLEY HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

1. What two men declared that they would cling to God: the one though he lost his life, the other his property?

2. What ground had Elijah for praying to God that it might not rain, and for telling the king that it should not rain?

3. Where is the doctrine of justification by faith explained in one verse?

4. Is hatred ever enjoined in Scripture? and in what sense?

5. What prophet was saved from death through the prediction of another prophet?

6. Why did Philip go to Caesarea when the Spirit withdrew him from the Eunuch?

ANSWERS (See April No.).

1. Luke x. 16.

2. Judges i. 16.

3. 2 Chron. xxxiii. 13; 2 Kings xxiv. 4.

4. Luke iv. 22; John vii. 45.

5. Jude 1; Heb. ii. 11; Rom. xv. 16.

6. John i. 48; Matt. xviii. 20.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 4.33. Sets 7.20.

MAY.

MOON.—New, 5th, a. 3.3.
Full, 20th, m. 8.50.



The
Comforter,
which is the Holy Ghost.
ST. JOHN xiv. 26.

1	S	ST. PHILIP & ST. JAMES. <i>The Spirit of Adoption.</i>
2	S	Rogation Sunday. <i>Crying, Abba, Father.</i> Gal. 4.
3	M	The Lord is that Spirit. 2 Cor. iii. 17. [iv. 6.]
4	Tu	He shall teach you all things. John xiv. 26.
5	W	He shall testify of Me. John xv. 26. [Come. John xvi. 7.]
6	Th	Ascen. DAY. <i>If I go not away, the Comforter will not</i>
7	F	<i>The Spirit searcheth all things.</i> 1 Cor. ii. 10. [10.]
8	S	<i>God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit.</i> 1 Cor. ii.

The
Spirit of Truth.
ST. JOHN xvi. 13.

9	S	S. aft. Ascension. <i>Quench not the Spirit.</i> 1 Thess. 5.
10	M	<i>It is the Spirit that beareth witness.</i> 1 John v. 6. [v. 19.]
11	Tu	<i>The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.</i> Rom. viii. 26.
12	W	<i>The Spirit is life, because of righteousness.</i> Rom. 8.
13	Th	<i>That ye may abound in hope.</i> Rom. xv. 13. [viii. 10.]
14	F	<i>Through the power of the Holy Ghost.</i> Rom. xv. 13.
15	S	<i>God giveth not the Spirit by measure.</i> John iii. 34.
16	S	Whit-Sunday. <i>It is the Spirit that quickeneth.</i>

How
MUCH MORE SHALL
YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER GIVE THE
HOLY SPIRIT TO THEM THAT

Have ye
received the Holy Ghost?
ACTS vii. 51.

ASK HIM.
ST. LUKE xi. 13.

The
Spirit and
the Bride say, Come.
REV. xxi. 17.

17	M	Whit-Monday. <i>Be filled with the Spirit.</i> Eph. v. 18.
18	Tu	Whit-Tuesday. <i>Walk in the Spirit.</i> Gal. v. 16.
19	W	God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son. Gal. iv. 6.
20	Th	I will put My Spirit within you. Ezek. xxxvi. 27.
21	F	The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, etc. Gal. v. 22.
22	S	Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Eph. iv. 30.
23	S	Trinity S. <i>There are Three that bear record in heaven.</i>
24	M	Queen's Birthday. <i>Keep the unity of the Spirit.</i>

25	Tu	Strengthened with might by His Spirit. Eph. iii. 16.
26	W	Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. vi. 19.
27	Th	If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His. Rom. viii. 9.
28	F	The Holy Ghost fell on them. Acts x. 44.
29	S	The Communion of the Holy Ghost be with you.
30	S	1st S. aft. Trinity. <i>The Eternal Spirit.</i> Heb. ix. 14.
31	M	Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Ps. li. 11.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

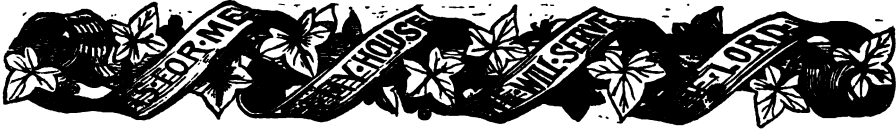
Holy Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee."

"If we have really received the Holy Ghost, we shall show it by a meek and childlike spirit. What we all want, is a conversion from pride to humility, from high thoughts of ourselves to lowly thoughts of ourselves, from self-conceit to self-abasement, from the mind of the Pharisee to the mind of the publican. These are the conversions that are wrought by the Holy Ghost."—Rev. Canon Ryle.



THE SONG OF TRUST.

"The little bird upon my hand,
The swallow twittering in her nest,
And every songster in the band
Of nature's choir on sea or land,
Teach love and trust and rest."



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Health.

The Song of Trust.

THE little Bird upon my hand,
Sings a sweet song of love and trust;
I would that I could understand
Its depth, and feel my heart expand,
With each harmonious gust.
A thousand songsters in the trees
Sing the same song—their tiny throats
Swell with celestial melodies
Of trust in God, while up the skies
The heaven-bound skylark floats.

In winter dark, midst ice and snow,
The sparrow's buoyant chirp I hear,
And robin redbreast's praises flow,
And thrushes publish, all aglow,
"The birds have nought to fear!"
All Spring, and golden Summer time,
The breeze is redolent of song,
Tunes to simplicity of rhyme
A choral offering sublime—
From nature's feathered throng:

A hallelujah chorus loud,
Of chastened joy and pure delight:
The cuckoo shouting from the cloud,
And nightingales, from woodland shroud,
Sing through the live-long night.
And so I deem the sea-bird's call—
The starling's whistle, sharp and shrill—
The curlew's echo to the squall,
And all bird-voices, great and small—
A round of praise fulfil.

The little bird upon my hand,
The swallow twittering in her nest,
And every songster in the band
Of nature's choir on sea or land,
Teach love and trust and rest.
That is the lesson I would learn
From you, my trusting gentle bird,—
That my cold heart with love may burn,
And yield to God a meet return
To cheerful praises stirred.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

"God with us."

HUMAN nature is always putting forth
its fears and unbelief, in anxious
questions concerning *to-morrow*, or
some threatening calamity; but Christ says
to every Christian, "Let not your heart be
troubled, neither let it be afraid: I go to
prepare a place for you." He will protect

and guide throughout the journey thither.
God with us is the traveller's security. Jacob
was destitute: he had a long and dreary
journey, but God said, "Behold I am with
thee, and will keep thee in all places whither
thou goest."

CECIL.

“Other Folks’ Shoes; or, Who was the Worst off?”

BY AGNES GIBERNE; AUTHOR OF “TIM TEDDINGTON’S DREAM;” “WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY;”
“NOT FORSAKEN,” ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

TIM’S OWN SHOES AGAIN.



“TIM, what is the matter?”
And Tim opened his eyes to see the real genuine Mary standing by his side, in her faded cotton gown, with the baby in her arms, and a startled expression on her face.

“O, Tim, I wish you wouldn’t groan so dreadfully. I’m sure something is the matter.”

“Where’s my old man?” exclaimed Tim.

“Tim!” faltered Mary.

“And—and the shoes?”

“O Tim! Oh dear, I know he’s out of his mind; and what *shall* I do?” said Mary, bursting into tears.

“I say!” Tim sat upright and deliberately stared about him. Then he gave vent to a sigh of relief.

“You’re not ill, are you?” asked Mary, beginning to see that he looked rational.

“Well, if there ever *was* such a queer fellow as I am, to be sure!” ejaculated Tim.

“What do you mean, Tim dear?” asked Mary, though she felt quite capable of endorsing the remark.

“Just had the oddest dream I ever had in my life—except one.”

“Don’t you want to see the doctor?” Mary ventured to suggest.

“Doctor! No; I’ve had enough of doctoring to-day.”

Mary looked nervous.

“I’ve *been* the doctor instead of only *seeing* him, which ought to be a deal better for one’s constitution. Oh dear me, what a lot of nonsense I have been dreaming! and yet I don’t know as there wasn’t plenty of sense in it too. But you come and sit down here, and I’ll tell you all about it.”

Mary obeyed willingly, for her curiosity was aroused. And just at that moment, when they were going to begin,—he to talk, and

she to listen,—a knock was heard; and Will Browning entered.

“Come along,” said Tim cordially, quite glad to be released from the shackles of “etiquette,” and free to greet Will in his own fashion. “Come along, and sit down a bit, old fellow. I’ve got a queer story to tell Mary, and you may hear it too if you will,—all the more as it has to do with you.”

Will laughed, and took a seat. He did not look very bright, poor man; for it was only two months since a certain little child of his had died.

“You don’t want to hear *my* news first?” he said.

“I shouldn’t wonder if it ‘ud keep,” said Tim.

“Well, ‘tis only that I’ve found a job for you that’s likely to bring in other work after.”

“Hurrah!” said Tim heartily. “Friend in need ‘s a friend indeed. I’m much obliged to you, as ye don’t need telling. But now then I’m going to fire away, and you’ve got to listen.”

So Tim tilted up his legs on a chair, relieved to feel himself not too grand to be comfortable, and Mary and Will listened attentively to the recital of his imaginary adventures.

The tale took a good while to tell, and they did not interrupt him. Once Will’s eyes grew moist, and Tim broke off to lean forward, and shake his hand. “Cheer up, old fellow! don’t ye be downhearted,” he said. “But I can tell you I’m sorry for you, a deal more than ever I was. I never knewed before what *that* sort of trouble was like.”

Perhaps Will thought in his secret heart that Tim could know very little about it even now, but still he was grateful for the sympathy. Then Tim went on with the story. And how both Mary and Will laughed over his doctor and author experiences, and over his misery at having nothing to do, and over Mary’s gold ring and spectacles and grey hair, and then over her grand airs and

Tim's dismay at having to pick up the pocket-handkerchief.

And the story at last was ended.

"Well?" said Tim.

"Well," echoed Will; "I think it's most worth putting into print—if you *were* Mr. Penn."

"Which I ain't," said Tim; "and I'm thankful for it too. I'm right glad to get on my own shoes again at last, I can tell you," and he glanced down at the stout casing of his feet quite affectionately. "But I say, Will, d'you really think it's as bad as all that?"

"What is?" inquired Will.

"Why, that everybody has their troubles pretty nigh of a muchness."

"Aye, and their blessings pretty nigh of a muchness too—if they'd see it," said Will. "I remember hearing Mr. Maxwell say one time, when you and others was talking a lot about equality, that there really *was* a pretty deal more equality in the world than folks supposed—if they could be made to understand it."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Tim slowly. "I shouldn't really. I don't know now—that I don't—which of 'em all was the worst off in my dream. Seemed to me each was the worst when I was him."

"Just so," said Will. "And that's how folks do think, unless they're of a contented spirit. For they *feel* their own troubles and only *see* their neighbours', and not always even that, so 'tis no wonder if their own seem worst. Fact is, some folks with a contented spirit have the heaviest trials of all to bear, but the make-weight to it is just that very same contented spirit; and others with a gloomy discontented spirit have less trouble and are more downright unhappy. It don't do to weigh folks' troubles, apart from the persons that have to bear them. A weight I'd carry with one hand would weigh little Tim there down to the earth."

"True enough," said Tim. "I know 'twas downright horrid to be a grumbling dismal fellow like Sebastian Smith. It didn't seem as if I could help it, neither."

"That don't make it right to be of such a spirit," said Will.

"But I say, if a fellow can't help it——"

"He can't help the temptation," said Will.

That's his trial. But he can help giving way to it. That's sin."

"Now, I say, Will, you're a bit hard. Do you mean to say that Sebastian Smith could be as easy-going a fellow as me, now; for I'm easy enough, take it all in all, if I do grumble a bit now and then?"

"No; I don't. And I'm not speaking about Smith in particular. We haven't got to condemn him. But I know enough of that sort of temptation, for I'm pretty much of that way myself by nature."

"You ain't!" said Tim emphatically.

"I am," said Will quietly. "It's nothing but God's grace which keeps me from giving way to it more. He don't change me into a light-hearted easy fellow like you, Teddington; but He does keep me from the sin of murmuring—just as much as I ask Him, and look to Him for the keeping."

"You wouldn't go to say that a bit of grumbling is any harm," protested Tim.

"See what God's Word says," Will answered. "Maybe you know how God sent judgments of pestilence and fiery serpents on the children of Israel in the wilderness; but perhaps you didn't ever notice how once and again it was just for that sin of grumbling, and wanting what He hadn't willed to give them, and nothing more nor less, for which they were punished. 'When the people complained, it displeased the Lord.' That's what is said."

"No; I don't know as I do remember that," said Tim thoughtfully.

"There's one verse as puts it very clear," said Will, after a little pause—

"*'BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE.'*"

Mary looked up with a quick smile, but did not speak.

"It don't say that we're only to be content if we have many things," added Will, "but *anyway*, whether we've sixpence or ten thousand pounds. If we're in need, I take it we're to tell God in prayer, and ask His help for Christ's sake, but still to be contented—always contented—never grumbling."

"Don't see how that's possible," said Tim.

"Well, there's a reason given in that same verse as it goes on, in the thirteenth of Hebrews," said Will in a lower tone. "'For He hath said, I will never leave thee nor

forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.' That's in the last chapter of Hebrews—God's own teaching. If you want a make-weight to any and every trouble, Teddington, you'll find it there, if once you give yourself up to the Saviour, so that you can learn to say those words in truth."

Will spoke earnestly, and Tim looked somewhat impressed.

"But, see here," he broke out presently; "it's all very well to say the folks in my dream were pretty equally happy, for so they were. But supposing now I'd been his lordship, and the son and daughter had been all right. That would have been just what I'd have liked."

"But folks always do have trouble of some sort, sooner or later," said Will. "Nobody goes on long without it. Something else would just have come instead."

"Mr. and Mrs. Berriman had none in my dream. Why couldn't I find work to do if I was him?"

"So you could, and so you ought. There's enough work for everybody to do in the world, if they'd look out for it."

"Yes; and then shouldn't I have been happy?"

"Yes, if 'twas God's work you were doing. But you'd have troubles all the same,—more especially if you were old, and couldn't look in reason to keep good health, nor to live long."

Tim shook his head a little, as if that were unanswerable.

"The fact is, everybody has something to bear, and what weighs most on one don't weigh so much on another; and some folks who seem the brightest, and who talk the least of their troubles, have the most of all to bear. It don't do to judge from the outside. Anybody may grumble at too much or too little to do, and anybody may want to have more than he's got, like somebody else above him."

"The Queen can't," said Tim, going right up to the top of the ladder.

"You'd best read a bit of history, man," said Will quietly. "It's when kings and queens begin to want more than they've got, and try to get a slice of somebody else's country, that things are worst of all; and a deal of misery that brings. But I can tell you it brings a lot of misery, too, in a smaller way, into families, when there's a grumbling discontented sort of spirit among them."

Tim thought of Sebastian Smith again, and could not dissent.

"Well, it'll be a good while before I catch myself wishing I was anybody else again," he said at length.

"Unless you could be somebody else without any troubles," suggested Will, half smiling.

"Just so," said Tim.

"But then, while you're taking the pains to wish, why shouldn't you wish to be *yourself* without any troubles?" asked Will.

"Well, why not?" echoed Tim dubiously. "I'm sure I don't know; only it don't seem ever like to happen."

"No; neither to you nor to any one else. Only, you see, we don't so easily realise that other folks have as much to bear as we have, and may be a deal more. Fact is, Teddington, it's a deal happier to give over useless wishing. God has promised to be 'a strength to the needy in his distress;' and if we take our troubles to Him, in the name of the Lord Jesus, we'll find help and comfort. But this world isn't meant to be our rest. Oftentimes we seem settling down, and seeming 'most to think of life here as if it was to go on for ever; and nothing but sorrow will rouse us and bring us to God. There's many a trouble that's a downright mercy, if we knew it."

"Maybe so," said Tim.

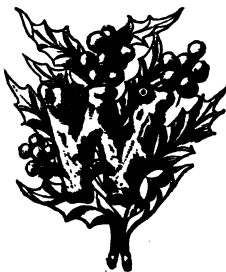
"And if once we learn to trust God's love through all, that's a make-weight, as I told you just now, to the worst sorrow that ever was," said Will steadily.



Men of Mark from Working Homes.

BY THE EDITOR.

II. SIR JOSIAH MASON.

(Continued from page 102.)

WE have already traced the upward path of honourable prosperity and prudent enterprise which resulted in placing Sir Josiah Mason in the first rank of men of the time. Not only had he acquired wealth, but his wealth had been the fruit of a most important and valuable invention. Some men become rich by the follies of the age; some, alas! by the sins of the age; but Sir Josiah Mason, by bringing to perfection the steel pen, whilst securing riches for himself, in a true sense conferred an intellectual boon on myriads of his fellow-creatures. We scarcely know what we could have done without it. Geese may be very bountiful in their supply of quills; but now the schoolmaster is abroad in every village of our land, we question whether our feathered friends would not totally have failed to meet the requirements of this letter-writing, as well as author-writing, age. Certainly if the quills had not failed us, the necessary multiplication of geese to guard against any deficiency presents an arithmetical sum not easily calculated, and the practical issue might have involved results of a somewhat perplexing character. Would not England have become a veritable goose-land?

But Sir Josiah Mason's claim to national esteem and regard does not rest here. The productions of his inventive genius, however valuable, may not be compared with the noble generosity which has guided him in the use of the wealth with which God has blessed him. We fear it is too true of the common race of what are termed self-made men, that they fail to regard themselves as stewards rather than possessors of wealth. Content with money for its own sake, or for the sake of what it brings, they leave to the Peabodys, the Salts, the Crossleys, and the Masons, at once the praise, the glory, and the rich reward of raising their class to the rank of

national benefactors, by the practice of self-denial, and the increase of thoughtful and generous charity.

Sir Josiah Mason's munificence has, we should think, been almost unexampled; and the wise arrangement of his plans in bestowing his liberal benefactions may truly be said to have doubled their value. Giving is comparatively easy; but to give *well*, so as really to benefit the receiver, is no easy task. Many foolishly hold their fortunes till they die, and then bequeath large sums for others to apply to charitable purposes. The best plan is to be as far as possible our own executors. Sir Josiah Mason has acted on this principle. In his lifetime he dispenses a princely income, taking a personal and even minute interest in its disposal, working out himself his own plans for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Briefly we proceed to explain the nature and extent of these benefactions, and the means adopted by the giver to make them enduring in their practical results.

In the year 1869, on the last day of July, there was a quiet meeting of half a dozen gentlemen at Mr. Mason's house at Erdington. A stranger might have supposed that some routine business was in course of transaction—the administration, may be, of a charitable institution of an ordinary kind. Yet, in truth, the occasion was one of the greatest interest; for at that quiet meeting a stately building, valued at £60,000, and a more than princely endowment, estimated at £200,000, the free and wholly unaided gift of one generous and large-hearted man, passed from private hands, and became the heritage of the orphan and the poor, for ever.

By the founder's express desire the event was quite unmarked by ceremony. Well might it be so, for the act spoke for itself with an eloquence to which nothing could be added. A Birmingham manufacturer, after a career of honest toil and persevering enterprise, known in person to but few of his

townsmen, for he was always retiring in his habits, bestows during his lifetime the magnificent sum of more than a quarter of a million for the establishment of a vast educational charity!

The local press, in chronicling the gift, rendered a well-deserved tribute to the donor. We transcribe an extract. The parallelism between Mason and Peabody is remarkable.

"Henceforth," the writer says, "the name of Josiah Mason will stand beside that of George Peabody—the two being linked together as those of men keeping in mind the Divine injunction, 'The poor ye have always with you;' and with this remembering themselves, not as owners, but stewards of the means with which Providence had endowed them.

"There is a curious parallelism between the two benefactions—each equalling the other in amount, both given by men who, beginning very humbly, had grown rich by industry and enterprise in trade, both directed towards the relief of present distress and the future elevation of the working class. The resemblance between the two may be carried yet further, for both these great benefactors were born in the same year, in the same month, and within a few days of each other—Mr. Peabody, on the 18th of February, 1795, and Mr. Mason on the 23rd of February, in the same year. Here, however, the parallel diverges a little, for while Mr. Peabody's munificent gifts to the poor of London were presented to trustees for them to arrange a scheme of application, Mr. Mason's noble work is wholly his own, down to the smallest detail; the arrangement of the building, the provisions of the trust, and the complete organization of the charity having occupied his mind for years.

"In a word, this noble gift—an honour to humanity, is in all its parts, plan, design, detail, and means of sustenance, the work of a single man and a single mind. Without asking or receiving help of any kind, Mr. Mason gives to trustees, and through them to the public, a set of Alms-houses for twenty-six women, an Orphanage for three hundred children, finished in building and arrangement, with plans of management laid down carefully throughout and perfected, both

charities in full working order, and actually at work; and to crown all, with an endowment in land, so well chosen as to promise rapid growth in value with each successive year, and so ample as to shut out for ever the need of an appeal for other help.

"This admirable completeness appears to us to be one of the noblest features of the plan. Of course, only a man of great wealth could have done his work in this way; but many men of wealth, even when embarked in such a design, would have stumbled at the enormous cost of it, and have shrunk from the sacrifices required to make it complete. But Mr. Mason's motto is 'Thorough!' Meaning that these Almshouses and this Orphanage should be 'Josiah Mason's Almshouses and Orphanage,' he counted the cost and paid it, resolving that in all respects, both of payment and of plan, the work should be his own. And his own it is and will be, as the reverent expression of acknowledgment of mercies bestowed, in the respect of those who can understand the cost and meaning of such a work, in the affection of the poor children who find refuge in the Orphanage, in the gratitude and admiration of generations to come. So long as this trust endures and there are orphans to benefit by it, the name of Josiah Mason, the founder, will be remembered with thankfulness and pride."

It seems that the beneficent plan of the founder had been maturing for years. So far back as 1858, Mr. Mason began an orphanage and a set of almshouses on a small scale, intending first to receive twenty-five children, and then extending the number to fifty. "He always felt," he said, "that he ought to do something for the aged and for children." But no sooner was this small orphanage completed, than he found that his plans had fallen far short of his desires. He resolved to build another orphanage to receive one hundred children; and then, thinking the matter over again, the design expanded itself into a building for two hundred children. But the liberal mind was not yet satisfied, and more liberal things were devised. In 1860 he finally decided on an orphanage for three hundred children; and in the quietest manner, without demonstration

of any kind, indeed without the knowledge of a single person but those immediately concerned, the present magnificent building was commenced.

The Trust deed contains the two following admirably expressed provisions or conditions.

"And it is hereby declared to be the express wish and direction of the founder, that all the children shall be brought up in habits of industry; and that, as far as practicable, the girls be instructed in sewing, baking, cooking, washing, mangling, and in all ordinary household and domestic duties, and in other useful knowledge, with a view to their being fitted to become useful members of society in those positions in life to which it may please God to call them, and which He may give them talents worthily to fulfil.

"And, under the deep conviction that the fear of Almighty God is the beginning of all true wisdom, the said Josiah Mason doth hereby declare it to be his special desire and direction, that the children shall be carefully instructed in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and taught to love, reverence, and obey the doctrines and precepts therein graciously revealed, and, through the Divine blessing upon the labours of those engaged in their instruction, the words of the Apostle may be addressed with truth to every child who shall have been brought up in the Orphanage, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'"

Further directions are added as to Divine worship in the institution, "that the children may be trained as simple and sincere followers of the Lord Jesus Christ;" and that each child may receive a special copy of the Scriptures on leaving the Orphanage.

The Orphanage itself is a noble structure, admirably built, and wonderfully well-arranged; "as perfect as human hands could make it," and worthy evidence of the close attention and thought the founder lavished upon it. It occupies, with playgrounds, plantations, garden-ground, and fields, about thirteen acres of land, lying high on a gravelly soil, well open on all sides, and commanding fine views of the surrounding country, from which its great central tower,

200 feet high, may be seen for many miles. The building is bold and massive in general form, but it is broken up in detail so as to be ornamental (as every house should be). The windows are semi-circular headed, and stone mouldings are introduced with excellent effect. Each gable is finished with a colossal figure of an angel standing with folded wings, as if watching over the happiness of the children below. About three million bricks were used in the building, all of them made upon the Orphanage land. The main dining hall is seventy feet by twenty-three feet; the kitchen sixty-two feet by thirty, and "as clean as a pink." On the first floor there are play-rooms for boys and girls,—the former ninety-four feet by sixteen, the latter, thirty-seven feet by thirty, a schoolroom seventy feet by twenty-three, and various class rooms. There is also a capital bath-room, and a plentiful provision of cold water. The bedrooms are on the second floor, and we need not say that they are lofty and well ventilated. Each child has a separate bed, and everything is kept beautifully clean. Sir Josiah Mason is full of mechanical skill and practical scientific knowledge, and he has turned them to the very best account. We only wish our working friends could all pay a visit to the Orphanage, since we are sure they would gather some valuable hints for making their own houses more homely and happy.

Most of our readers doubtless noticed the newspaper account of Sir Josiah Mason's celebration of his eightieth birthday last February. It was truly characteristic, and furnished another example of his great munificence. He laid the foundation stone of a new scientific College at Birmingham, endowed by himself, for the benefit of the town and the surrounding district. The cost of the building and endowment will exceed £100,000. The object and spirit of Sir Josiah in founding this invaluable Institution will best be gathered from the closing words of his address on laying the foundation stone.

"My wish is, in short, to give all classes in Birmingham, in Kidderminster, and in the district generally, the means of carrying on, in the capital of the Midland district, their scientific studies as completely and thoroughly as they can be prosecuted in the great science

schools of this country and the Continent: for I am persuaded that in this way alone—by the acquirement of sound, extensive, and practical scientific knowledge—can England hope to maintain her position as the chief manufacturing centre of the world. I have great and I believe well-founded hope for the future of this foundation. I look forward to its class-rooms and lecture-halls being filled with a succession of earnest and intelligent students, willing to learn not only all that can be taught, but in their turn to communicate their knowledge to others, and to apply it to useful purposes for the benefit of the community. It is in this expectation that I have done my part, thankful to God that He has given me the means and the will to do it; hoping that from this place many original and beneficial discoveries may proceed; trusting that I, who have never been blessed with children of my own, may yet, in these students, leave behind me an intelligent, earnest, industrious, and truth-loving and truth seeking progeny for generations to come."

Noble sentiments, nobly uttered! May Sir Josiah Mason long be spared to witness the rich fulfilment of his desires, and to receive the grateful acknowledgments of those who are so deeply indebted to him for such an educational boon.

We must add, as a closing tribute to the noble founder of this Orphanage at Erdington, the admirably expressed testimony of one who is familiar with the inner working and management of the institution. The writer says:—

"There is one point—and this a most important one—which the fullest description would fail to bring out. It is the tender thoughtfulness and the loving care manifested in all respects for the comfort and happiness of the children. If Sir Josiah Mason had been contriving a house for children of

his own, he could not have studied the wants and habits of little ones more closely, or thought out each detail with greater pains, than he has done for these poor orphans. There are abundant evidences of this appeal to the visitor, however careless he may be. Not only may the provision of separate beds and washing appliances be cited in proof of our remark; but there are also the arrangements of the bath room, in which the physical comfort of the very little ones is especially studied, and the covered playground, with its triple columns, erected not for the requirements of strength, but with a particular eye to the pastime of hide-and-seek. The same thoughtfulness is apparent in the flowers ranged along the main corridor, in the separate seats in the dining hall, in the carefully sloped backs of the chapel benches, in the provision of musical instruments, and in many other ways readily to be noted by those who love children and know their ways. Then again, the little ones have their infantine toys, the bigger ones amusements suited to maturer age, and for sturdy lads and lasses there are swings and gymnastic apparatus in the ample open playground, looking out freshly into the fields.

"One thing more is too pleasant to be omitted—namely, that the Founder knows all the children in the noble home he has provided, that he is known and loved by them, that the infants trot up to him and put their tiny hands in his, that the elder ones brighten at his approach, that he has a kindly word and fatherly look for one and all; and last but not least, that his own benevolent spirit seems to have passed into the minds of the attendants from highest to lowest, making the whole place what the Founder desires it to be, a Home for those who are homeless, a Family circle for those who have lost their natural protectors. May God bless such a work as this, and bless, too, the man who has done it!"

True Wealth.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Honour him who fears to die too rich,
And counts his gifts up as his truest gains.
Like some far-travelled brook, that, though

[she boasts

No breadth of waters, can look calmly back
On leagues of blessing and fertility.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

A Great Friend of Mine; or, the Story of Betsy Reid.

BY A PASTOR.

"Thy will in all things I approve,
Exalted or cast down;
They will in every state I love,
And even in Thy frown."—*Guion.*



POVERTY, like all other afflictions—for poverty is an affliction—may be sanctified. It may be turned to profitable spiritual account, made instrumental in refining the soul, and regarded as an agent in that moral discipline by which the Father trains His children for the glory that lies before them. In itself it is an evil, whatever sentimentalists who have not smarted under its visitation may say to the contrary. That it adds enormously to vice is beyond all dispute, and that vice, in its turn, perpetuates and increases poverty is equally clear. Nevertheless, when it is the companion of piety it assumes quite a different aspect; and under this aspect I have often seen it, and have been led to admire the sustaining power of the Gospel, and the consolation it imparts to those who are like the Church at Smyrna, to whom the Saviour said, "I know thy poverty, but thou art rich."

The circumstances under which I first saw the subject of this sketch I need not narrate. Her home or rather hut, was exceedingly humble, and the traveller might have passed it without at all thinking that it was intended for a human habitation. It was built partly of stones from the sea-shore, and partly of turf, with a thatched roof, sadly out of repair, through which the rain dashed and the wind whistled at pleasure. A tall man could have reached the top of the gable outside with his hand, without difficulty. Yet in this lonely dwelling-place lived an heir of glory. Betsy Reid's hovel was a temple of God; for there one of His

worshipping children lived the life of faith and prayer, and there He was trusted and adored with childlike confidence and gratitude.

"Do you live quite alone here?" I asked.

"Mostly, sir; but I don't mind it now. It was rather lonely at first; but God has been nearer to me since He was pleased to take my husband and sons from me than when I lived in a good house and had them coming home to me at the end of their voyages."

These few simple words revealed much. I saw the dark outline, and the relieving ray of light in a moment. A childless widow. Husband and sons drowned at sea. Once, doubtless, in comfortable circumstances, a wife and a mother, loving and beloved; now, all but houseless, penniless, alone, and sick. What a cheerless evening to close life with! But oh, what would it be if, in addition to this list of human griefs, she knew nothing of the grace of God that bringeth salvation and opens the gates of paradise to all believers! But he or she who can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," has a sovereign antidote to all the cares and sorrows of the few short years of time through which the pilgrim journeys to his rest on high.

I gleaned the following particulars in conversation with Betsy Reid. Her father had been a small tradesman in a seaport town. John Reid was the captain of a vessel belonging to that port. Acquaintance, friendship, love, and marriage, were the results. Reid weathered many a storm, and returned from many a perilous voyage to his wife and children. The three sons were successively apprenticed to the sea,

and before the youngest had reached his fourteenth year they had all found a watery grave. Mrs. Reid heard the disastrous tidings of her bereavement at a time when she knew not the sustaining power of the Gospel; and the result was, after the first paroxysms of grief, a state of dark hopeless melancholy, from which no effort of sympathising friends was able to arouse her. After some time, however, a very poor neighbour, also a widow, was the agent in effecting that which people of more worldly consequence and greater attainments failed to do. The case was one of many in which the sympathies of the poor with the poor reach the heart, and effect by few words what much reasoning frequently cannot do.

"I was sitting as usual," said poor Betsy, "with my head bent down, and now and then moaning, not caring what any one did or said. Very seldom could they get me to speak. The chief thing I said was that I wished to die. One day, some one touched me on the shoulder, and said, 'Mrs. Reid, I've come to speak to you about a *great Friend of yours*. He is very rich and kind, and He wants you to ask Him for anything you need. He often stands at the door and knocks; but you don't let Him in, and this is the cause why you're so dull and sad.' I looked up for a moment, and saw poor Widow Johnson with tears in her eyes. I felt moved a little, but did not speak. Widow Johnson, seeing this, went away without saying another word. What she had said, however, kept coming before my poor feeble mind every two or three minutes. A *great Friend of mine*? Friend of *mine*? Knocking at the door? What did she mean? Well, sir, next day at the same hour my neighbour came again, and laid her hand gently on my shoulder, and whispered exactly the same words in my ear. This deepened the impression which had been made, and I almost started with surprise."

Poor Betsy wept freely at the recollection of these things; but as they were tears of joy springing from the deep fountain of a heart penetrated with a sense of the "*tender mercies*" of the Lord, I did not attempt to check her emotion. Tears of that character have a healthy effect upon the soul, and are consequently useful, even to the health of the body.

It was almost unnecessary to ask her for the result of Widow Johnson's ingenious and earnest effort to arouse her to consciousness. That, I concluded, must have been all that the poor widow desired. And it was so.

"For," said Betsy, "she continued to visit me; and as she told me her own history, the trials she had gone through, and the comforts she had experienced, and especially as she spoke of peace and joy in believing, my heart became softened and humbled; I felt that I had been living without God in the world; and I was slowly, but I trust surely, brought to find my all in Him, and to give myself up entirely to the Saviour."

"How long is that ago?" I asked.

"Ten years, sir."

"And have you felt peace ever since?"

"Almost constant peace; only I'm not pleased with myself. I don't feel so thankful as I should be; and whenever a storm arises and I hear the sea, I think of my poor John and my dear, dear boys who were taken from me. I still think I hear their cries mingling with the sound of the waves, and I start up as if I could help them. Poor dears! But it's a mother's feelings, sir, and you'll excuse me."

"Such feelings are natural and right," I said. "But how came you to live on this coast, where you must so often be reminded of your sad loss? Would it not have been better to live in a cottage inland?"

She looked surprised. Her eyes seemed to rebuke me for want of feeling—as if she felt a melancholy pleasure in living near

the great liquid cemetery where her departed ones lay, until the morning when the sea shall give up the dead which are in it—just as mourners go to the grave to weep there, and find a sad consolation in looking upon the fresh mound of earth or cold stones which covers the place where lies the still colder corpse, once the tabernacle of the living, loving, and intelligent soul. Strange attraction this, which the place of the dead has to the living; proof, if proof were wanted, that between the loved departed and the dust it left behind there is still an intimate connection, the true nature of which will be explained shortly by Him who holds the key of death and the invisible world.

"I came here," she replied, "because my only brother, indeed the only relation I have in the world, lives near here. He got this little cottage for me from the kind Christian gentleman who lives in the great house, and who not only lets me have it rent free, but sends me many a little comfort besides, for which the Lord reward him! My brother knew that I wished, if it could be so, to spend my few remaining days within sight of the sea; and I keep looking on it constantly by day, and listening to it by night,—for I am often wakeful. *My heart is on the sea.* I trust I could live contentedly wherever my heavenly Father's providence might place me, but to be removed from within sight of the sea would be the greatest earthly affliction that I can think of now."

Genuine love this! thought I. I do not remember meeting with anything more touching. Just look on that poor

woman, now going down into the valley of life, sitting in her cottage door, or on the beach near it, when the weather permitted, gazing fixedly on the great broad sea, scanning every sail that appeared on the restless waters, and recalling the appearance of the vessels in which her lost ones left to return no more for ever! There she sits; but the moan of heart-breaking agony has long since given place to the deep holy faith of the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and her eye glances up to heaven as it scans the waste of waters, and beams with speechless joy, as if it saw there the Brother born for adversity. The open Bible lies on Betsy's lap, or on the green turf by her side, and there she reads and reads again, never tiring of the messages of mercy described so grandly, because in terms of such sublime simplicity, upon the pages of the Holy Book. Sanctified afflictions constitute that widow's wealth. She has heard the voice of that rich and kind Friend, of whom her humble neighbour, Mrs. Johnson, spoke. She has opened the door, and He has come in and blessed her. She has asked Him for many things, and He has given more than she asked. Happy thing indeed to have a Friend like that—One who loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother!

The cottage on the shore is gone. Its last tenant was the lonely Christian we have been looking at. Her dust rests in the rural churchyard hard by: her soul has gone home to her Redeemer—of whom she loved to testify—HE IS A GREAT FRIEND OF MINE.

"My God."

WHEN a man can say, "My God!" if he can add no more, that is sufficient: for my God is all-wise in appointing, and almighty to uphold and to deliver. My God is a Father to me in Christ: yea He is a Father who hid His face from

Christ for my good. If, then, I am in darkness, let me remember that God never had a son that was not sometimes in the dark; for even Christ, His only-begotten Son, cried out, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Cecil.

Out in the Meadows.

OUT in the meadows, when the summer's lustre
Brightens the pastures with unnumbered flowers,
Smiling beneath the sunshine, as they cluster,
Or drinking in the showers.

Hark ! how the children shout ! That merry group,
How happy in their play—in childish joy ;
Their ringing laughter, and their echoing whoop,
Are free from care's alloy.

Along the highway the wild rose is wreathing
With wood clematis, beautifully fair,
And daisies, hyacinths, and cowslips breathing
Aroma on the air.

And there a rank of stalwart labourers, mowing,
Sweep into fragrant swathes the yielding grass ;
A dozen scythes, with rapid strokes, are going,
As through the field we pass.

And overhead the buoyant lark is singing
In the glad sunshine of unclouded light.—
Higher and higher rising, and still winging
His ever-upward flight.

Out in the meadows ! take the children Maying
While flowers are blossoming, and birds in song ;
They love to join the peasants in their haying,
And romp the hay among.

Out in the meadows ! soon your slow pulsation
Of love and life will feel a quickening power,—
God speaks in all the beauties of creation :
God paints the humblest flower.

Out in the meadows ! while God spreads before us
His summer glories, streaming from above.
Oh, add your grateful hymn to Nature's chorus,
And love Him for His love.

Two Ways of Living, and the Summer Excursion.



HAPPENING to be in one of our great centres of industry, we met with an intelligent journeyman gun-lock maker. After a few remarks about tools

and workmanship, our conversation took

a turn, with the inquiry, "Which should you think is the poorest and worst paid trade ?"

"Well, I don't know that any trade in partic'lar is very bad : most trades make good money just now."

"But how is it so many poor-looking people are seen about the streets, and so



OUT IN THE MEADOWS.

many houses look dirty and poverty stricken?"

"Yes; but 'tisin't 'cause people are bad off, so much as 'cause they don't know how to spend what they get properly. Many a one gets more than I do, but haven't got a penny to bless themselves with by Wednesdays or Thursdays."

"What do they do with their money?"

"Do? 'Tis easy to say what they do with it—treating everybody at the public-house on Saturday nights, a little bit o' gambling, and often a precious blow-out Sundays and Mondays. Then there's lots as don't work above half a week, so don't get so much by half as they might. Often those that earn the most seem the worst off. Every pint of ale some of them drink costs sixpence, 'cause of the time that is lost."

"Then in your opinion there is not so much real poverty?"

"I believe a very little collected among the working classes would relieve all the real poor, such as labourers sometimes out of work, widows and orphans, and such like, without that great place at the corner (the workhouse); and there needn't be no poor rates if everybody was sober and industrious. From what I know of what men'll do for one another, I'm sure they could do all that is necessary for one another, if they'd only choose to try. I've tried both ways of living, and I know all about it."

"What do you mean by both ways of living?"

"Well, you see, me and my brother were brought up reg'lar bad. Father was a good workman, and I've known him earn four pound of a sober week, but he never gave us any learning worth speaking of; and our house wasn't fit for anybody to come into. He spent so much money, and idled away his time so, that sometimes mother hadn't the value of a loaf of bread, nor enough to buy a Sunday's dinner; so she went to work at a screw-factory, and we

four children did just as we liked; and when I was nine, father took me to help him at the works. He might have rode in his carriage almost if he'd only been a sober man. I soon left home after I was fourteen, and got lodgings, and went on bad enough for years. I lost time every week, and didn't care for nothing till I was about twenty, when I kept company with the young woman that is my wife. She says 'I'll never get married till you are steadier, and begin to save a bit.' She could read and write. I could hardly read: so says she, 'Why don't you learn to read? A man isn't anything that can't read, let alone writing.' So I went to school, and that was the means of my being steadier; and now I don't want for nothing. I put by five shillings a week, and don't miss it. Some of my old acquaintance call me a dull, slow sort of customer; but I know how to enjoy myself. I've got my garden; that's always a pleasure; and last Summer me and my wife and the children went to Warwick and Leamington; we saw all over Warwick Castle, and never enjoyed anything more in our lives. It costs a smart bit of money to go out with three or four children; but not much more than I've often spent on myself in a week's spree. Then I had a week myself at the Isle of Man; and this year, I mean going to Wales. Then you see we don't want for nothing here at home, and things go comfortable-like with us."

This simple tale, repeated in the words in which it was told, is a striking example of the two ways of living. It illustrates, too, one of the now habitual recreations of the people, who are learning thoroughly to appreciate the pleasure of railway trips, and holidays in picturesque places. Happily there are many who, if questioned, could tell a similar tale. May this number be multiplied!

We hope every reader of *Home Words* is saving up for the Summer Excursion.



A Prayer for a Time of Trouble.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "BEFORE HIS FOOTSTOOL."

[In every Home there is "a Time of Trouble:" and in the time of trouble we may call upon God as a "present help." We give a prayer from Mr. Everard's admirable little book, entitled "Before His Footstool" (London: Hunt & Co.), which we strongly recommend as a help to Family Prayer. It has been truly said, "A family without prayer is like a house without a roof."—*Editor of Home Words.*]

GOD, our Refuge and our Strength, we turn to Thee as a very present help in this hour of sorrow and distress. We cry unto Thee, O God, now that we are overwhelmed by the great water-floods. Cast us not away because of our former iniquities, but receive us graciously for Christ's sake. According to Thy mercy remember Thou us for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

O merciful God, Thou dost not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. In tender love Thou dost smite us with Thy chastening rod. It is Thy hand, O God, which has cast us down. We would humble ourselves before Thee, and acknowledge that Thou art just and righteous in all Thy ways. Thou dost give and Thou dost take away. Thou dost wound and Thou dost heal. Thou bringest down to the grave and bringest up. In the midst of all we would say, Blessed be the Name of the Lord. Shall we receive good at Thy hands and not receive evil also? O Lord, give us meek submission to Thy will, and help us to glorify Thee in the fires, by our patience under all Thy chastisements.

O Almighty Father do Thou sanctify to us this time of trouble. Teach us more of the vanity of the world, and the fleeting nature of all below. Lead us closer to our risen and glorified

Redeemer. O Lord Jesus, Thou knowest our sorrows, and in all our afflictions Thou art afflicted. Thy tender sympathy is our consolation and hope. Help us to remember that Thou didst weep with the sisters at Bethany, and that Thou art the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. In every sorrow, whatever be its cause, Thou art near to bind up the broken, bleeding heart.

O Lord, pour into our hearts the grace of Thy Spirit, that every doubtful thought may be cast aside, and that we may hide our weary, trembling spirits, beneath the covert of Thy wing. Be Thou our Stronghold, our Refuge, our Hiding-Place. Let Thine hand supply our every need, and Thine ear be open to each sigh and groan of Thine afflicted ones.

Once more do we cast ourselves at Thy feet, O loving and pitiful Father. We believe Thou carest for us, and wilt make all things work together for good to them that love Thee. O increase our faith and trustful reliance on Thy promises. Do Thou make the storm to be a calm, that the waves thereof may be still. Bid all our sorrows cease in Thine own good time, and may this light affliction, which is but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. We ask all, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Home Makers, and How they Made them.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

IV. A CONTRAST.



"It seems very strange that two such different people should have come together."

"They are, indeed, a great contrast; but contrast in married couples is not unusual. Perhaps as two odd

numbers make an even sum, and two discords in music make a concord, the same law may apply in married life."

These observations were made in reference to a Mr. and Mrs. Blent, who certainly in looks and manner were a very startling contrast. The husband was an intelligent

but stern-looking man, with a repellant hard manner and an acrid voice. The wife had a sweet voice, a winning smile, and ready and obliging manners. Without being handsome, she was always so perfectly neat and well dressed that her appearance was most prepossessing.

Being annually a visitor near her house, which was at a pleasant watering-place on the sea coast, I made her acquaintance, and had reason to be very interested in both husband and wife.

In the first place, I must say Mr. Blent was better than his looks, as people often are. No lesson that we learn in social life is more valuable than that which teaches us not to form unkind judgments from mere personal peculiarities. The hard nut has often a sweet kernel.

But I am free to confess the world would most likely have gone hard with George Blent but for his wife's influence. She was not a clever woman. I do not think she could have established a shop, or learned a trade, and I am certain in these days she could not have kept a school. Nor had she the force of character and calculating faculty possessed by Mrs. Pleck.* Earning or saving on any very persistent plan was not her practice. And yet she was in a very true sense a Home Maker.

From her childhood she had manifested a sweet unselfish temper. She had been an orphan from her earliest years, and a pious maiden aunt had brought her up. Though but a poor illiterate woman, she had taught her niece two most important principles—to love godliness and cleanliness. And the girl Susie had learned both. God's blessing came on right endeavour, and a sweeter maiden in spirit, voice, and habits, could not be.

Her aunt died just at the time that she first knew George Blent, who was in the employ of an auctioneer and house agent. He had not been well reared; for a drink-

ing father made the home a desolation, out of which the children escaped as soon as they could. This joyless childhood left its impress on George. He had been taken first as errand or office boy at the house agent's, and was tolerated rather than liked; for though he was strong and trustworthy, he was also, as they said, surly. He went to a night school and became a fair penman and accountant; and in spite of his ungainly way, in the course of years he made himself of so much use to his employer that he could not well have been dispensed with in the office.

When Susie's aunt was ill this silent stern-looking young man, who lodged in the house, was ever ready with unobtrusive but constant attention; and his sympathy through the long affliction which preceded her death touched the heart of the poor friendless girl. Moreover, gratitude made Susie take George's part when she heard him called sullen and dull. She became his ally and advocate before she ever thought of being his wife; and it certainly took most of the gossips by surprise when they married.

"She has thrown herself away," said many. But George Blent knew her value, and therefore she was not thrown away. He was tender to her, but as rough as ever to others.

For some time after they married his wages were very small. A clerk often earns far less than a skilled mechanic, and Blent's manners being so abrupt his master said that he could not raise his salary. "You'll never let my houses for me; you've no address; people take a dislike to you; so you must keep at the desk and the catalogue-making."

But for a circumstance which occurred about this time, I do not know how the Blents would have contrived to continue to make both ends meet; for though they had but two children, one was a great invalid,

* See "Home Makers," etc., in *Home Words* for April, page 89.

and time and money were both sorely tasked to discharge the demands of sickness. The circumstance fell out thus—

"You should put Blent's wife into that furnished house on the Cliff," said the leading medical man one day to the house-agent; "she's the woman to let it."

This was a new idea to the agent. He thought it over, and made the proposition. It was gladly accepted; and the first time I ever saw Susan Blent was when installed as care-taker of this very handsome marine villa.

Her neatness, the obliging way she had of speaking, justified the doctor's recommendation. No one was ever more successful in letting than she was. It was a rather unsettled harassing sort of life, migrating from one empty house to another, and getting them ready for new occupants; but it was a thing she could do, and without leaving her children—her cripple boy in particular—she could thus add to their slender means.

The Scripture tells us of the virtuous woman, "that her husband is known in the gate." And this was George Blent's case. He would have been rather neglectful in his dress; and sometimes, industrious as he was, he lacked promptitude and punctuality. His wife was so exquisitely orderly in her house and clothes, that without any fuss or words she led him into her plans. As an old fisherman's wife said, "She's so smartened him up that he's quite transmogrified, and gets to be railly personable."

I do not know that ever Mrs. Blent had thought much of the word "*help-meet*," or that it involved the duty of overcoming her husband's defects—helping him in moral and spiritual growth as well as in worldly prosperity. But she certainly

acted on that principle, and all the more sweetly perhaps because she never seemed to take any credit to herself.

By almost imperceptible degrees, as the tide rises, the Blents were now making their way. From letting the houses of others, they got on to rent and furnish a house of their own. Mrs. Blent's neatness was an evidence of good taste, and people did not grudge to pay her good terms. By the same quiet process of keeping steadily at his employment, Blent was more and more recognised as a man to be relied on, solid and valuable. His harsh voice and rugged manner were no longer quoted against him. And Susie, who, under the rough exterior, had always known and loved the true worth, was happy to have his merit acknowledged.

When I saw them last, now some few years ago, the lame son was restored to tolerable health. He was developing a very marked taste for architectural drawing, and his parents were able to obtain instruction for him. The younger daughter, Susan, with as sweet a temper as her mother, was the home helper. Blent himself was unfit to be an auctioneer; but there was no better house-agent in that part of the country. When people said, as they often did, "He has had one of the best of wives," Susan's blush was as sweet as her smile, as she disclaimed all merit. "Oh what am I compared to the women I have read of? Just nothing and nobody. I'm ashamed to hear any one say a word about our success, unless it is that I've had a good husband, and tried in my small way to be a good wife, which was only my duty. And God has blessed us; ah, that He has, beyond measure!"

TRUE RELIGION.

"To turn my back to sin, my face to Christ,—
This, this is true religion."

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

"God's very kindest answers to our prayers
Come often in denials or delays."

What I have Found.

I'VE found a joy in sorrow, a secret balm for pain,
 A beautiful to-morrow of sunshine after rain ;
 I've found a branch of healing near every bitter spring,
 A whispered promise stealing o'er every broken string
 I've found a glad hosanna for every woe and wail ;
 A handful of sweet manna when grapes of Eshcol fail ;
 I've found a Rock of ages when desert wells are dry ;
 And, after weary stages, I've found an Elim nigh,—
 An Elim with its coolness, its fountains and its shade ;
 A blessing in its fulness, when buds of promise fade.
 O'er tears of soft contrition I've seen a rainbow light ;
 A glory and fruition, so near!—yet out of sight.
 My Saviour, Thee possessing, I have the joy, the balm,
 The healing and the blessing, the sunshine and the psalm ;
 The promise for the fearful, the Elim for the faint ;
 The rainbow for the tearful, the glory for the saint !

England's Church.**IV. THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONAL RELIGION.**

BY THE REV. G. A. BADENOCH, LL.D.



HEN, in the Coronation Service, the Queen is presented with the Sword of State the Archbishop saith :—

“With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend the widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; that, doing these things, you may be glorious in all virtue, and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever with Him in the life which is to come. Amen.”

When presented with the Imperial Robe, the Archbishop again saith :—

“Receive this imperial robe and orb, and the Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom, with majesty and with power from on high; the Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness, and with the

garments of salvation. And when you see this orb set under the Cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer. For He is the Prince of the kings of the earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords. So that no man can reign happily who derives not his authority from Him, and directs not all his actions according to His laws.”

And when the Bible is presented, the following sublime words are said :—

“Our gracious Queen; we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the Royal law; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this Book; that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus: to whom be glory for ever. Amen.”

I ask those who wish to disestablish the

Church of England, whether they are prepared to deny the doctrine laid down in these documents? They seem to forget the command: "I exhort, therefore, that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority, *that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.*"* This command is not for the king or queen individually; it is for the head of the nation *as such*, and in her official capacity. The command has no meaning otherwise.

I have heard those who are opposed to us, say, "It is not for us to ask or inquire what is the religion of king or queen." That is frank, and is consistent with their own views; but it is not consistent with the teaching of Scripture.

Are our opponents prepared to deny the doctrine that it is by the Lord kings reign and princes decree justice? "By Me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth."† "He is the Lord of lords and King of kings."‡ Hence the beauty, depth, and force of the words in our Communion Service,


which call upon the people "duly considering whose authority she (the Queen) hath, faithfully to serve, honour, and humbly obey her, in Thee and for Thee, according to Thy blessed Word and ordinance, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end." These are great truths which cannot be shaken. But if it be held that there ought to be no connection between Church and State, all such truths are virtually denied.

And, if this be so, then we see not on what ground the civil magistrate can ask the Mormon to relinquish his views on the subject of polygamy, and conform to the laws of a Christian State; or ask the Jew to abstain from his business on the first day of the week, as the Christian Sabbath; or resist the Ultramontane claims of Papal supremacy; or the atheist in regard to an oath in a court of justice; or oppose the blasphemer or the idolater; or in short, assert the claims of the whole moral law, as summarily comprehended in the Decalogue.

(To be continued.)

The Young Folks' Page.

VI. DON'T PASS YOUR HORSE-SHOE.

 T Coleford, when about ten years of age, Samuel Budgett, the successful merchant, began to lay the foundation of his habits and his fortune. His own account of his first essay in merchandise, and his first possession of money, is very straightforward:—

"The first money I ever recollect possessing was gained in the following way. I went to Mr. Milks, of Kilmersdon, to school, a distance of three miles. One day, on my way, I picked up a horse-shoe, and carried it about three miles, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny. That was the first penny I ever recollect possessing; and I kept it for some time. A few weeks after, the same man called my attention to a boy who was carrying off

some dirt opposite his door, and offered, if I would beat the boy, who was a bigger boy than myself, to give me a penny. I did so; he made a mark upon it, and promised if I would bring it to him that day fortnight he would give me another. I took it to him at the appointed time, when he fulfilled his promise, and I thus became possessed of three-pence; since which I have never been without, except when I gave it all away."

One would not have imagined, on seeing the little school-boy stop and look at the old horse-shoe, that the turning point of his life had come. But so it was. He converts that horse-shoe into his first penny, and never more wants a penny. Had he not picked it up; had he "never thought," as people so

* 1 Tim. ii. 1. † Prov. viii. 15, 16. ‡ 1 Tim. vi. 15.

naturally say; or, "having thought," had he felt ashamed to offer such a thing for sale; or had he set it down as too much trouble to carry an old horse-shoe for three miles,—probably he would not have had a penny for many a day, and would have often been without afterwards.

Do you think that you could use such an opportunity to any purpose? If so, you may rely upon finding a horse-shoe in your path

some day. Those men whom we see often without a penny have all of them passed by the horse-shoe on their path when they were boys. And those other men, who, from nothing, are rising rapidly, have all had the sense to pick up the horse-shoe and turn it into the foundation of a success.

Paths vary; but every boy, if his eyes are open, will certainly find the horse-shoe in his path at one point or another.

VII. A SISTER AT HOME.

ONE day a child coming from an infant school was looking, with longing eyes, in at the window of a cake shop. A lady passing by observed her, and thought, "Why should not I give that little thing a cake? it will make her happy." She accordingly asked her if she would like one; and the little eyes sparkled with pleasure and surprise. On being asked if she would have one large or two small ones, she chose the

latter, *because she had a sister at home.* The little creature's delight when they were put into her hand was worth many pennies, and she went dancing by the side of her new friend as far as their roads lay together, carefully carrying her precious treasure—for she would not touch the cakes till she got home, and every now and then casting grateful looks at her companion.

VIII. A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.

WHEN Isaac Hopper, the American philanthropist, met a boy with a dirty face or hands, he would stop him, and inquire if he ever studied chemistry. The boy, with a wondering stare, would answer "No." "Well then I will teach you how to perform a curious chemical experi-

ment," said Hopper. "Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub it briskly on thy hands and face. You have no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter your skin will be. That's a chemical experiment: I advise you to try it."—*Life of Isaac T. Hopper.*

The Bible Mine Searched.

ANSWERS are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. ROWLEY HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

1. What three things did God do for us before the creation?
2. Was there any special circumstance which may account for Mark deserting the Apostle Paul in Cyprus?
3. Is there anything to show that the death of Christ was the subject in which the Old Testament saints were most deeply interested?
4. Who began to preach before he had been thoroughly taught the truth of God?

5. Whose power in ministry was owned and honoured of God after he had died?

6. What were the Jews forbidden to take for fear of death, which Christians are commanded to take in order to life?

ANSWERS (See May No.).

1. Job xiii. 15; Hab. iii. 17, 18.
2. Deut. xi. 16, 17; 1 John v. 14, 15.
3. Phil. iii. 9.
4. Luke xiv. 26.
5. Jer. xxvi. 18.
6. Acts xx. 8, 9.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 3.52. Sets 8.4.

JUNE.

MOON.—New, 3rd, a. 10.20.
Full, 18th, a. 11.58.

LIGHT

FAITH

HOME

GRACE

LIFE

GOD MADE SUMMER.

THY WORD
IS TRUTH

GOD IS LOVE

AN ANCHOR OF HOPE

JOY

PEACE

HOPE

REJOICE

LOVE



Let
my Beloved
come into His garden.

CANT. IV. 16.

The
Flowers appear.

CANT. II. 12.

- | | | |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | Tu | Blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow. |
| 2 | W | My soul desired the first ripe fruit. Micah vii. 1. |
| 3 | Th | Our vines have tender grapes. Cant. II. 15. |
| 4 | F | Mine own vineyard have I not kept. Cant. i. 6. |
| 5 | S | Take the little foxes that spoil the vines. Cant. ii. 15. |
| 6 | S | 2nd S. after Trin. Some seed fell upon stony places. |
| 7 | M | When the sun was up they were scorched. Mt. xiii. 8. |
| 8 | Tu | Because they had no root, they withered away. |

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 9 | W | Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. |
| 10 | Th | As for man, his days are as grass. Ps. ciii. 15. |
| 11 | F | St. BARNABAS. As the flower of the field, so he flourisheth. |
| 12 | S | Consider the lilies, how they grow. Matt. vi. 28. |
| 13 | S | 3rd S. after Trin. Lord, what is man? Ps. viii. 4. |
| 14 | M | God maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good. |
| 15 | Tu | He sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Matt. |
| 16 | W | He feedeth among the lilies. Cant. vi. 3. [v. 45.] |

BLESSED
BE THE LORD, FOR
THE PRECIOUS FRUITS BROUGHT
FORTH BY THE SUN.

DEUT. xxxiii. 14.

Behold,
God is great.

JOB xxxvi. 26.

O Lord,
I will praise Thy Name.

ISA. xxv. 1.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 17 | Th | Let the people praise Thee, O God. Ps. lxxvii. 3. |
| 18 | F | For Thou hast been a refuge from the storm. |
| 19 | S | Thou hast been a shadow from the heat. Isa. xxv. 4. |
| 20 | S | 4th S. af. Trin. A voice. God thundereth marvellously. |
| 21 | M | The bow shall be seen in the cloud. Gen. ix. 14. |
| 22 | Tu | The sun shall not smite thee by day. Ps. cxi. 6. |
| 23 | W | Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds. Job xxxvii. 21. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 24 | Th | St. JOHN BAPTIST. MIDSUMMER DAY. Bless the Lord. |
| | | Ps. cxxxv. 20. |
| 25 | F | He maketh small the drops of water. Job xxxvi. 27. |
| 26 | S | With clouds He covereth the light. Job xxxvi. 32. |
| 27 | S | 5th S. af. Trin. He maketh lightnings for the rain. |
| 28 | M | He bringeth the wind out of His treasures. |
| 29 | Tu | St. PETER. He causeth the grass to grow. Ps. civ. 14. |
| 30 | W | The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. Gen. xi. 8. |

THE works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in His book, to show
How God Himself is found.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.—J. Keble.

“LET others think religion, or theorize religion, or talk about religion, be it yours to live religion. Bring forth fruit. Be holy. Love God. Open the drooping leaves of your renewed natures to the glad some sunlight. ‘Do those things which are pleasing in His sight.’ Seek to be so rooted in the faith,—grounded in the love of Christ, that when the great trial-hour shall come, when the branch shall be stripped of its verdure, you may say, ‘The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever.’”—Macdoug.



THE PET LAMB.

"The child that holds her caged bird dear,
Or for her pet lamb sheds a tear,

Reflects a ray of love from Him
Who dwells between the Cherubim." R. WILTON.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Health.

Kindness to Animals.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, E. YORKS.

WHEN sinless man in Eden reigned,
Not force but love his power
sustained

Monarch of earth, he moved along,
Nor fearing nor inflicting wrong.

Each creature to his presence came,
To court his eye and learn its name;
To natural submission stirred,
Soon as the voice of man was heard.

When God made known His holy law,
And Sinai bowed with trembling awe,
Not for mankind alone He cared,
Oxen and birds His notice shared.

The rule of gentleness and love
Was taught 'mid thunders from above:
"Rob not the ox that treads the corn;"
"Hurt not the nesting bird forlorn."

When on this earth our Saviour trod,
The "wild beasts" owned the Son of God,
And oft across the evening sky
The homebound birds would draw His eye.

And when His zeal for God's house
burned,
And traders' tables overturned,
With softened tone He bade remove
The unoffending turtledove.

Oh, let us learn the Saviour's mind,
And be to all His creatures kind!
Nor on them lay one needless wrong
Who yield us service, food, and song.

The child that holds her caged bird dear,
Or for her pet lamb sheds a tear,
Reflects a ray of love from Him
Who dwells between the Cherubim.

Our Winged Friends.

WHAT would the country be with-
out its birds? Their innocent
notes gladden the ear, and their
beautiful forms and plumage delight
the eye. But they have a useful mis-
sion as well. They clear the ground and
trees of insects, which would otherwise de-
stroy our fruit and grain. A pair of robins

has been supposed to consume two thousand
caterpillars in one week; and what amount
of service to that farm was that one week's
work? It is true the songsters take tithe of
the ripening produce of the field and garden:
but, in their case, as in ours, a fair day's work
is worth a fair day's wages. Then *don't kill
the birds.*

Roger Beckinsall's Story; or, The Milestones on the Road.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE CLIFFS;" "MATTHEW FROST," ETC.



INTRODUCTION.

"**ROGER,**" I said one day, to my old friend, as we sat talking together in the porch of his pretty cottage, just outside, our park gates—"Roger, I do think I must write your story, that others may hear it as well as me."

The idea pleased the dear old man, and he was delighted to watch my hand as I took down from his own lips this little history.

His wife sitting by, knitting rapidly with her long thin fingers, would also put in a word here and there of approbation; and when the whole was finished, and read aloud, I was indeed thought a wonderful person to have so reproduced the story of Roger's early days. I omitted provincialisms of the east country, but the homely though lucid style of the narrator is I hope unchanged.

I wish I could convey to the readers of the story any idea of old Roger as I knew him.

A beautiful childlike faith characterized him: God's way was his way. Although he touches the trials and sorrows of his later life gently in these pages, they were many and great. But his faith never wavered. He seemed to feel the Guiding Hand, which had led him by a way he knew not, and which would lead him safely to the end. And it did lead him gently through the valley of the shadow; for he died with a smile on his face, and those who watched him could not tell at what moment the message came.

I shall never forget the delight old Roger showed when one of my little girls repeated to him a hymn, which seemed to me to express so precisely the experience of the life which I knew was just hastening to its close.

"But, said the child, if this my dress,
Be soiled and crumpled in the press,
Christ clothes me with His righteousness.

"Life may be sad or may be sweet;
God knows the troubles I shall meet,—
He smoothes the way for little feet.

"Nay, said the child, the life God planned,
I neither know nor understand;
He loves me, and I hold His hand."

And I think dear Roger's Amen to those three lines was the most emphatic testimony to the security of those who, with childlike confidence, feel their hand safe in God's. That Guide will not err, that prop will not fail—and clothed in the garments of Christ's righteousness, we may look forward to an entrance into the Home where we shall be no longer strangers and pilgrims, but fellow-citizens with the saints for ever.

CHAPTER I.

A CHANGE.

THE road seems very short when you come to look back upon it.

It seems but the other day, that I was a little chap running down the lane to church behind my father.

What a lot of primroses there were in that lane in spring, to be sure! The hedges were yellow with them; and just by the lych-gate there was an old elm, with great roots swelling out of the earth, and all covered with moss. That was the place for the first primroses: they've come out many times there before the snow was well gone from the hills. They used to seem to me like the smiles and pretty ways of children as they gather round their grandfathers.

Seabourne Church was very old, and I have heard tell there's scarce a stone left standing now. There's a new church built close by, and Tom Mansfield's wife, who comes from those parts, says it's an uncommon handsome one, and that there's a spire which you can see out beyond Yarmouth Roads, if you know where to look for it.

My father was the parish clerk, and as soon almost as I could walk he would take me to church, and make me stand up on the seat behind him, while he read the psalms, turn-

about with the parson, and gave out the hymns at the end of the Prayer-Book. My father was something of a scholar for those days; and when I had learned to read, I was astonished at the way he read all the hard names just as well as the parson himself.

My mother was always a weakly woman, and I don't remember her ever walking about like other folks. She was mostly lying on her bed; but she did a deal of needlework, and knitted all the stockings my father and I wore. She had a wonderful gentle voice! I often hear it in the dead of night now, though I don't seem to see her face as plain as I might; but I should know her voice amongst a thousand. I believe the neighbours, what few there were, thought she held herself high; but folks are apt to say that of them whom they feel are better than they are themselves.

Our cottage stood at the end of the lane, and there was only one house near us, and that had a wall running across the road, as much as to show that there was no passing that way, and indeed, no one ever thought of it. In this wall there was a door made in an arch, like those in the church; and when that door was opened, there seemed to me always sunshine behind it. Why most likely the house and little garden fronted south, and that was why sunshine favoured it: while our windows were turned almost due north, and the icicles hung to the eaves in winter, and the frost drew all sorts of pretty patterns on the panes of my windows.

I always looked at that gate in the wall, with a sort of longing to go in. I would sit and watch and watch in our porch, in the hope of seeing the lady come out who lived there. She very seldom came out on weekdays; but on Sundays, quite as regular as my father and I set out, when the bells began to chime, so did the lady open the gate in the wall, wait till her little maid had passed through, look it by a key she wore at her belt, and then walk, with a sort of gliding motion, just before us down the lane. She always bent her head as she passed, and said, "Good morning, Beckinsall," to my father; but she never smiled. I remember my father saying that she was a lady of title, and had had some

great sorrow and trouble, and that was why she kept herself so close.

The church lay—the old church of my young days—nestled down amongst grassy hills, and you came upon it quite sudden-like. Many strangers turned out of their way to see the church by the sea, and to look at some monuments to two sons of a gentleman in those parts who were drowned close by. The elder of them could swim, but the young one could not, and he went back for him, and they both sank. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided," was on the stone.

One day I was in the church, waiting for my father, who was talking to the parson in the vestry about something written in one of the big books there, when the door of the porch softly opened, and the tall lady came in. She did not see me, but I saw her; for I was close under the monument, watching a family of mice which lived in a hole in the stonework, and came dancing out every Sunday just by the clerk's desk. Well, the poor lady walked straight up to the monument, and, thinking she was alone, she burst out: "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death not divided! Oh, happy mother of such boys! Oh, happy mother," over and over again. I was staring up at her, and she never noticed me; but presently the parson's voice was heard speaking to my father as the vestry door opened, and they both came out. Then the lady moved away as quickly and noiseless-like as she had come, and I went to my father.

It was a bright spring day, just at the end of March. I mind it all as if it was last March. Father and I went home together just as we had gone a hundred times, and yet how different we were to feel from that day forward! That day was one of the milestones of my life. I was chattering like a jay as I trotted along, telling about the poor lady, and how she had talked to herself, and how she had cried as she stood by the monument; then all of a sudden I darted up the bank to gather a big bunch of primroses for my mother, and came rolling down head over heels, my father laughing at me, and saying I was like one of the tumbling men at Yarmouth fair. I fancy I can hear him

laugh as he picked me up, and took my cap, and shook the dust from it, and rubbed my trousers, saying, "Mother won't be pleased to see you in this pickle."

So we went on to the cottage door, and I still held the primroses tight in my hand for my mother. Her bed was always placed at the further end of the kitchen, and her first words were sure to be, "Well, Roger, my boy!" and then, "Is father there?" But to-day there was silence, terrible silence.

"Mother must be asleep," father said, as the old tabby cat came up to us, rubbing against us, and purring; "Mary," he said, "Mary, are you tired? Are you taken worse? Mary! Mary!"

Ah, dear! there was no answer—never would be an answer any more. I was close behind my father, and I saw him fling himself on the bed, and heard his cry. Then I caught sight of my mother's still, quiet face I had never seen any one dead, but I wanted no one to tell me she was dead. The primroses fell right out of my hand, and awe-struck and frightened, and not knowing where I went or what I did, I ran out into the lane. The gate was open that led to the sunny garden. All was sunshine there: the crocuses full blown like gold cups; the polyanthus and violets in the borders bright and sweet. A little terrier growled and barked; but I rushed into the house, and cried out—

"Oh, my mother, my mother! Pray come to father."

I hardly knew what I expected, but I was quite surprised to feel gentle arms round me, and to hear a kind voice say,—

"What is the matter?"

I was wild with grief and fear, and I don't know what happened next. But I believe the lady sent her own gardener for the doctor,

and the village people came flocking to our cottage, and I heard them say, "Mary Beckinsall had died suddenly of heart complaint; and no one need be astonished—she that had been so weakly all her life; and that Roger had had his share of trouble,—poor man, with a sick wife!"

Ay, and his share of happiness too. If ever a man loved his wife, that man was my father. And, looking back, she was worthy of it. I have seen sick people since, cross and touchy, poor souls! and put out at the least thing. But my memories of my mother are only of patience and gentleness. An old woman had always come in of a morning to clean up for the day, and she always stayed on Saturdays, and had her dinner as well as her pay. I remember she said to me, the Saturday after my father and I were left alone, "Don't you go and forget your mother, boy. She was one of God's saints, she was. It made a body feel the better even to be near her, and that's the grand thing."

So it is. Betsy Gale was right. It is not what folks say, and what they do, it's what they *are* that tells; ay, and helps others to be like them. Every year I have counted up, since I began to think seriously of God and my soul, I have felt Betsy Gale was right.

"It's what folks are, not what they say, that tells."

That day when my mother died was a sort of starting-point to me; and every spring time, as it comes back, brings all I felt with it when those primroses fell from my hand, and I heard my poor father's cry, "Mary! Mary!"

Well, they have met now long years, and here am I, older than either of them when they died, waiting God's time.

(To be continued.)

The Heaviest Taxes.

"THE taxes are indeed heavy," said Dr. Franklin, on one occasion, "and if those laid on by the government were the *only* ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of

us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement!"

Common Mistakes about Religion.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "DAY BY DAY," "NOT YOUR OWN," ETC.

V. "NOT MY OWN FAULT."



It is not an uncommon thing for men to endeavour to cast off all responsibility for their evil doings. This delusion takes various shapes and is put in different ways. Sometimes we find it in some such form as this: "God has made me as I am, and I can't help it." Or again, "I have no heart or will to turn to God, and therefore I am not to be blamed." Or again, "God knows what my position is; and as I am placed, it is quite impossible to do any better."

But whatever shape this error may assume, it is a refuge of lies, and it will not avail. The great waterflood will sweep it away, and leave without a shadow of excuse those who have made it their shelter.

It may be well therefore to look at it closely, and expose the craft and deceit of the heart in trusting to it.

One thing we must never lose sight of. We must take into account the fall of man. Man is not now as he came from the hands of his Creator. God made man in His own likeness, upright, holy and good. Then came the Tempter. He seduced man from his allegiance. He persuaded him to transgress the one precept which was the test of his obedience. Thus pride and sin came into the world. And ever since man has been prone to evil. Whilst every other creature is fulfilling the purpose of its creation, man runs headlong into evil. And for this he is responsible. He has forfeited the rich heritage of holiness and love in which he was made, and through his own fault he is now under the dominion of sin.

Another point is important. We must bear in mind that human laws take no

account of such a plea as this. As an answer to the charge of murder or rebellion, a man would never plead that he could not help it. The law would not pass by the offence because a man tried to make out that he was not responsible. He might have had little education, or have been exposed to many evil influences, or have a very hasty and passionate temper; but in spite of all this, the jury would condemn him, and the judge pass upon him the sentence of the law. It would be regarded as a mere empty excuse which could not for a moment be allowed to stay the course of justice.

And as truly will it be so hereafter. The law of God is in every way just and right. If a man break it, he is answerable for doing so. God requires nothing but that which it is reasonable man should do. And if he fail he must bear the consequences. Justice will do its work. It will not stand still while man pleads his temptation or his circumstances. In fact, the corruption and sinfulness of a man's nature will only increase the condemnation which a wicked life will bring.

Add to this, a man's conscience will in this matter take God's part against himself. The power of conscience is a great fact which cannot be gainsaid. It often speaks out in no uncertain tones. It often makes a man condemn himself at the very time of yielding to temptation. It is God's viceroy witnessing for Himself within a man's own breast. And though men may succeed for a season in stopping its voice, and even in rocking it to sleep in the cradle of forgetfulness and insensibility, it will wake by-and-by and show plainly how guilty they have been, and how worthy of a terrible condemnation.

Another answer to this vain plea, that it has not been their own fault if they have yielded to the power of sin, is this: Many others in the very same position have resisted temptation and have triumphed. Whatever may be the snare, however you may be circumstanced, you will find that others have had the same conflict, and yet in the power of God's grace they have not been overcome by it. Those who have lived in the same street, those who have been as poor as yourself, those who have been surrounded by relations and friends who were a stumbling-block in their way, those who have been subject to like passions as you are, have yet been able to overcome all, and have lived and died in the fear and love of God. And why might not you? Why might you not have used the same means of grace, and have found them as helpful to you in the struggle? Why might not you also have exercised the same self-denial, and have won the same crown of righteousness?

But lastly: the merciful calls of God to sinners and the rich provisions of His Gospel prove the utter worthlessness of his plea.

God appeals to men continually as to His willingness to help and save them. He pleads with them most tenderly, and beseeches them to turn back from the path of sin. He promises forgiveness and salvation to all who will return. Harken to His merciful call: "Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his ways and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" What greater proof could we have of God's tender compassion for the lost and perishing? And if men refuse such a call as this, will not the sin lie wholly at their own door?

Again: how freely He offers ready and complete forgiveness even to the chief of sinners through the Saviour's blood.

Though a man has been living in the most daring sin, though he has been for years rebelling against God's laws and despising His love, yet pardon is brought nigh through Christ. Christ has died the just for the unjust; He has borne our heavy load of guilt and suffered for it on the cross. He has been condemned in our stead, and endured the curse which would have fallen upon us. So that the sinner who owns his guilt and seeks for mercy through Him is at once forgiven and accepted. The debt of his transgressions is cancelled and his sin cast into the depths of the sea. God looks upon him in Christ as if he had never sinned; nay, more, as righteous as His own dear Son, because clothed in His perfect righteousness. Ah, what wonderful love is here! How will this abounding grace and mercy, offered so freely to men in Christ, leave them without excuse at last if they die in their sins!

And God promises moreover the mighty help of His Holy Spirit to subdue the iniquities of those who trust in Jesus. Through the power of the Holy Spirit there is no temptation or evil habit but may be overcome. It may cost many a struggle, it may require much watchfulness and prayer, but sin shall not have dominion over those that lean upon the grace and strength which is in Jesus. It is a matter of daily experience in the Church of God that this is the case. At the present day you might find in almost every Christian Church those who once were the slaves of vice and ungodliness, but who are now living a godly, righteous, and sober life. So that it is in vain to plead that such a life is impossible. "With God nothing is impossible;" and God loves to put forth His strength to aid those who flee to Him for help.

Ah! men may say now, "It is not my own fault," but by-and-by they will look at it in a very different light. We have an exquisite parable teaching us this A

feast is made, the guests are invited, the raiment needful for the company provided also. But one man despises the king, and chooses to sit down in his own attire. The king fixes his eye upon him. He inquires why he has thus acted. But no answer can be given. The guest found without the wedding garment is dumb: "He was speechless." Then the king bids the ser-

vants bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness.

The lesson is plain. By-and-by the wilful sinner will be speechless. Every excuse will be gone. He dare not utter to the king one of those vain pleas by which now he deceives his own conscience. The bitterest drop in the cup of woe will be this: "*It is all my own fault.*"



A New Drink in Harvest Weather.

COUNTRY clergyman, who is not a teetotaler—though we should not mind if he were (he might influence us to follow his example)—tells us that in a recent

harvest season, when the weather was intensely hot, and very trying to the harvesters, he wrote to two surgeons practising among the ironworkers in Staffordshire, where the work in the furnaces is perhaps the hottest work that Englishmen do. He asked these gentlemen their opinion of oatmeal and water as a drink instead of beer; and he got answers from both of them almost word for word alike. One, writing from Bilston, the very centre of the iron district, said,—

"There is but one opinion throughout this district as to the great superiority of oatmeal and water to any other drink. It is refreshing, cooling, and eminently sustaining. Even the men who drink heavily, and insist upon having beer at every opportunity, admit in their sober moments that they can do their work more quickly,

and therefore more easily, and withal better work, on oatmeal and water, than on anything else.

"The method of mixing is most simple. About one pound of ordinary household oatmeal is placed in the bottom of a large jar, a little water is added at first until the oatmeal becomes of the consistency of thin paste, all lumps being broken down. The jar, which probably holds four gallons, is then filled to the brim, and the men help themselves as they like. A long spoon is left in the jar, with which each man stirs up the contents before he drinks.

"By letting one gang of agricultural labourers have oatmeal and water as much as they like, and another gang the usual quantity of beer, you would in one week thoroughly test the value of the former."

It is much to be wished that some of our farmers this year would give the above plan a fair trial, as a cheap, refreshing, wholesome drink is a matter of real importance to working men. We should be glad to hear what measure of success attends the experiment.

THE EDITOR.


A HAPPY MAN.



N eastern caliph being sorely afflicted with *ennui*—*nothing to do*—was advised that an exchange of shirts with

a man who was perfectly happy would cure him. After a long search he discovered such a man, but was informed that the happy fellow had no shirt.

The Milkmaid.

 MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said :
“ Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore to be sure.

“ Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

“ Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean :
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen ;
Seventeen ! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

“ But then, there's their barley ; how much will they need ?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle ; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price, how much money there'll be.

“ Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix :
Now what will that make ? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll ask brother Ned.

“ Oh ! but stop—three-and-sixpence a pair I must sell 'em ;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em ;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain !)
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

“ Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up so much money as this !
Well there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be no less.*

“ Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow ;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear.”

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head ;
When, alas for her prospects !—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
“ Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.”

Jeffreys Taylor.





THE MILKMAID.

"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

What are our Missionaries Doing?

A GLANCE AT SIERRA LEONE.

BY THE EDITOR.



CHURCH without Missions would be a sun with neither light nor heat.

"Ye are the light of the world," said the Great Missionary, the Lord Jesus Christ; and wherever faithful

disciples are found, the Master's words are seen to be true, in missionary effort both at home and abroad.

But what are our Missionaries doing abroad? We know they are at work, but it is interesting to hear something of the results of their labours.

We might answer the question by giving general results in very few words. For example, taking our own Church Missionary Society, we might note the progress made, by reminding our readers that, whereas some sixty years ago the Society could only number twelve Missionary labourers, six for Africa and six for North and South India, it now numbers three hundred and fifty-four Missionaries, no less than one hundred and forty-two being native clergymen; and the communicants throughout the stations are, on an average, even more numerous than in England. If the two or three devoted London clergymen who originated the Church Missionary Society in an upper room in that great city, seventy-five years ago, could now mark its position, would they not indeed say, "The mustard seed has become the greatest amongst herbs"?

But perhaps the best and most interesting way of answering our question will be to enter a little into particulars; and although we cannot hope to embrace the world in our survey, we may at least take one corner of the Mission-field, and from this we can judge of the rest.

We take then Sierra Leone, the first scene of the Society's labours.

The early history of this Mission remarkably illustrates the wonder-working providence of God.

Seventy-five years ago, Sierra Leone was known only as a part of the pestilential coast

of Western Africa, and the focus of the cruel slave-trade. Thirty-five years before, about 1765, the indignant feelings of an English gentleman had been aroused by the sight of a wounded negro slave in the streets of London, who had been ill-treated by his master. The gentleman's name was Granville Sharp. He held a subordinate position in the Ordnance Office. He was a true philanthropist, and a man of dauntless moral courage; and he succeeded in rescuing the slave from his master. This was no slight achievement, for at that time slavery was not held or judicially declared to be illegal, even in England. Seven years later, Granville Sharpe took up the cause of another slave, and he succeeded in establishing, by the decision of Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, the glorious principle that, "As soon as any slave sets his foot on English ground, he becomes free."

The effect of this was to bring many poor negroes into England. Ten or fifteen years after, no less than four hundred of these black men were found to be in London, chiefly begging their bread. Mr. Sharp and others now devised the scheme of carrying these negroes back to Western Africa, and founding a free settlement upon that coast. They fixed upon Sierra Leone; and in the year 1787 the settlement was commenced.

The effort for some years encountered fearful trials, struggles, and difficulties, into the details of which we cannot enter; but a more settled condition was attained about the year 1800.

This was just the time when the hearts of a few London clergymen were moved to plan the formation of the Church Missionary Society, the object of which was to be to carry Christ's Gospel to all lands. After much consideration and prayer they decided to begin at Sierra Leone. They felt that, in addition to being heathen, the sons of Africa had a special claim as the unhappy victims of the accursed slave-trade.

One of these London clergymen was the well-known John Newton, who had formerly resided himself as a slave-dealer near Sierra

Leone. Another was Melville Horne, who had also been there. But the great helper in the work proved to be a layman, Zachary Macaulay. Returning from Jamaica, he had for some years warmly taken up the cause of the slave, and he was at length selected as Governor of Sierra Leone. He was there for seven years, during which time he was often exposed to great peril; for the slaveholders sought by all means to preserve their inhuman traffic; but he succeeded in raising the settlement to the position of a well-ordered community.

About the year 1800 he returned to England, bringing with him some African youths for training and education. The result of their visit was the conversion of the youths, the firstfruits of Africa to God. Eight of this number were baptized at Clapham Church, May 12th, 1805. Of course interest in Sierra Leone was deepened by this event; and the Mission work went on.

But now God appointed a long testing time. Sierra Leone proved "the white man's grave." In the course of the first twenty years of the Mission no fewer than fifty-three Missionaries and their wives died at their posts. Fearful and doubting ones at home urged the Committee to give the Mission up. But happily they watched and waited. They naturally felt most unwilling to relinquish their first Mission; and good soldiers of the cross were still found ready to be "baptised for the dead." The trial of faith at length ended, and the reward of faith was granted. The mortality of the Missionaries was materially reduced; partly by sanitary improvements, and partly by native agency lightening the labours of

European Missionaries. And beyond this, spiritual results became increasingly apparent. God gave a rich "increase" to the seed the husbandmen had sown in faith. The temporal prosperity of the colony also gave proof that Christianity in Sierra Leone, as elsewhere, is the truest pioneer and ally of civilization.

In a succeeding paper we hope to sketch the present position and circumstances of the Mission. We can only now give a brief extract from a letter written by Dr. Livingstone to his friend Sir R. Murchison, on the occasion of his visit to the colony in 1858.

"We were at Sierra Leone on Sunday last, and saw an Ordination Service by Bishop Bowen, an energetic, good man. He was a Missionary formerly, and a better man for a Bishop could not have been. The Sunday is wonderfully observed—and as well, I think, as anywhere in Scotland. Looking at the change effected amongst the people, and comparing the masses here with what we find in parts along the coast where the benign influence of Christianity has had no effect, the man even who has no 'nonsense about him,' would be obliged to confess that England has done some good by her philanthropy—aye, and an amount of good which will look grand in the eyes of posterity."

Dr. Livingstone had in his mind those who would fain have us believe that they are "men of sense" *"because they account God's wisdom folly, and have no faith in His word of promise, that 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.'"* To doubt the success of Christian Missions is to deny the existence as well as to reject the promise of God.

(To be continued.)

"'Tis Buts."

BY J. W. KIRTON, AUTHOR OF "BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES."*

YOU ask me the secret by which we contrive
 On an income so slender so fairly to thrive:
 Why, the long and the short of the matter is this—
 We take things as they come, and so nought comes amiss.
 My sons are no sluggards, and my daughters no sluts;
 I 'buy my own cherries' and 'take care of 'tis buts.'

* London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

"Neighbour Squander's jolly spree, '*'tis but* so much, he says;
And his wife's fine new gown, '*'tis but* so much, he says.
'*Tis but* so much the fair, '*'tis but* so much the play;
His child's gew-gaw, too, '*'tis but* that thrown away:
But each '*'tis but* grows on till they run on so fast,
That he finds '*'tis but* coming to want at the last.

"Now something occurs, and he says, like a ninny,
'I'll buy it at once for '*'tis but* a guinea ;'
And then something else, and he still is more willing—
For '*'tis but* a trifle, and '*'tis but* a shilling ;
Then '*'tis but* a penny—and '*'tis but* a mite—
Till the '*'tis but*s at last lead to ruin outright.

"Contentment's the object at which we should aim ;
It is riches, and power, and honour, and fame :
Our wants and our comforts in truth are but few,
And we seldom buy that without which we can do.
This maxim of maxims most others outcuts :
If you'd rise in the world, 'take care of '*'tis but*s.'"

Temper is Everything.

BY A STAFFORDSHIRE CURATE.



N strictness of speech, *temper* is not *everything*. The motto answers to many other modes of expression in which we intend a greater by a less, or a less by a greater: as, "Money is everything,"—"Love is everything,"—"Health is everything,"—"There is nothing like leather," etc. With this explanation I should say, that, as regards the moral conduct of man, the peace, goodwill, and good understanding between man and man,—*temper is everything*.

Returning home one day, I happened to call at the house of an acquaintance, and found the husband and wife engaged in a trifling dispute. It was the fault of these two to have acquired such a habit of contradicting each other, that they seemed to take a pleasure in it; and the children had acquired so much of the spirit of their parents, that you seldom heard them open

their mouths, but in an angry tone of voice. On this occasion the wife continued to maintain her ground; and the husband, in a fit of ill-nature, left the room. A few minutes afterwards a boy of about nine years of age quarrelled with his sister, who appeared to be about eleven, and gave her a violent blow. The mother began to bluster, and the boy put on a surly countenance, and assumed such an air of defiance, as plainly indicated that he had no apprehension his mother's threats would be carried into execution. After doing what I could to cast oil on the troubled waters, I came away, muttering to myself, "Well, I see that *temper is everything*."

I was lately called in to assist in settling a difference that had taken place between some persons, and which might have been easily done, had either of the parties been ready to yield a little to the other; but I could not prevail on any one of them to

give way in the least, and I left them, more than ever convinced, that *temper is everything*.

The value of good temper appears in a strong light in the contrasted examples of two families well known to me.

Robert Jackson was a hard-working labourer: he had saved sufficient to set up house, and soon after marriage, he took a small farm. His wife was a strong-built woman, and capable of any exertions, but intolerably idle, negligent, and dirty, with the usual accompaniment of bad temper. When he had occasion to go from home, or take a job of work at a distance, she would not take the least care of the land or the cows. He soon lost all he had earned, and returned to a mean cottage and to common day labour. He now began to visit the public-houses; and the next report was that they quarrelled.

One day I was sent for in haste, not knowing for what purpose; and on my arrival I found report true. With as much delicacy as possible, I mildly remonstrated, and desired each separately would tell me the cause of their unhappiness. The man wept much. The wife said he had been spending his money, and neglecting his family. He answered that "He had always done the best he could for his family, and had thrown into her apron several pounds only two nights before—his hard-earned wages during a few weeks from home; and that, as to going to the public-house, he said he was in fact *driven* to it, for she afforded him no comfort in his home; that on his arrival the other night, tired and hungry, he had asked her for something to eat, but she was sullen and would not prepare it."

I then turned to the wife to hear what reply she would make; but though she could talk freely enough when I first entered, she was now silent as one convicted and condemned; indeed, I well knew she could not deny the charge; for

I had always found her house and herself in a dirty, disordered condition, and the children ragged and sickly through neglect. She would beg clothes for them, but would neither wash nor mend; and she would gossip in other houses, and leave the little ones exposed to fire and water. I have seen her seated close to the grate when the cinders have reached almost to the end of the room. Can it be any wonder then that a man so circumstanced, and with a wife thus wasteful and negligent, dirty and ill-tempered, should have recourse to the public-house? He was, in a sense, as he expressed it, *driven to it*; and I fear thousands more are thus driven. I do not pretend to deny that there were faults on both sides; I speak of facts only as I saw them through a course of years; and they were a sad illustration to prove that temper is everything.

On the other hand, I know a couple who are as happy as poor people can well be. The man is a collier, and, like persons in his situation, is exposed to great hardships, having to go to work by three or four o'clock in the morning over bleak moors. When I have occasionally gone to his cottage, a little before his return, it has pleased me much to see the table spread with a coarse clean cloth, and victuals in readiness; or a plate with bits of mutton or bacon before the bars, and potatoes on the fire; or the tea-things would be set and the kettle boiling. The good man coming in tired, wet, and black as coal could make him, and bearing a heavy lump of that article on his back, meets with a smiling welcome; the wife would run to help him off with his burden, and the children would prattle with delight—"Oh, daddy is come." He would then apply to the pail of water which always stood in readiness; and afterwards sat down to his *baggin*, as it is called, with as good an appetite and as easy a mind as a king might envy.

To a man thus circumstanced, the public-house has no attractions. His comfort is *studied*; his earnings are economized; his wife and children are clean and decently clad; his fireside is comfortable, and he can enjoy it in peace. Having to rise early, they must needs retire early to bed. When I have seen the cottage shut up at eight o'clock, I could not but mark the difference in many others, and particularly the public-houses, in which I have found numbers of colliers and labourers; some, perhaps, through the discomforts of home, and others, no doubt, from their own depraved choice.

These are characters of real and everyday life; and what I wish should be particularly observed, is the striking difference between two families in similar station. The former commenced life with fair prospects as working people, but were soon reduced to wretchedness through idleness and surly tempers; the latter were in the hardest condition, and yet lived most happily, proving that temper is everything.

I believe it is very unusual for the mar-

ried to *thank* the clergyman who tied the knot; it is sometimes sung, "The parson is to blame, for he tied the knot." I can however mention one case, and only one. Many years ago a poor man put in the banns, which were objected to; and the circumstance occasioned a few weeks' postponement of the union. About four years afterwards, a man came up to me with an open smiling countenance, whom I did not at first recognise. He addressed me thus—"Sir, you remember marrying me, don't you?" Pausing for a moment, I replied, "Oh yes, it was you that had some trouble over it—I hope you have not repented it?" With emphatic tone and joy of countenance he answered, "Oh no, sir, I am very happy; and I thought whenever I saw you I would thank you for what you did for me."

There would be no difficulty in giving a character to the good man's wife in this case, and no unpleasant rebuke would have been conveyed, if the motto had been placed in the most prominent position in their cottage home—"*Temper is everything.*"

Thankfulness.

"He hath done all things well."

MY God, I thank Thee who hast
The earth so bright; [made
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here;
Noble and right!
I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round:
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
I thank Thee more, that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see gleaming on high
Diviner things!
I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.
I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall until they lean
On Jesu's breast.



Gibraltar.

THIS remarkable fortress belonging to Great Britain, which forms the key to the Mediterranean, standing on a peninsula at its entrance, is connected with the continent of Spain by a low, sandy isthmus, one mile and a half long and three quarters of a mile broad.

The highest point of the rock is about fourteen hundred feet above sea-level. Its northern face is almost perpendicular, whilst its eastern side is full of tremendous precipices. On its southern side it is almost inaccessible, making approach from seaward impossible. The western side, although nearly as rugged and precipitous as the others, slopes towards the sea; and here the rock is secured by extensive and powerful batteries, rendering it apparently impregnable.

In various parts of the rock there are many remarkable caves; some beautifully picturesque, but all difficult of access. The most singular of these natural excavations is St. Michael's, on the S.W. side; the entrance to which is 1000 feet above sea-level.

The natural animals of Gibraltar are wild rabbits, woodcocks, teal, partridges, snakes, and monkeys; the latter are of a dark fawn colour, and without tails.

When seen from a ship's deck, no appearance of vegetation presents itself on the rock,

the whole having an exceedingly barren and forbidding aspect; but it is not in reality so destitute in this respect as it seems; acacias, fig, and orange trees growing freely, together with a great variety of odoriferous plants. The climate is temperate.

Vast sums of money and an immense amount of labour have been spent in fortifying this celebrated stronghold. The total number of guns now mounted on the rock is said to be not less than one thousand.

The town of Gibraltar, beyond the rock, consists chiefly of one spacious street, about half a mile in length, lined with shops, and paved and lighted. The principal buildings are the governor's and lieutenant-governor's houses, the admiralty, naval hospital, victualling office, and barracks, several churches, also public schools, libraries, etc. As a garrison town, the power of making laws is vested in the governor alone. Every precaution is taken to prevent the increase of new residents. Foreigners are permitted to remain during specified periods only, and on giving a required security. The population is about 13,000, of which less than 4,000 are females. The strength of the garrison is generally between 3,000 and 4,000.

The fortress came into possession of the English, by conquest, in 1704. It has been since repeatedly besieged, but always without success.

England's Church.

IV. THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONAL RELIGION.

BY THE REV. G. A. BADENOCH, LL.D.

(Continued from page 142.)



BUT our opponents appeal to America. To America we shall go.

At the very outset, we have to remind them that our own country is monarchical, while the other is Republican.

We are quite aware that some who see far ahead seek for disestablishment in order to bring about such a political change. Their

principles lead to it. But, letting that pass, we maintain that the American people are more "establishment" in their practice than in their theory. Their Parliament is opened with prayer. Ministers of religion are invited to preach before their Congress. The Sabbath is protected by statute—as well as judicial oaths, marriage laws, and, in some States, the Bible in the Common School. Where this is not so, they have, as in the city of New



GIBRALTAR.

York, the Roman Catholic Church virtually established and substantially endowed. Good men of all Christian denominations now see the mischiefs which are taking place, and are therefore organizing an effort towards National Religion.

The following document has been recently published in that country. It is entitled "A Call to the Convention." It is in the following terms:—

"The question of the Bible in the Public Schools, of Sabbath laws, and many similar questions, are now demanding attention and decisive settlement. Shall the nation preserve the Christian features of its life? This is rapidly becoming the issue of our day. Many thoughtful citizens view with deep concern the assaults now being made on everything of a Christian character in our civil institutions. Not only time-serving politicians and irreligious men, but eminent officers of Government, and leaders among Christians, accepting the false theory that Government has nothing to do with religion, co-operate in these assaults. An appeal against the Bible in the Common Schools now lies before the Supreme Court of Ohio. It will come up for adjudication in its regular order some time this winter, when a determined effort will be made to overturn the present noble School system of that State.

"The Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York has decided that the Bible, though assigned an honourable place in the State system of education when first established, and actually used for sixty years, can no longer be legally read during regular hours in any school of the State. Armed with authoritative decisions like this, the enemies of the Bible certainly will succeed, unless the friends of our Common Schools awake to the dangers that threaten them, and take prompt and adequate action.

"In order successfully to repel their assaults, the assailants must be met at their own point of attack. They assail the Bible

in the Schools, Sabbath laws, laws against polygamy, and every similar element of our Christian civilisation, on the ground of their inconsistency with the Constitution of the United States, *which acknowledges neither God nor the Bible*, and with which everything in the actual administration of the Government should harmonise. What should be done? This is the momentous question now forcing itself upon the American people. It must soon be answered in one of two ways. Which shall it be? *Shall we obliterate every Christian feature from existing institutions? Or shall we make the Constitution explicitly Christian?* Shall we thrust out the Bible from our schools to make them conform to the Constitution? Patriotism and true statesmanship answer, No! *Let the acknowledgment of God and the Bible be inserted in the Constitution to make it conform to the Common Schools.*"

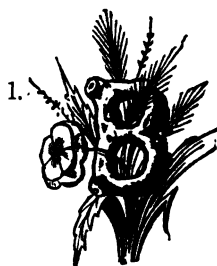
"The National Association has been formed for the purpose of securing such an amendment in the Constitution as will suitably acknowledge Almighty God as the Author of the Nation's existence, and the ultimate Source of its authority; Jesus Christ as its Ruler; and the Bible as the fountain of its laws; and thus indicate that this is a Christian nation, and place all Christian laws, institutions, and usages in our Government on an undeniably legal basis in the fundamental law of the land."

With the experience of America thus before us, we cannot too strenuously resist the principle of the Liberationists, which would drive the Christian element from our laws and constitution. Let us continue to maintain a National Church, Scriptural in its standards and belief, and thereby help on the destiny of England as a minister of good to other nations, so that "Kings shall be nursing fathers and Queens nursing mothers to the Church of Christ," till all empires, kingdoms, and nations shall fall down before Him, whose right it is to reign.

GOOD REMEDIES.—For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to prosper,

be industrious; to please all, mind your own business.

Six Reasons why Working Men should Rest on Sunday.



1. **B**ECAUSE God gave the Sabbath to be a Day of Rest; and what the Divine Law secured for the Jew, the Gospel confirms to us, with still

higher blessings.

2. Because, by working on Sunday, the working-man would deprive himself of the time God has given and blessed, not only for Rest, but that he may prepare for a happy eternity.

3. Because the body is like a seven-day clock, and on every seventh day needs, by resting, to be wound up. But, by working on without rest, a working-man strains his body, and wears it out before the time. He will become old too soon; and the body may want to rest earlier in the grave to make up for the Sabbath rest it has lost.

4. Because, if the working-man is a father, by working on Sunday he loses a blessed opportunity of Home influence and happiness. Unless ill or out of work, perhaps he never spends a day with his family at home. His children see but little of him; the wife, too, is left to do all—to bear the burden alone. Soon the children will be grown up and gone. Our Heavenly Father meant that while the earthly father works for them for six days, he might rest and be happy with them on the Day of Days.

5. Because, by working on the Sunday, the working-man must injure his brother working-men. He is tempting masters to employ their men on the Sunday, whenever they think the work will pay. He is saying by his example, "I think this is fair and right."

But it can be proved that a man, in the long run, can do as much work in a year when he rests on Sundays as he could do if he worked on all days alike. When he

works on all days alike, he gets weaker than when he rests for one day in seven. What, by working on Sundays, he gains in time, he loses in power. He will not then do more work in the year, though he work on all days alike, than he would do did he rest for one day a week. And the master can only pay for the work that is done. If no more work is done, no more work can be paid for. So that, did Englishmen lose their weekly rest-days, the time would soon come when they would work on all days in the year, and yet get no more money for their work than they get now. He therefore who works on Sundays, is helping to bring this about, and thus sinning against his brother workmen.

6. Because, by working on Sunday—unless the work is called for by necessity or mercy—the working-man is driving a very bad bargain.

Is he on Sundays sailing his boat on a canal or river? Is it not a bad bargain to lose his Sabbaths and their privileges that the iron, or cotton, or coal, or goods, may reach the wharf some hours sooner? There is no necessity that he should be sacrificed in order that these goods may now be forwarded. But there is a necessity that these goods should now remain where they are, in order that he may worship God and enjoy his Sundays. There are companies who never sail their boats on Sunday; and they say as much can be carried in a year when horses as well as men rest one day in seven, as can be carried in a year by their working on all days alike. No boat travels on any canal in Scotland on Sunday. Yet Scotland can sell its cotton, iron, and other goods at as cheap a rate as we do in England. In one county of England, more than thirty owners of canal boats have signed an agreement not to run their boats on Sunday. It is

to be hoped that the larger proprietors will follow their example. Encourage them, then. Let them not think that workmen wish them to employ them on the Lord's-day.

Or is he working on Sunday in iron-works, or in chemical works? Men can be found, in various parts of England and Scotland, who in these trades never work on Sundays, and yet they thrive. There are in Great Britain about nine hundred iron-furnaces at work: of these about two hundred now are stopped on Sunday. An ironmaster said, when speaking before a Select Committee of the House of Lords, "We have made more iron since we stopped on Sundays than we did before." And he further says, that "Workmen labouring for six days, with one day of rest, make more iron than if they worked incessantly without a day of rest." He adds that, in

proof, "any gentleman may come and refer to our accounts." But even if it were not so, and the worst came to the worst, the price of the article would but be raised a little, if there was a slight loss by stopping from Saturday to Monday. And if all were to agree, all might close. And better would it be for the country to pay a fraction more for its chemicals, than for thousands of men to be deprived of their Sundays, of their bodily rest, their home enjoyments, and their religious privileges.

God has given the Day to all. It is a precious gift; good for the masters, and good for the men. Let us then do what we can, especially by our example, to lessen labour on this Day of Days; and so secure for others what we enjoy ourselves—a happy Sunday.

C. B.

The Young Folks' Page.

IX. JAMES FERGUSON, THE FARM LABOURER.



LABOURING man in Banffshire, Scotland, sent his little son to work with a farmer, who employed him in keeping sheep. This little fellow had the spirit of work in him so strong that he could not be idle without misery. At home he had taught himself to read by hearing his father teach an elder brother, and before he was nine years old had manufactured model watermills and a wooden clock. When out with the sheep, having no books but the bare hills and the sky, he took to studying the stars, with which he made himself so well acquainted as to astonish all who knew him.

A gentleman, out of kindness, taught him a little arithmetic, and lent him books. From reading one of these, guided by the description alone, he actually made a globe sufficiently accurate for the working of problems.

Very few years elapsed ere the farm labourer was transformed by his own earnest work into a sound practical philosopher.

He laboured on, and carved his way to wealth and to fame, both of which he worthily won and wisely enjoyed. He published numerous works on various subjects, and contributed more to the diffusion of astronomical science among the people perhaps than any writer before or after him, having also mastered the study of mathematics as few but professors do master it. If you would understand the principles of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, you cannot do better than have recourse to the "Popular Explanation of Newton's Theory," which is the work of James Ferguson, once a farm labourer on the moors of Scotland.

"In all labour there is profit."

X. A HASTY TEMPER.



RIGHT hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark will set a house on fire. A

fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

XI. THE CAMEL'S NOSE.

THE Arabs have a fable to this effect. A miller was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust through the window of the room where he was sleeping.

"It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in."

The nose was let in, then the neck, finally the whole body. Presently the miller began

to be inconvenienced by the ungainly companion he had admitted, in a room certainly not large enough for both.

"If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

Even so when sin is let in as a suppliant it remains in as a tyrant.

XII. TRIFLES.

A GENTLEMAN engaged an artist to execute a piece of sculpture for him. Visiting his studio after an absence of several weeks, it seemed to him that the artist had made little progress.

"What have you been doing?" asked the gentleman of the artist.

"Working on this figure."

"But I see nothing done since my last visit."

"Why," answered the artist, "I have brought out this muscle; have modified this part of the dress; I have slightly changed the expression of the lip."

"But these are trifles," said the gentleman.

"True, sir," replied the artist; "but *perfection is made up of trifles.*"

XIII. LET ME PRAY FIRST.

AN intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town, a short time since, when she came to a spot where several boys were amusing themselves by the very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys, by accident, threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the

time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready.

"No, papa; not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to God first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few moments, and afterward submitted to the operation with the patience of a woman.

The Bible Mine Searched.

ANSWERS are *not* to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. ROWLEY HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

1. At what place did St. Paul quote some words of our Lord which are not recorded in the Gospels; and what were the words?

2. Why do you suppose that Naaman made request for two mules' burden of earth?

3. There is a passage from the Old Testament quoted three times in the New to prove three different truths—what is it?

4. Under what circumstances did God pronounce the first curse against man?

5. Shall the length of man's natural life ever be restored as it was at the Fall?

6. In what remarkable way did Christ show that the Old Testament taught the doctrine of the resurrection?

ANSWERS (See June No.).

1. Eph. i. 4; Matt. xxv. 34; 2 Tim. i. 9.

2. Acts iv. 36; Col. iv. 10.

3. Luke ix. 31.

4. Acts xviii. 26.

5. 2 Kings xiii. 21.

6. Lev. xvii. 10; John vi. 53, 54.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 3.48. Sets 8.18.

JULY.

MOON.—New, 3rd, m. 5.24.
Full, 18th, A. 1.20.



I am
the Good Shepherd.
ST. JOHN x. 11.

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 1 | Th | He calleth His own sheep by name. John x. 3. |
| 2 | F | He leadech them out. John x. 3. |
| 3 | S | He goeth before them. John x. 4. |
| 4 | S | 6th S. after Trin. The sheep follow Him. John x. 4. |
| 5 | M | They know His voice. John x. 4. [33.] |
| 6 | Tu | He shall set the sheep on His right hand. Matt. xxv. |
| 7 | W | They shall never perish. John x. 28. [x. 28.] |
| 8 | Th | Neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. John |

I lay down
My life for the sheep.
ST. JOHN x. 15.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 9 | F | My sheep hear My voice. John x. 27. |
| 10 | S | I know them, and they follow Me. John x. 27. |
| 11 | S | 7th S. af. Trin. I give unto them eternal life. John |
| 12 | M | The Lord is my Shepherd. Ps. xxiii. 1. [x. 28.] |
| 13 | Tu | He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. |
| 14 | W | He leadech me beside the still waters. Ps. xxiii. 2. |
| 15 | Th | He restoreth my soul. Ps. xxiii. 3. |
| 16 | F | I shall not want. Ps. xxiii. 1. |

FEAR NOT,
LITTLE FLOCK; IT IS
YOUR FATHER'S GOOD PLEASURE
TO GIVE YOU THE

The
flock of
My pasture are men.
EZEK. xxxiv. 31.

KINGDOM.
ST. LUKE xii. 32.

I will
feed My flock.
EZEK. xxxiv. 15.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 17 | S | I will both search My sheep, and seek them out. Ezek. xxxiv. 11. |
| 18 | S | 8th S. af. Trin. I have found My sheep which was lost. |
| 19 | M | I will seek that which was lost. Ezek. xxxiv. 16. |
| 20 | Tu | I will bind up that which was broken. Ezek. xxxiv. 16. |
| 21 | W | I will strengthen that which was sick. Ezek. xxxiv. 16. |
| 22 | Th | I will feed them with judgment. Ezek. xxxiv. 16. |
| 23 | F | I know My sheep, and am known of Mine. John x. 14. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 24 | S | Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel. Ps. lxxx. 1. |
| 25 | S | 9th S. af. Trin. St. Jas. We are the sheep of His hand. |
| 26 | M | He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. Isa. xl. 11. |
| 27 | Tu | He shall gather the lambs with His arm. Isa. xl. 11. |
| 28 | W | He shall carry them in His bosom. Isa. xl. 11. |
| 29 | Th | He shall gently lead those that are with young. |
| 30 | F | Ye were as sheep going astray. 1 Pet. ii. 25. |
| 31 | S | But are now returned unto the Shepherd. 1 Pet. ii. 25. |

JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep,
The flock for which Thou cam'st from heaven,
The flock for which Thy life was given.
Oh, may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;

From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.
Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete;
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.—Thomas Kelly.

"THE sheep of Palestine are trained to follow their shepherd. Some always keep near him. Each has a name, to which it answers joyfully; and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such choice portions. These are contented and happy: are in no danger of getting lost, or hurt by wild beasts. Others, however, are like mere worldlings, intent upon their own pleasures or selfish interests. They run about, searching for variety or delicacies—restless, discontented, and often utterly lost."—Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book."



THE LATE MR. THOMAS WRIGHT,
THE PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Harvest Praise.

O FATHER, merciful and good !
O Giver ever kind,
Who feedest us with daily food
For body, soul, and mind !
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
We praise Thee evermore ;
And heartily confess Thee
The God whom we adore !

How thick with corn between the hills
The laughing valleys stand !
How plenteously Thy mercy fills
The garner of our land !
And therefore will we raise Thee
Our humble anthem thus ;
And, sinful children, praise Thee
For all Thy love to us !

As year by year in ceaseless love
Thy bounty never fails,
But still the blessing from above
O'erflows our hills and dales :
So, truly we adore Thee,
Thou Giver of all good,
And offer now before Thee
Thy people's gratitude !

Albury, Guildford.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Men of Mark from Working Homes.

BY THE EDITOR.

III. THOMAS WRIGHT, THE PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.



LIZABETH Fry and Sarah Martin are names of equal rank in the noble army of philanthropists who have made humanity their debtor. One moved in a position of comparative wealth, the other earned her daily bread by plying the needle of an industrious dress-

maker ; but both, like the great Master, "went about doing good," and both were "blessed in their deed." Noble sisters in Christian devotedness, their "love and good works" have been emulated by others. As a companion pair of "noble brothers," whose outward circumstances presented a similar contrast, the names of John Howard and Thomas Wright almost involuntarily occur to us.

The fame of John Howard, who gave himself to the work of reforming the prison system in England and on the Continent, is world-wide. But although occupying a humbler sphere, and therefore exercising a more limited influence, the name of Thomas Wright justly claims a place by the side of that of his honoured fellow-labourer, engaged as both were in a common mission of mercy. Beneath each name might fitly be inscribed the Saviour's words: "I was in prison and ye came unto Me." Lord Shaftesbury, recognising and expressing this thought, well described the Manchester philanthropist as "a domestic Howard." He wore indeed a paper cap, besmeared with evidences of his daily toil; but he presented in his life-work a study for an angel—penetrating the secret places of crime, misery, and degradation, and illuminating even the condemned cell with the light and the hope of heaven.

As a Man of Mark from a Working Home, a sketch of his truly remarkable career will possess special interest now that "the prison philanthropist," in a good old age, has been gathered "as a shock of corn" into the heavenly garner.

A native of Scotland, Thomas Wright very early in life accompanied his parents to Manchester. In due time he was apprenticed to Messrs. Peel, Williams, and Peel, ironfounders and merchants, of Manchester. In their foundry he became a striker; and at length, owing to his industry and general good conduct, a foreman in one of the departments.

In the course of a visit which he paid to the interior of the New Bailey, or Borough Gaol, of Manchester, he was much struck by the condition of the prisoners. On entering into conversation with several of them, he found that a large proportion of them, perhaps a majority, would, on the expiration of their several sentences, have no homes to go to: that, with no occupation open to them, they would in all probability return to crime, and adopt it as a lifelong career. This state of things preyed upon his mind: and although at that time he was simply a striker, he determined to discover some means by which the evil might be at least lessened.

No worker, willing to do Christian work, will ever have to wait long for an opportunity.

God who works in us to "will," will also speedily work in us to "do." Wright's resolve was quickly followed by a very touching and singular incident.

A man who had been working for several months at the same foundry where he himself was employed, and who had attracted his attention and respect by the quietness and orderliness of his behaviour, was suddenly missed. Wright, who was on good terms with the foreman, finding the man's place at the forge vacant, asked the reason for his dismissal, and was informed that the foreman had discovered that he was a returned convict, and that therefore, notwithstanding his good conduct, he had deemed it expedient to turn him away from the foundry. The benevolent concern of Wright was aroused, and he earnestly pleaded in the man's behalf, offering to be himself responsible for his good behaviour, if the foreman would consent to reinstate him. As the fact of the man's conviction was a secret from everybody connected with the foundry except the foreman, the latter at length yielded to Wright's entreaties that he would reconsider his determination.

The benevolent heart of the mediator bounded with joy, and he begged that he might go to find out the man, and bid him to resume his work. He hastened to the street in which he believed the man lodged, and found the house without difficulty. But he was too late; the object of his visit had already departed.

Departed, but whither? Was it to Bolton, Bury, Stockport, Accrington, or Liverpool? He was not easily to be turned aside from his purpose. At any cost of trouble to himself he would help his fallen brother. After making inquiry at the different toll-bars at the outskirts of the city, and describing the man's appearance, he finally learned that he had passed along the Bury road. Every thought was swallowed up in the one desire to overtake the fugitive. He followed him in the direction of Bury, and had the satisfaction of overtaking him about a couple of miles from that town, sitting by the roadside, despairing and broken-hearted. "If Wright," says our informant, "had discovered a mine of wealth, his joy could not have been greater. He grasped the poor fellow by the hand, bade

him be of good cheer, and telling him that he knew his story, told him also that he loved him as a brother. He was no longer to be despondent; his work was ready for him to go on with; and they would return to Manchester together."

Love makes many conquests. It is a key that will turn in almost any heart. It is almost needless to say that the return of the poor outcast to Manchester was followed by a course of conduct that nobly justified the guarantee which Wright had given.

No doubt the success attending this first effort prompted Mr. Wright to form further plans to reach and restore unhappy criminals. He found favour in the eyes of his employers to such an extent that he was able to make an arrangement to the effect that, so long as he did a certain amount of work per day, he might employ the other portions of his time at his own discretion. He also obtained permission from the prison authorities to attend the Sunday services in the prison chapel; and by degrees his face became familiar to the members of the gloomy congregation that assembled there. Then he made a point of being at the prison door at those hours when the inmates whose term had expired were released; and by easy and unaffected conversation and sympathy endeavoured to obtain their confidence. He would discover if they had homes to go to, and, if so, would find out what was the character of those homes; if they had employment ready for them, and, if so, what was its nature; with other matters of importance to their well-being. To those who had no home and no employment, or to those to whom such homes and employments awaited them as would be of questionable benefit, he proffered his friendship, and by many ways in which he used the interest and the confidence which his townsmen were beginning to conceive for him, sought to secure a safe and honourable, if a humble, provision.

The happy results of his activity attracted the notice of the prison authorities; and the prison chaplain, in his report to the visiting justices, attributed to the unremitting exertions of Thomas Wright the great improvement that had taken place in the appearance and the demeanour of the prisoners. The

expression of an opinion at once so emphatic and so responsible was reproduced, with comments, in the columns of the local newspapers; and Wright, thus encouraged, boldly asked for permission to visit the prisoners when he pleased. The permission was granted, and Wright was thereby enabled to win the confidence and to fathom the character of the prisoners before their terms of sentence were fulfilled.

He found that female prisoners, on their discharge, were liable to peculiar hardships and temptations; and that many of them fell into more deplorable depravity and wretchedness than before their imprisonment. This arose from the fact that the homes from which they had been taken were often broken up, their husbands or relatives gone, and they had no place to return to. Thus the last state of these women was worse than the first—they began with intemperance, and too frequently ended in shame and despair. Many are the instances in which Thomas Wright, whose efforts had been blessed to the awakening of a poor woman to a proper state of penitence, and to the formation of good resolutions for the future, has followed the husband miles and miles into the country, and even on his knees pleaded with him for the drunken wife, no longer drunken, whom the husband has at length been induced to take once more to his bosom, and with her to re-establish his hearth and home.

On one occasion a gentleman was walking arm-in-arm with Mr. Wright, after the latter had attained the height of his position and reputation as a philanthropist, through one of the back streets of Manchester, when they encountered a woman, "a pattern of neatness," who was scouring her door-steps. Releasing himself from his companion's arm, Wright addressed the woman: "Eh, Jenny, lass! I am glad to see thee! Give me the hand. My lass, don't stop to wipe it (her hand was reeking with the moisture). Give it to me;" and grasping her hand he shook it heartily, and then spoke to her for a few moments in an undertone, while his eyes beamed with benevolence and emotion. He subsequently explained that this was one with whom he had first become acquainted in New Bailey prison, where she was committed for drunkenness

and violent assaults; and that hers was one of the homes which had been broken up by the husband, and afterwards re-established through his (Wright's) instrumentality.

So great was the success which now followed upon the mission in which Mr. Wright was engaged, that the public confidence he had gained led the inhabitants of Manchester to determine to free their "prison philanthropist" from the cares and the necessities of manual labour, that so he might devote himself entirely to his work of social reformation. A subscription was opened, which Her Majesty the Queen assisted by a handsome donation; and a sufficient sum of money was raised to purchase a comfortable annuity of £200.

To any one whose mind was not "single" and whose heart was not thoroughly in his mission, this unexpected competence might have proved a hindrance instead of a help. But the true worker, whether rich or poor, does not work merely for wages. A far higher thought fills his mind. He understands the dignity of labour as done "unto God" as well as "unto man;" and so, when Mr. Wright found himself free from the claims of labour in one direction, this freedom only served to stimulate him to greater diligence and enthusiasm. He could now extend the field of labour. His charity had begun at home: it must now go abroad. He visited the principal gaols of the kingdom; and the most obdurate convicts, who had been deaf to the admonitions of the chaplain, were oftentimes softened into tears beneath his words of weight and love. So valuable did his services become as a general prison visitor, that Government offered him a post as official inspector of gaols, at a salary of from £300 to £500 a year. This, however, he declined, from the fear that to be known as a Government employée would diminish his power of usefulness and persuasion with the convicts. Money to him was an instrument of good, and it was little besides.

"In numerous instances," says the chaplain of the Salford prison, "Wright has succeeded in reconciling husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and workmen. In a variety of cases he has assisted in enabling convicts of superior education to re-

gain their place in society by means of emigration; and in several instances condemned criminals have sought to obtain his Christian sympathy and assistance at the foot of the gallows."

Two examples of the blessing resting upon Mr. Wright's labours, in not only rescuing prisoners from a life of crime, but raising them to positions of great usefulness to society, must form a closing testimony to his noble work.

In the first instance a man who had been undergoing penal servitude at Portland, repaired to Manchester with a ticket-of-leave and a letter from the chaplain to Thomas Wright. The latter found him employment as a scavenger, and as the result of a close watching of his conduct, found him to be deserving. He now caused the scavenger to be promoted to a mender of roads, and obtained admission for him into the late Canon Stowell's Sunday and night schools, in both of which he became a teacher. The poor man worked hard, and showed so great a capacity for learning that Canon Stowell's interest in him was strongly excited. Canon Stowell was made acquainted with his former life; nevertheless he made arrangements for "reading" with him; and in due time the Portland convict, who had been favoured with a ticket-of-leave, and purified by humble service as a Manchester scavenger, was ordained as a clergyman.

The second instance is that of a young man who was engaged in a position of trust in a warehouse, but who, being led into vicious and extravagant courses, embezzled his employer's money, and was discovered. The young man's father besought the mediation of Thomas Wright, who, having obtained an interview with the enraged employer, succeeded in obtaining a promise, first not to prosecute, and afterwards to give the young man another trial. The young man afterwards became a partner in the house—and at length the head. He did not forget the guarantee given for his good conduct by Thomas Wright at the time of his disgrace, but became one of his most liberal supporters, his purse being ever open to further any of the pious enterprises of his benefactor.

In 1869 the "prison philanthropist" re-

ceived the honour of having a portrait picture painted of him by Captain Charles Mercier, who undertook the task "at the request of the committee of a large body of subscribers desirous of commemorating the labours of Mr. Wright in the noble cause which seems to have been the chief purpose of his life." The painting was entitled "The Condemned Cell." It exhibits the philanthropist with one hand resting on the head of a condemned prisoner, whose way to eternity has been cheered by the Book which the good old man holds in his other hand.

It is pleasant to add to our brief sketch of Mr. Wright's public life that he was highly favoured in his family. His wife was an excellent and unassuming woman, who

chiefly attended to his domestic comfort. She died a few years ago, devolving her office of affectionate ministration on two unmarried daughters, who devoted themselves to the comfort of their father. The eldest daughter married a man of good local position, and the son is already an approved and confidential man of business to a leading mercantile firm engaged in the staple production of Lancashire.

Although failing strength absolutely compelled him of late years to withdraw his hand in a great measure from the plough, his interest in his life-work continued unflagging, till, a few months since, having passed the age of ninety, the "faithful servant" received the Master's call, "Come up higher."

Roger Beckinsall's Story; or, The Milestones on the Road.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE CLIFFS;" "MATTHEW FROST," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THE ADA.



FROM that bright Spring day, when I lost my mother, the tall grand lady at the house never, no, never, passed me without a kind word and a sad smile. By degrees I lost all fear of her, and could speak to her just as easy as I could speak to Betsy Gale.

I went to the village school now regularly, morning and afternoon. It was a poor sort of a school, kept by an old man who didn't know much more than we his scholars. My father sent me, I think, because he knew I was out of harm's way, and his trade of shoemaker kept him in the little workshop most part of the day. Now my mother was gone he stuck to his work closer than ever, and very seldom came into the kitchen where she had lain for so many years. Except for meals, he never seemed to care to come near it.

On Sundays he was at church twice a day; and all through that summer which followed his trouble, he would take me of an evening

for a long ramble all over the hills, and sit silent on the pile of granite which cropped up in the turf, and look out to the great sea which lay beyond.

It must have been somewhere in September of that year, that one Sunday afternoon my father and I were sitting silent in our accustomed place, when we saw our lady from the house, coming down the narrow path of an opposite hill, and very soon she ascended the one where we were. From this place we could look right over the sea, and down to Lower Seabourne, the small fishing village nearer the shore, with which we Upper Seabourne people never had much to do. They were a rough lot, and stories about smuggling and that kind of thing were often told.

My father could never bear me to go down to the sea, and I dare say was afraid I should pick up what would do me no good. I was near eleven years old at this time, I think, and I had no notion of setting myself up to disobey him. I had lived a solitary sort of life with him and my sick mother, and the boys in the village looked down on me, I expect, as a poor-spirited creature. Well, well; I had pluck in me when the need came. God only knows what powers lie hid

away in some of us, and He knows the time to call them out.

Mrs. Herbert—that was the lady's name—went to the very brow of the hill, and taking from her pocket a glass, raised it, and looked long and intently through it. Presently she said to my father,—

"Beckinsall, come here; my hand shakes. I cannot steady the glass. Look through it for me, and try and read the name of that yacht lying out there. I can make out that there are letters, but I cannot read them."

My father took the glass, as the lady bid him, and after some delay lifted it to his face. Meantime Mrs. Herbert laid her hand on my shoulder, and I felt it shake.

"Well, Beckinsall," she said, "can you read the letters?"

No answer came from my father. He was a slow man always, and never hurried about anything. Mrs. Herbert seemed as if she could not bear the waiting, and presently said again,—

"Beckinsall, if you can make out nothing, give me the glass again. I can't wait."

At last my father spoke,—

"They are letting down a boat from her side," he said. "There are three people getting in."

"But the name, Beckinsall," the lady repeated; "tell me the name."

Very slowly my father began to spell,—
A, D, A.

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Herbert; "yes, that will do. Thank you, Beckinsall."

Then she asked if she could get down to Lower Seabourne by a path just before us. She was hurried and fluttered, and I remember how she hastened back after taking a few steps, and said the path was too steep, and she would go towards home.

"There's something up," my father said, as he looked after her. "Folks do say she has had trouble with her sons. One of them died of a drinking bout, and in a scrape of some sort, and the other has been and married some foreign creature, and lives in his yacht. Shouldn't wonder if that is his boat now lying off there."

It was as my father thought; and when we got home an hour after, we met in the lane a sailor sort of a man coming down, with *Ada*

painted on a ribbon round his hat, and a telescope under his arm.

"Good evening," he said, in the free, good-natured way sailors have, and passed on.

Two days after, when I was standing by our porch looking for father to come home (I think he had been to the carriers to look after some leather that was to have come from Yarmouth), the door in the wall was opened, and a boy looked out. I am an old man now, very near the journey's end, but that face, as I saw it then, is quite as clear as clear can be before me. What a face it was! Such eyes ain't seen every day. Big dark eyes, like a young deer's in the park yonder, and great curls of wonderful hair.

I stood looking and staring at the youngster, and he looked at me, and then began to laugh, and chucked a small pebble he picked up at me; and then a voice was heard calling on the other side of the road, and he raced off.

That was my first sight of Master Herbert, the lady's grandson, who had been put ashore that Sunday night from the *Ada*. We did not live so near each other without soon making friends. Master Herbert was a year older than I was, and half as big again. It was like a new life to me when he came. Lower Seabourne was no longer a strange place to me. I was down there paddling for sea anemones, and setting traps for gulls, and helping Master Herbert in all his play; his servant always, as, I thank God, I continued to the end. There was something like a prince about him, something in his ways so above most that I have seen since, that I don't wonder I made a sort of idol of him. Mrs. Herbert had in a few words, I believe, told my father that she had no objection to her grandson making a companion of me, and that she had had her eye on me for a long time, and knew I was well brought up, and so on. I still went to school, and Master Herbert he had the young parson to teach him; and so we went on for years.

Things don't change much in villages like Seabourne. The old die, and here and there the young marry, and the babes are christened. These kind of events for the most part affected me because my father's calling brought me into connection with them, and I was always

rather glad when there was a wedding. As I grew bigger I helped to jingle the cracked old bells, and sometimes I came in for a bit of the cake, but that was a rare thing; it was not everybody had cake at Seabourne weddings.

I was pretty near seventeen when a sort of discontent began to creep over me. A kind of longing for what I couldn't get, and a dislike to the trade of shoemaker and cobbler, at which my father wanted me to settle. I lent an ear to a great deal of Master Herbert's talk, which I had better have let alone; and, like many more young lads, I became sulky, and like a bear to them that were nearest and dearest to me. I think if my father had thrashed me it would have served me right; but he was always as soft and as kind to me as kind could be. I gave him lots of trouble, and one day when I had spoiled a skin of good calf by chopping it all wrong for a pair of Farmer Wait's boots, my father took me to task, as well he might. I threw down the scissors, and banged about the leather, and worked myself up into a fiery temper.

I was sick of the whole thing, and said I was meant for something better than a village cobbler.

My father was stitching away at his work; and as he bent over it, I saw his hand shook.

"I have none but you, Roger," he said, "and you must stick to my trade and follow me, please God, as parish clerk, as I followed your grandfather; and he [was not the first Beckinsall that had been clerk of Seabourne, by a good many either. If you want to earn your bread, it must be in my way; I can help you to no better."

"I must help myself then, I suppose," I said; and I turned out of the cottage, fuming and fretting, and yet with a voice sounding within which would not be quiet.

When we are young that voice sounds stronger than when our hairs are grey.

There be many that have been so careless of it that it gets lost in the din of the world's noise; but it sometimes sends the poor sinner to God for pardon, as it whispers like that still small voice which Elijah heard, and when fire and storm and earthquakes of trouble

cannot touch the heart, melts it to the softness of an infant's.

I was not, however, in a way to be melted that afternoon. It was an October day, and as I went down the lane, the wind blowing right from sea was like a giant in its strength. Very soon I heard a hallo and a whistle behind, and Mr. Herbert came after me. He had been sent to school, one of those big schools where the gentry's sons go, but he had come back over and over again. Once after scarlet fever; and then he broke his arm; and then he had some other mischance, I don't rightly remember what; but I know he was as much at the cottage as at school, and had never taken much to his books. I had not seen Mr. Herbert for a day or two, and waited for him to come up.

"Look here, Roger," he said, "I am all down in the mouth to-day. Let's go and have a look at the sea breaking in at Lion's Head; it's running in pretty heavy I expect. Come," he said; "you don't look much better than I do, and you seem in the dumps too."

We went on talking, and it came out that Mr. Herbert's grandmother had been lecturing him, and telling him he must turn his mind to some profession. This was, in a different way, very much what my father had been saying to me; so we grumbled together, as youngsters will grumble.

"I know what I should like, Roger," Mr. Herbert said: "for you to come with me for a jolly cruise. You would serve me well I know, Roger," he said.

Well, we went on talking and talking of this scheme till we nearly, as I believe, fancied ourselves men, and not a pair of headstrong boys as we were. Mr. Herbert went over things I had heard of before: how his father had married a young Italian lady, who died just before that time when the *Ada* had put into Seabourne and he had been given up to Mrs. Herbert's care; how the old lady had only two sons, Mr. Herbert's father and another, who had been very wild and had gone near to break her heart; how he had died miserably out in foreign parts, and that his poor mother had never got over it, but had come to Seabourne to hide away from every one who had known her, with no companion but her grief.

I remember now how the big waves boomed and bellowed on Lion's Head, as we stood on the point above; and after all our talk about the grand things we wanted to do, and the fine places we wanted to see, how we could not at last make a word heard as we stood there, for the voice of the sea drowned ours. The wind rose so high we could scarcely keep our footing; but it was a grand sight to see that mighty ocean rolling in as if nothing was to hinder it from swallowing up the little fishing village below, and the other village above too.

What was to hinder? Ay, nothing but the power of the Lord, who says, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." A blessed thing when the storms of passion and sin feel that self-same power! No power of man can do anything with either of the storms: it must be God's voice which says "Peace, be still."

Well, I had many a mile to travel in the journey before peace came. I dare say those that know old Roger Beckinsall now can't well fancy what the young Roger was that stood with Mr. Herbert on Lion's Head that October afternoon.

Presently we saw two of the coast-guard men going past down the little winding path to the shore; two more came to the spot where we stood, one with a glass in his hand. He looked through it, shook his head; and then the other looked, and made a gesture to his companion. It was no use speaking, the roar just below us was so great. But Mr. Herbert and I soon found out a black object a mile or two from the shore. Mr. Herbert grasped the telescope, looked, and then bid me look. Yes; there was a small sloop, or yacht, driving hard towards the rocks. The big mountains of waves hid her sometimes and then she rose like a bird on the crest of a deep billow, and came on to meet her fate.

"She'll go to pieces," Jem Brice the coast-guard man shouted.

We just heard his voice, but we didn't need him to tell us that she was doomed. There's most likely a lifeboat at Seabourne now, but in those days there wasn't one

nearer than Yarmouth. Let that be as it might, we all felt we must go down and see if anything could be done for the poor creatures who were aboard the yacht. We were soon enough on the beach, and lots of the Seabourne fellows were there before us. The coast-guard men had got ropes, and were tying them round the strongest amongst them by fours and twos round the waist.

Meantime the little bark came nearer and nearer; and while we looked as if we could never look away, we saw a big giant of a billow dash her towards the shore against a bit of pointed rock which at low water was uncovered.

The yacht was near us now, so near that we could see the people aboard her. Then Mr. Herbert gave a great cry, and seizing the rope said—

"Let me go with it,—I must go,—I see my father!"

"You couldn't stand against it, sir," one of the men said. "Look at those fellows who have been sailors all their lives."

And indeed it was terrible to see them; the four best swimmers amongst the lot were thrown back like shuttlecocks as they tried to reach the boat with a rope. Then another great mountain swept up, and gave the poor yacht another dash against the rock. This time she was rent right through her middle, and there was a cry from her, a drowning cry.

One of the five had been swept off into the seething boiling water; and then Mr. Herbert, calling me to follow, struggled from the grasp of those who would have held him back, and, giving me one end of a line, began his fight with the terrible waves.

I was blinded with the foam, but though I was a slight young fellow I had more strength than any one would have thought to look at me; anyhow I struggled desperate like to hold the line for my young master, and I heard a great shout above the roar of the waters of "Saved! saved!" and then no more, for, as they told me afterwards, I was dragged senseless on to the beach.

(To be continued.)





TREASURES ON THE SHORE.

[See page 180.]

Treasures on the Shore.

TREASURES on the shore !
Treasures in the field !

What a wondrous store
Does Creation yield !
On the mountain-cone,
In the ocean-deeps,
In the Arctic zone—
Earth her treasures keeps.

Ocean's waves are hiding
Gems and wealth untold,
In her caverns 'biding
Mines of sparkling gold :
Amethyst and beryl,
Diamonds pure and bright :
Who will at their peril
Bring them up to light ?

Treasures on the shore,
Washed by tempest wild ;
Wreckage more and more
Battered and despoiled ;
Noble ships dismasted,
Riven by furious storms,
Fire-and-water-blasted
In fantastic forms.

Treasures to be gathered,—
Mariners adrift
Must be fed and fathered,
Cheered with kindly gift ;

Brothers, sisters, wandering
Without home or food,
On their shipwreck pondering :
Go and do them good.

Treasures on the shore,
Coming with the tide ;
Shoals of fish in store—
All may be supplied.
On the sands, elated
Youthful groups are spread,
Every one full freighted—
Pail and net and spade.

Treasures on the shore
Golden harvests yield,
Bounty evermore
Over flood and field ;
But the heavenly treasure,
Whosoe'er may find—
Pearl of God's good pleasure—
Leaves all else behind.

He, made rich for ever,
Walks in light and love,
And with calm endeavour
Seeks the land above :
Where all glories glisten
And the white-robed throngs
Shout and sing, and listen
To eternal songs.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Common Mistakes about Religion.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "DAY BY DAY,"
"NOT YOUR OWN," ETC.

VI. "THAT WAY IS FAR TOO EASY."



GOD has made the way of salvation very plain. To any who humbly desire His mercy, the path of life is not difficult to discover. The anxious, trembling sinner, who longs for peace, may find it very near at

hand. No wearisome toil, no hard and painful duty is set before him. Eternal life is a gift of love freely offered to men. "The wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Therefore, if there be but the empty hand, the blessing may be yours at once.

Faith is the hand that accepts the gift freely offered through the merit and death of Christ.

But this very freeness of salvation often proves a stumbling-block. Men wish to do or feel something to earn salvation. They do not distinguish between what men must do *in order to be saved*, and what *they must do when they are saved*. They cannot see that in order to be forgiven and accepted, they have only to take salvation without money and without price; and then, being justified and saved, that they must rejoice in Christ their Saviour, and show forth their gratitude to Him by a life-long devotion to His service.

I remember an instance of this. It was at a happy Mission week, when one and another found Christ as their Friend, and learnt the secret of a truly happy life. I spoke to a young person, and pressed upon her the claims of the Saviour. I told her that Christ was very near, and that as others were accepting His mercy and love, I trusted she would also. I told her she might obtain it at once. Christ was holding out His hand to her with the present of life, and if she would but own her true position as guilty and condemned, and receive it, it might be hers that very day. But she put it from her. With a smile of incredulity, she said, "That way is far too easy." So she went her way, for that time at least, striving hard to obtain by her own efforts the gift that might at once have been her own by faith in Christ.

I believe many make the same mistake. They imagine they have much to do before their sins can be forgiven. They make great efforts and are constantly failing, and yet they continue endeavouring to reach a certain standard or to obtain salvation by something of their own. Perhaps they are looking for deeper feelings; and if they cannot realize that they have them, they cannot think God is willing to pardon them.

I remember a young woman lying upon a bed of sickness. She was conscious of her previous sins, and she judged God's thoughts by her own. "It would be a long time," she said sorrowfully, "before God would forgive me." "What a mistake you make, Mary," I replied; "God would delight to forgive you this very day, —this very afternoon." I believe that very afternoon she saw in a new light the power of the Saviour's blood to cleanse her from all sin.

"That way is far too easy," you say. Friend, remember that Christ did the hard work needful for your salvation. It was indeed hard work to Christ when He lived and died to procure your salvation. Those years of toil and hardship spent in Nazareth, the three years in which He bore so patiently the contradiction of sinners against Himself, the last hours of agony and shame, scorn and desolation, and the bitter death of the cross,—here was the hard work He wrought to obtain life for you. He made a full atonement for sin: He paid the whole debt: He endured the penalty of the Law which you and I had broken: and thus He opened wide the gate of life to all who will enter in.

And now that He has finished the hard work, what is it that He asks of you? Simply this—through the grace of the Holy Spirit humble yourself for your sin, and heartily accept His mercy and love.

I know that your sin is very great, far greater indeed than you know; it deserves utter condemnation; but when you trust in Jesus and accept the punishment of your iniquity which was laid on Jesus, it is no longer reckoned to you; it is put to His account, and you enter at once into peace with God through the blood of His cross.

Take God's way, my friend, and not your own. Come to the Saviour and trust in Him. Confide without hesitation in His

work and promise. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"But is there no hard work for a Christian to do?"

Yes; surely there is. There is a battle to fight, and there are temptations to overcome. We must maintain our conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil. We must take up our daily cross and deny ourselves, as Christ has taught us. Through the power of the Holy Ghost we must be willing to endure shame and reproach, and ridicule and suffering, and even death itself, rather than dishonour Christ or be ashamed of Him.

But remember, this is not to *obtain* forgiveness, but as the *evidence* of our faith and the proof of our love. It is only those who are saved and forgiven in Christ who can thus fight the good fight of faith.

And remember another thing. All the work you have to do will be comparatively

lighter and easier the more you trust in the Saviour's grace. His loving presence will be the sunshine of your life, and with Him by your side you need fear nothing. He will comfort you when the world scorns you. He will refresh you when the burden is heavy and the way seems long. Believe in His love. Believe in His power to help. Believe in the faithfulness of His promise. Believe that He is ever near at hand to succour you in the hour of temptation. Believe that He sees your least desire and effort to please Him, and accepts it at your hand. Thus believing in Him, trusting in Him, looking to Him continually, you will find peace. His service will prove to be perfect freedom. You will find the truth of His gracious word: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."



Luther at Wittenberg: a Reformation Picture.

UTHER'S last intercourse with the Court of Rome was to present the Pontiff with his book on Christian Liberty. But the Bull that anathematized him, so far as its bitter malignity could extend, from all human sympathy and intercourse, social, religious, or political, was already at the doors of Luther's residence. It summoned him to appear at Rome within two months, to take his trial for heresy, the sentence for which was ordinarily pronounced in the crackling tones of the martyr's faggots. He, and all that thought with him, were cut off from all rights, natural or acquired, declared guilty of high treason, incapable of any legal act, of property, freedom, or worship, and infamous alike in life and death and burial.

His books were to be burnt, and it was a crime to publish, to preach, or even read his works. This was the furious version of

Christian liberty which Rome returned in exchange for Luther's pamphlet.

The great Emperor Charles V. and the Pope, like Herod and Pontius Pilate, acted in concert: nor was the Reformer insensible to the danger which threatened himself, and what he held far more dearly—his sacred cause. He looks upward—his soul collects its energies at the footstool of the heavenly throne, like the fabled eye of the eagle gathering strength from her gaze at the sun. "Not a leaf falls from a tree without the will of our Father," said he; "how much less can we? It is a small matter to die for the Word; for that Word, which became incarnate for our sakes, died Himself first."

All Germany was now in suspense, her eyes fixed upon Wittenberg to see what the great doctor was next to do. Would he continue firm? Luther answered, on November 4th, 1520, by a terrible manifesto, entitled, "Against the Bull of Antichrist," the echo of whose thunderbolt has lingered among the



LUTHER BURNING THE POPE'S BULL AT WITTEMBERG.

hills of Germany these three hundred years. His enemies within the university, as well as without, were secretly planning his expulsion from Wittemberg. The Emperor declared he would protect the old religion; and auto-da-fés, to consume the arch-heretic's writings, were attended by princes and counsellors of state. Luther now took the decisive step which originated the word "Protestant," which was to appeal from the Pope to a general council, an act which was itself treason against the Pope.

On the 17th of November, a notary and five witnesses, among whom, singularly enough, was one named Cruciger (the bearer of the cross), met in Luther's monastery, and drew up the famous protestation, wherein he calls upon "the Emperor, the electors, princes, counts, barons, knights, gentlemen, counsellors, cities, and boroughs of the whole German nation, to adhere to his protestation, and join him in resisting the antichristian conduct of the Pope, for the glory of God and the defence of the Church and Christian doctrine."

They who gave in their adherence to this famous protestation received the name of "Protestants"—a name which we are not ashamed of yet, a name involving the whole question of civil and religious liberty.

Luther's "writing of divorce," as D'Aubigné calls it, wound up with the solemn and heroic words,—

"But should any one despise this my prayer, and continue to obey that impious man, the pope, rather than God, I, by these presents, wash my hands of the responsibility thereof, having faithfully warned their consciences, and I leave them to the supreme judgment of God, together with the Pope and all his adherents."

When we consider the fearful power of Rome at this period, allied as it was with the mightiest civil potentate that had filled the imperial throne of Germany, we may well admire the undaunted courage of the noble Reformer. We are reminded of the reply of St. Paul, who, with all Luther's reverence for the hierarchy of his Church, when his judge commanded him to be illegally smitten, retorted the denunciation: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!"

Had Luther faltered here, the Reformation might have failed; but his protest now swiftly flew, like the Gospel of the mighty angel in the Apocalypse, among every "nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people;" and nearly every court in Christendom was served with a copy, with all the formal solemnities due to so momentous a document.

But Luther had a still bolder step in reserve. He resolved to out-pope the Pope. If the Pontiff excommunicate Luther, Luther excommunicates the Pontiff; if there had been a bonfire for his books, there should be a bonfire for the Pope's. "I began this work," said Luther, "in God's Name: it will be ended without me, and by His might. If they dare burn my books, in which more of the Gospel is to be found (I speak without boasting) than in all the books of the Pope, I can with much greater reason burn theirs, in which no good can be discovered."

On December 10th, 1520, the walls of the University of Wittemberg bore a public notice, inviting the attendance of the professors and students at nine o'clock on the morrow morning. A large concourse, both of the doctors and students, gathered themselves together, scarcely knowing by what secret power the intrepid monk had attracted them to himself. The mass of them perhaps, like Israel on Mount Carmel, were "halting between two opinions," till, alike in a spiritual and material sense, they realized "a God that answered by fire."

They were not held long in suspense. Presently Luther appeared, habited, perhaps for the last time, in his Augustinian cowl; as if he had put on the papal livery to give greater meaning to the act by which he abandoned its service for ever! The lofty eye of the Reformer was seen scanning the learned host, in the midst of which he strode like the officers of the Hebrews on the eve of battle, saying, "What man is there that is fearful and fainthearted? let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart." "He wished to rid himself of some old papers; and fire, thought he, is made for that!"

This, it will be remembered, is the scene of Duval's historical picture—a picture, the

grandeur of whose design and execution has seldom been equalled.

A pile of combustibles was already reared upon the ground, and one of the oldest Masters of Arts advanced beyond the rim of the crowd, and set fire to the heap. Just as the flames rose furiously, licking their ruddy tongues like beasts of prey hungering for their meal, Luther was seen approaching, and throwing into the roaring jaws of the element various papal works and documents. He stood watching the progress of their consumption, in a silence so deep and awestricken, that the very crackling of the fagots was audible in the ears of the multitude.

Winter though it was, the ancient sun smiled down gaily upon their new Christmas bonfire, as if he saw in its comparatively feeble glare the dawning of a higher and holier lustre than his own, when the Day-spring from on high should revisit benighted Christendom, and proclaim, "*Let there be light!*"

When the voluminous mass of papal forgeries and tyrannies had been consumed, and the breeze was already scattering their ashes on the heads of the people, as if in symbol of their repentance of having so long yielded to

the sin and superstition thus renounced, Luther laid his manly hand upon the Pope's Bull—a hand that trembled, not with fear, but with the natural emotion inseparable from such a solemn crisis, and, holding it aloft, like the ancient wave-sheaf before the altar of burnt incense, in the sight of God and man, he cried, "Because ye have troubled the body of the Lord, therefore let eternal fire trouble you," and cast it, as the Apostle shook off the viper at Melita, into the fire.

The superhuman grandeur of that act burst the pent-up stillness of the vast multitude—it broke its way through to the popular heart, and there arose from earth to heaven such a wild delirious shout, as seemed to fling its echo beyond the skies! The free spirit of Germany had burst its bonds; and when the Reformer quietly moved back towards the city, the electric spark ran its jubilant shock through every bosom; and doctors, professors, students, soldiers, populace, women, and children accompanied Luther into Wittemberg, shouting, laughing, singing, praying, crying, clapping their hands, lifting up their hearts in one grand hallelujah chorus, shouting, "Glory to God and the Bible!" and "Long life to Luther, the Liberator of their German fatherland!" J. B. O.

My Wants.

MY God, in me Thy mighty power exert:

Enlighten, comfort, sanctify my heart;
Sweeten my temper and subdue my will;
Make me like Jesus, with Thy Spirit fill!
I want to live on earth a life of faith,
I want to credit all the Bible saith;
I want to imitate my Saviour's life,
Avoiding lightness, gloom, and sinful strife;
I want to bring poor sinners to Thy throne,
I want to love and honour Christ alone;
I want to feel the Spirit's inward power,
And stand prepared for death's important hour;

I want a meek, a gentle, quiet frame,
A heart that glows with love to Jesu's Name;
I want a living sacrifice to be;
To Him who died a sacrifice for me;
I want to *do* whatever God requires,
I want a heart to *burn* with pure desires;
I want to *be* what Christ my Lord commands,
And leave myself, my all, in His dear hands.
O Lord, pour out Thy Spirit on my soul,
My will, my temper, and my tongue control;
Lead me through life to glorify Thy grace,
And after death to see Thee face to face.

England's Workshops.

NOTES AND FACTS FROM THE EDITOR'S "COMMON PLACE BOOK."



VIII. GOLDBEATING.

THE art of goldbeating is a very ancient one. There seems great probability that, like some other arts, it has been known and practised and forgotten. Homer refers to it; Pliny, more practical, states that gold can be beaten, 1 oz. making 550 leaves, each four fingers square,—about four times the thickness of the gold now used. This is most probably such gold as was used in the decoration of the temple,—“It was covered with plates of burnished gold.” The Peruvians had thin plates nailed together. It is possible that if decorations of this character were used in these parts, their insecurity would so trouble some folk that they would have no rest till they were effectually “nailed.” The Thebans have in their wall histories some gold characters done with leaf said to be as thin as the gold of the present day.

Coming down with a jump from the long past to the present age, we find our country celebrated for its gold-leaf. Italy used to excel us, but Italy has been in a long sleep, and has only just awakened. It is one of the last things our overgrown offspring undertook to make for herself. Until very recently she imported all the gold-leaf she required from this country. The goldbeater's skin made here is still the admiration of the world (of goldbeaters). This skin is gut skin, stretched and dried on frames, after which each surface is very carefully levelled, a labour entrusted to the delicate hands of young girls. A mould (as the number of square pieces of skin beaten at one time in the goldbeating process is called) is an expensive article, costing from £9 to £10,

and when useless for goldbeating, is still of some value.

Fifty or sixty years back, a workman made 2000 leaves of gold from 18 or 19 dwts. of gold; now, by better skin and skill, he is enabled to produce the same number from 14 or 15 dwts., showing a considerable reduction in the cost of produce, and, as may be expected, a deterioration in the quality of the article. One grain of gold beaten between this skin can be extended some 75 square inches of surface, the thickness of which will be 1-367650th part of an inch. These figures represent what may be done. What is done for the purposes of trade is somewhat less—viz., 56½ square inches per grain, 1-280000th of an inch in thickness. To give an idea of its thinness, it would take 120 to make the thickness of common printing paper, 367,650 sheets of which would make a column half as high as the Monument.—*Builder*.

IX. THE LARGEST CHIMNEY IN ENGLAND.

The large chimney shaft at the extensive alkali works of the Connah's Quay Chemical Company is the largest square chimney in England. Its principal dimensions will doubtless be interesting to our readers.

The foundation, which is 28 ft. square and 13 ft. 6 in. deep, is composed of 620 tons of stone and rubble. The chimney is 17 ft. 6 in. square at the base (inside measurement), and 7 ft. square at the top (inside measurement), and is 245 ft. high from the surface. The cap for the top, weighing 25 tons, is composed of fireclay and stone. The number of bricks used in building the chimney is 1,078,000, and the total cost a little over £12,000. The chimney is provided with two lightning conductors.—*Chester Chronicle*.

Nearest to Heaven.

THERE is more in the Bible about praise than about prayer. The nearer we are to heaven, the more praise

there will be in our hearts. Then “Bless the Lord, O my soul!”

The King and the Locusts :

A STORY WITHOUT AN END, TO BE READ WITHOUT LAUGHING.



HERE was a certain king, who, like many other kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; but yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear. At last, he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last for ever he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, but should fail—that is, come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months: poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure; but all in vain; sooner or later they all came to an end; and one after the other, the unhappy story-tellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said he had a story that would last for ever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger; they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all the requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story.

"O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant. And desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

"This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

"But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time. So *one* locust went in and carried off *one* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn——"

He had gone on thus from morning to night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a month, when the king, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with: "Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards." To which the story-teller answered very deliberately, "If it please your majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first." And so he went on again: "And then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn." The king listened with admirable patience six months more, when he again interrupted him with: "O friend! I am weary of your locusts! How soon do you think they will have done?" To which the story-teller made answer: "O king! who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the hole; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides: but let the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going

on as before: "And then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn:" till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out: "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter; take my kingdom; take anything—take everything: only let us hear no more of those abominable locusts!"

And so the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The unreasonable caprice of the foolish king was thus over-matched by the ingenious device of the wise man.

Probe your Principles; or, Look at Both Sides.

"**I** WISH I could open your eyes to the true misery of our condition: injustice, tyranny, and oppression!" said a discontented hack to a weary-looking cob, as they stood side by side in unhired cabs.

"I'd rather have them opened to something pleasant, thank you," replied the cob.

"I am sorry for you. If you could enter into the noble aspirations——" the hack began.

"Talk plain. What would you have?" said the cob, interrupting him.

"What would I have? Why, equality, and share and share alike all over the world," said the hack.

"You mean that?" said the cob.

"Of course I do. What right have those sleek pampered hunters and racers to their warm stables and high feed, their grooms and jockeys? It is really heart-sickening to think of it," replied the hack.

"I don't know but you may be right," said the cob; "and to show I'm in earnest, as no doubt you are, let me have half the good beans you have in your bag, and you shall have half the musty oats and chaff I have in mine. There's nothing like proving one's principles."—*Original Parables. By Mrs. Prosser.*

The Archbishop of York on Temperance Organization.

THE Archbishop of York, at a recent meeting held at Sheffield, in furtherance of the Church of England Temperance Society, thus expressed himself:—

"As long as this terrible iniquity of drinking prevails to its present extent, we may preach from all our pulpits, we may erect our schools all over the land, and we may make elaborate social arrangements, but we shall never be able to bring the people to the moral height we desire. My hope lies in diffusing serious and sober thought about the matter. There was a time when I thought the Church of England itself was a great Temperance Society; because, as there could be no religion

without Temperance, I considered it unnecessary to have a special Society to further that which it was the very object of the Church to promote. I now see, however, the necessity for a special organization charged with attending to the question of Temperance. I declare in the name of Freedom, as well as in the name of Education, that we of the Church of England must awaken all classes to this great and crying evil of intemperance. We must recollect that we are ministers to the souls of men, and that at the very groundwork of Christianity lie the words, 'Deny thyself.' This maxim is not for one class, but for all."



Self-Conquest.

SHOWING HOW BRAVE-HEART AND STRONG-WILL FOUGHT WITH SELF;
AND HOW THE VICTORY WAS WON.

BRAVE-HEART vowed he would oppose
Self with all his power;
He would live unselfishly,
From that very hour.

Brave-Heart fought a noble fight,
Toiled for others' pleasure;
Giving both from heart and hand
Generous, double measure.

"Surely Self is slain at last;
I said I would subdue him."
Self lay still; then changed his voice,
And slyly whispered to him,—

"Of thy victory over Self,
Tell me now the story."
Then while Brave-Heart told the tale
Self stole all the glory.

Strong-Will said, "Bring Self to me,
I will bind Him faster;
Surely of my very self
I can be the master."

Firm he set his foot on Self;
Forced him to obey him;
Schooled him, tamed him, gave him rules:
Yet he failed to slay him.

Self stole off unseen one day;
Much improved returning,
Well-disguised, a noble Self,
Courtly, full of learning.

Brave-Heart, Strong-Will, were deceived:
Offered friendship to him:
Till by look and tone of pride,
Suddenly they knew him.

Humbled, full of shame and grief,
Down they bent them lowly:
"From this false, this evil Self,
Who shall rid us wholly?"

"We are neither brave nor strong;
Master, see our weakness:
We have slumbered at our posts;
Failed in love and meekness."

Then the Master bade them rise;
Cheering words repeated:
While they gazed upon His face
Self withdrew defeated.

He who pleased not Himself
Made them pure and holy;
Where He comes is victory:
He "dwelleth with the lowly."

K.

The Young Folks' Page.

XIV. THE OLD MAN AND HIS FIVE SONS.

THERE once lived a good old man who
had five sons.

1. Dick, called Careless Dick.
2. Charlie.
3. Willie.
4. John, commonly called Jack.
5. Robert, called Sleepy Bob.

One morning he called them all, and after saying that he was not rich, he drew from his pocket five shillings. He gave each of his sons one shilling, and told them they might spend the money on anything they wished, and that he would ask them what they had done with it at dinner time. So they all went away.

The four younger ones appeared in good time for dinner, but Dick did not appear. His father asked where he was, and just then a noise was heard, and the door opened, and Dick rushed in, all covered with mire. His father asked him what he had done with his shilling? Dick said, "Shilling! shilling!" and began fumbling about in his pockets, and said, "Oh, I have lost it; for just as I was coming home, I fell into the duck pond, and I have lost it." His father told him to go and change his clothes. He then asked Charlie what he had done with his shilling? Charlie rubbed his eyes, and said, "Well, just as I was going out of the house, I met

poor Archie, the washerwoman's boy, and he looked pale and thin, and he told me that his mother was very ill; and so, to tell you the truth, I just gave him my shilling." His father then patted him on the head, and told him to sit down. He then asked Willie what he had done with his shilling? Willie said, "That as he passed the bookseller's he saw a book called 'Every Man his own Carpenter,' and as he liked working with tools, he went in and asked the price of it; the bookseller said it was 1s. 6d., but, seeing the look of disappointment in his face, he gave it him for a shilling; and here," said he, "is the book." His father patted him on the head, and made him sit down. He then asked Jack what he had done with his shilling? Jack began by coughing, clearing his throat, blowing his nose, and making a terrible fuss. After he had done this, he said, "That as he passed the confectioner's, the things looked so tempting that he went in and bought some tarts, which cost him tenpence, and he spent the other twopence also in the shop." His father then told him to sit down. He then asked Bob what he had done with his shilling? "Oh," said Bob, "I went up to my bedroom, and laid my shilling on the window-sill and the sun was


shining very brightly, and I asked it what I should do with it, and I fell asleep, and there is the shilling."

Now I am not going to tell you what became of Careless Dick, Confectioner Jack, or Sleepy Bob; but I shall tell you about Charlie and Willie. Willie went out to India; and when they were on the voyage a great storm arose, and he seemed to be everywhere, and if it had not been for his handiness the ship might have been wrecked.

Charlie went out to Australia, and worked in the bush. One day he became very ill, and could not work. As he was lying under a tree, a horseman passed him and had compassion on him, and asked him his name, and where he came from? He told him; and the man on horseback said, "Don't you remember me?" He said, "No." The man then said, "Don't you remember Archie, the washerwoman's boy?" "Oh yes!" he cried. Archie, like the good Samaritan, put him on his own beast, took him to his home, and paid his passage to England again, and Charlie prospered afterwards.

Boys! try and be "handy"; and remember "One good turn deserves"—and generally meets with—"another."

The Bible Mine Searched.

 ANSWERS are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. BOWLEY HILL, M.A., VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.

1. What three things do God's believing people wait for in connection with Christian hope?
2. Was a lobster a clean or unclean animal according to the law of Moses?
3. What marked steps did the devil take with Judas for the betrayal of Jesus?
4. Who is the earliest prophet in Scripture; and how did he prophesy?
5. What verse of the Old Testament conveys to

us more fully than any other the completeness of God's forgiveness?

6. Can we trace any connection of St. Paul who was associated in a remarkable manner with the crucifixion of our Lord?

ANSWERS (See July No.).

1. Acts xx. 17, 35.
2. Exod. xx. 24.
3. Hab. ii. 4; See Rom. i. 17; Gal. iii. 11; Heb. x. 38.
4. Deut. xxvii. 26.
5. Isa. lxx. 20.
6. Matt. xxii. 32.



SUN.—1st day.
Rises 4.25. Sets 7.48.

AUGUST.

MOON.—New, 1st, A. 1.27.
Full, 17th, M. 1.33.
New, 30th, A. 11.41.

GRACE

LIFE

REST IN THE LORD.

THY WORD
IS TRUTH

GOD IS LOVE

AN ANCHOR OF HOPE

JOY

PEACE

LOVE

In
returning
and rest shall ye be saved.

ISA. xxx. 15.

- | | | |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | S | 10th S. af. Trin. The Lord shall give rest. Isa. xiv. 3. |
| 2 | M | This is not your rest, because it is polluted. Mic. ii. 10. |
| 3 | Tu | There remaineth a rest for the people of God. Heb. |
| 4 | W | Ye shall find rest for your souls. Jer. vi. 16. [iv. 9.] |
| 5 | Th | Let us labour to enter into that rest. Heb. iv. 11. |
| 6 | F | Ye are not as yet come to the rest. Deut. xii. 9. |
| 7 | S | The Lord grant that you may find rest. Ruth i. 9. |
| 8 | S | 11th S. af. Trin. On the seventh day thou shalt rest. |

Their
strength is to sit still.

ISA. xxx. 7.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 9 | M | Jacob shall be at rest and at ease. Jer. xli. 27. |
| 10 | Tu | I went to cause him to rest. Jer. xxxi. 2. |
| 11 | W | I fainted in my sighing, and I find no rest. Jer. xiv. 3. |
| 12 | Th | I removed his shoulder from the burden. Ps. lxxxi. 6. |
| 13 | F | Rest, and be still. Jer. xlvii. 6. [Exod. xxxiv. 21.] |
| 14 | S | In earing time, and in harvest, thou shalt rest. |
| 15 | S | 12th S. af. Trin. God rested the seventh day. Exod. |
| 16 | M | Spoil not his resting-place. Prov. xxiv. 15. [xx. 11.] |

COME
UNTO ME, ALL YE
THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN,
AND I WILL GIVE YOU
REST.

ST. MATT. xi. 28.

Quietly
wait for the
salvation of the Lord.

LAM. iii. 26

I
will wait,
till my change come.

JON. xiv. 14

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 17 | Tu | Wait on thy God continually. Hosea xii. 6. |
| 18 | W | I will wait for the God of my salvation. Mic. vii. 7. |
| 19 | Th | Wait ye upon Me, saith the Lord. Zeph. iii. 8. |
| 20 | F | He shall make me to lie down. Ps. xxiii. 2. [xliv. 23.] |
| 21 | S | They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me. Isa. |
| 22 | S | 13th S. af. Trin. O Lord, we have waited for Thee. |
| 23 | M | Isa. xxxiii. 2. |
| | | He that believeth shall not make haste. Isa. xxviii. 16. |

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 24 | Tu | ST. BARN. The Lord is good to them that wait for Him. |
| 25 | W | In the way of Thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited |
| 26 | Th | Wait on the Lord. Ps. xxvii. 14. [for Thee. Isa. xxvi. 2.] |
| 27 | F | They shall dwell safely in the wilderness. Ezek. |
| 28 | S | The Lord hid them. Jer. xxxvi. 26. [xxxiv. 25.] |
| 29 | S | 14th S. af. Trin. I will both lay me down in peace, and |
| 30 | M | I laid me down and slept. Ps. iii. 5. [sleep. Ps. iv. 9.] |
| 31 | Tu | Tell me where Thou makest Thy flock to rest. Cant. |

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.—Bonar

"PH for the calm dignity of one who, while grasping an Almighty hand, exclaims, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me'; to know what it is to 'rest in the Lord, whilst working for the Lord.' 'We cannot see good—true, lasting, spiritual good—in our afflictions, until with the eye of faith—spiritual vision—we see God in them. Then our word may be, 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.'"—C. B.



HIS HIGHNESS SEYYID BURGHASH, SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Baby's Name.

FAIR little babe! Thy loving friends
Are seeking names for thee!
Among all gentle ones, they ask,
What shall our darling's be?

Unconscious of their love or care
Thou liest in thy nest;
No thought of name, or future days,
Disturbs thy little breast.

O little child! whate'er thy name
Or earthly life may be,
May He who loved young children well,
Watch tenderly o'er thee,
And give thee that "new name" which all
Who overcome shall bear,
The Father's Name upon thy brow
For evermore to wear.

E. H. W.

The Sultan of Zanzibar and his Impressions of the Queen of England.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE Sultan or Seyyid of Zanzibar's visit to this country is now a matter of history. He came to England under circumstances which were likely to secure for him a kindly welcome: and there can be no doubt that his cordial reception was, to a great extent, owing to the steps he had taken to check the slave trade by sea on the coast of Zanzibar, and his prohibition of the public sale of slaves in his dominions.

He has already done much to promote the commerce of Zanzibar; and as one result of his visit the products of the country will most probably become more than hitherto articles of national trade. The ivory market of Zanzibar is said to be the greatest in the world;

the country is rich in coal mines; we already get our carriage varnish from its inexhaustible supplies of gum copal; and almost all the cloves in the world are produced there. Hides, spices, sugar, cotton, maize, cocoa-nut fibre, are also becoming important articles of commerce. Sir H. Bartle Frere anticipates great results from the application of European enterprise and capital in opening out the East African coast trade. He speaks of it as a field quite as ample and important for cultivation as the opposite shores of India: well situated, and abounding in all that is necessary to support a great population. The most serious drawback is that there are no roads, nor any means of transporting the products of the land, save on the shoulders of slaves.* It has been suggested that a system of tramways would do most to remedy the

* We give a portrait of one of these East African slaves. See page 199.

evil, but the Sultan says he is too poor to venture upon so costly an undertaking.

From all that occurred during his Highness's visit we have good reason to hope that, aided by English enterprise, he will on his return give himself more than ever to the work of advancing the welfare of his people and country. As he himself expressed it, "he came to England for the purpose of gaining such information as would enable him the better to govern Zanzibar;" and certainly he seems to have lost no opportunity in the employment of his time in carrying out his purpose.

He is a middle aged man, about forty, with extremely simple pleasing manners: sensible and very observant. He ascended the throne in 1870. Literature and art have his approval and patronage. He is fond of reading; he delights in conversing with learned men; and he possesses a library which contains all the Arabic books printed in Egypt. There are not any printing presses in Zanzibar, and consequently the rare manuscripts have to be copied by the pen. A printed copy of one of these having been presented to his Highness by Dr. Badger, he immediately exclaimed, "I must have it in the original; I shall set ten clerks to work upon it, for I shall read the book should it cost its weight in gold."

Perhaps the strongest feeling occasioned by his visit was an admiration of the Queen. This arose not from any hastily conceived notion, but has grown with his years. He had heard his father frequently refer to Her Majesty in terms of praise and respect, and knew that he had sent her a ship as a present. All the Englishmen who had visited his dominions spoke often of the Queen, and never but in expressions of esteem. Thus his wonder and consequent desire to see this monarch daily increased.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gave the following account of his impressions on meeting the Queen. Englishmen may well be proud of the testimony borne to their sovereign's worth of character and world-wide renown.

"The Sultan said, 'I have now seen with my eyes what I have so long desired to see, Her Majesty the Queen of England. My father often used to talk to us of Queen Victoria; but he died without seeing her. I

now tell you why I have so often said that it was the summit of my ambition to see the face of Her Majesty. It was this:—I have met many Englishmen in my time, not only of the Royal navy and army, but also civilians, merchants, and travellers, and I wondered why they all spoke of their sovereign, not in a formal way as did the people of other nations, but with enthusiasm and affection. This made me mentally to liken her to that mountain of loadstone mentioned in the "Thousand and One Nights" which drew the nails out of the sides of the ships which passed that way. Even so did the hearts of Englishmen I have hitherto met seem to be drawn as by a magnet to Her Majesty. I come to England and find the same hearty loyalty pervading all classes. You saw the thousands the other evening at the Crystal Palace all stand up when the music played the Queen's hymn. No one tells them to stand, but they stand up of their own accord from affection to her. And, no wonder; for verily she is the centre of all the glory, all the greatness, all the prosperity of this grand empire. And she is a woman too! Praise be to the Sovereign Creator who endows whom He will with fitness to rule and with qualities to attract loyalty and affection! I fancied that I should have been overwhelmed when I had the high honour of seeing the face of the Queen. I was, indeed, wonder-struck with all the sumptuousness which surrounded her: but hers is the simple majesty which captivates, not that which bewilders. Nevertheless she was majestic in her simplicity, and my heart wept for her when I saw the two princesses, her royal daughters, by her side, and remembered that her beloved Consort had been taken to the mercy of God. May that great God bless her and her royal offspring, and the mighty people over whom she rules. I can say no more, for words fail me to express what my heart feels. A thousand times I say, God bless her."

Although the Sultan had never before seen the eminent personages of this country he was familiarly acquainted with their appearance. He possessed several large photographic albums in which were their portraits. Consequently he was able to say, "That is Mr. Disraeli," or "That is Mr. Gladstone,"

when he saw, but before he was introduced to, these statesmen. Indeed, he is singularly keen and observant; once having seen a face it rarely escapes his memory. Recently, when at a banquet, he whispered to a friend sitting at his right hand that the person at his left was a "perfect gentleman." "For," said he, "observe his delicacy. Knowing the sentiments of the Mohammedans as to wine, he has removed the decanter from his right to his left side. Many would not have thought of this."

He seemed to understand some of the principles of our constitution, for when told the nature of our Houses of Parliament, he said, "I understand that measures relating to finance must originate in the Lower House, and receive the approval both of the Upper House and of the Queen." There was some difficulty in explaining to him the office of Lord Chancellor. At length Dr. Badger suggested the title "*Hājibū-l-Hajjāb*," which, in Arabic, means "screen of screens," thus giving him to understand that the officer in question was the mediator between the people and the Queen, a position best intelligible to the mind of an Arab by the above definition. He warmly reciprocated the respect shown him by the English nobility; he says he never expected such an exhibition of kindness, and that, generally speaking, "there is a great kindness in the English heart." He was several times asked, "Is there anything you can suggest that would benefit your country?" His reply invariably was, "I want nothing but the good-will of England."

He is evidently well aware that the future prosperity of Zanzibar depends upon the extension of his trade.

"There," said he, pointing to a hillock of coal at Woolwich Arsenal, "those are your real diamonds:" a fact which we ourselves embody in a somewhat similar expression. "You English have the money," he continued, "and money can do everything."

Commercially, no doubt, there is great truth in this estimate of money; but we should have liked some bystander at this moment to have whispered the Queen's words in his ears: "The Bible, not money, is the true secret of England's greatness."

It is a cause of thankfulness that before

the Sultan left us, a testimony of this kind was conveyed to him in a very impressive manner by the British and Foreign Bible Society. A deputation waited upon him, headed by the Earl of Shaftesbury, to present him with a very handsome Arabic Bible.

In presenting the Bible, Lord Shaftesbury informed the Seyyid that, by God's blessing, the Society had translated the Bible into 210 languages, and some portions of it had been even printed in the Sultan's dialect of Arabic, the Swaheli. Dr. Badger was interpreting sentence for sentence, and at this point the Sultan interrupted by saying that he had seen a translation made by Bishop Tozer, or some one under him. Lord Shaftesbury, resuming, observed that he could only say to his Highness as the Archbishop of Canterbury said to the Queen on her coronation, putting a Bible into her hand, "This is the best Book in the whole world." "We have no doubt about the Bible and the New Testament," said his Highness. "We humbly pray your Highness," continued his Lordship, "to do all in your power to circulate that book among your people"—("If it please God," his Highness interposed)—"and it is the prayer of this Society and the whole people of England that your Highness may be blessed in your government, to your own happiness, the good of your people, and the glory of God."

The Sultan's reply, translated by Dr. Badger, was, that he trusted the prayer of the deputation would be carried out by the protection he received from Her Majesty and the English nation, and through their kind prayers on his behalf. On receiving the Bible the Sultan begged Dr. Badger to say that he knew perfectly well what the Scriptures were, and that he recognised the book the moment he opened it, having had one previously in Zanzibar. He added, "The words of Jesus—upon whom be peace—are always acceptable to us. The Koran mentions about the Bible and the New Testament, and we only wish that all the people would walk according thereto."

A copy of the New Testament in Arabic was then presented to each of the Sultan's suite, and his Highness was also presented with part of St. John's Gospel and the Psalms

in Swaheli, and a little book, containing the text, "God so loved the world," etc., in 134 languages. This seemed to please him much, and he examined it with great interest, pointing out to Dr. Badger several Indian dialects with which he was familiar. "You are very kind, and I am delighted to see you," said the Sultan as he shook hands with the deputation on their departure.

The Seyyid is certainly a good speaker. Even when translated his remarks evince much clear thought, and they were always to the point. How much, for example, is conveyed in the following extract from his speech before the Corporation of London. Dr. Badger, the interpreter, said:—

"His Highness is extremely sorry that he cannot speak to you in the language understood by you. He feels he has a difficult task. The difficulty consists in this: he has heard it said that his speeches are very much alike, but he says 'How can I help it?—it is the fault of the English. You all begin by welcoming me, you all begin by greeting me, you all tell me that I have done something towards suppressing the slave trade, and hope I may do more; and what can I say but Thank you?' His Highness feels that great honour has been done through himself to the Arab people. Perhaps, as was mentioned in the address of the Corporation to-day, he is one of the first sovereigns of Arab lineage that has come to this country. The account of his reception will, his Highness is sure, be read with great delight among Arabs everywhere, whether they are in the deserts or in the towns; and in that respect he says, 'I have greatly to thank the British Press, especially the Press of London, which has given such long and kindly accounts of my reception in this country.' No later than Saturday last his Highness received an Arab newspaper from Constantinople, the first broadsheet of which contained long extracts from most of the London journals, setting forth the manner in which he had been received by Englishmen. That paper is edited by one of the first Arabic scholars in the world; in a few days perhaps it will circulate throughout Arabia, and his Highness says that the rumour will go to Arabs, and that Arabs will be delighted at the honour

which has been done to them. The Arabs have always been the friends of the English, and the English have been the friends of the Arabs, who look up to England, on account of its justice and toleration, as their protector.

"His Highness remarks the cordiality which he has received not only from her most gracious Majesty, but from a number of members of the Royal Family, from the British Ministry, from the heads of departments, from corporations in the country, and now from the glorious corporation of London, and says, 'I am lost with wonder, and what can I say but Thank you?' The remembrance of this visit I shall carry away with me to my native land. I shall never forget it; and I trust that what I have seen of the liberty, of the industry, and of the enterprise of this country will have some effect upon my future rule in those dominions.

"His Highness does not wonder that you are all proud of your country and of your institutions. He only wishes that with equal cause he could be as proud of his; but he ventures to remark that the present glory of England is the outcome of ages of civilization, whereas Zanzibar is, as it were, still in its cradle. With the fostering care, however, of the Government and the commercial community of Great Britain, it may in time vie with her in the race of human progress. To the warmth of our material sun, says his Highness, let but English capital and English energy be superadded to stimulate our growth, and then the foster-mother shall have no cause to be ashamed of her foster-child.

"On the subject of slavery, his Highness is not surprised that here, in London, the centre of freedom and civilization, the subject of the slave trade should engross so much attention; for we are aware that it cost you much time, and that you spent millions of money to put an end to it among yourselves. Nevertheless you finally accomplished it, to your perpetual honour. We thank you for recognising the little which, acting up to our treaty obligations, we have been able to do in the same direction; and we now say to you: 'Do not ignore the difficulties of our situation; help us wherein we need help in this matter; and, God willing, our prosperity



A NEGRO OF ZANZIBAR.

shall, in course of time, be as your prosperity, and our freedom like yours. I shall do my best; and I trust before long all people and territories will alike be free."

We cannot but confidently hope that England will give a hearty response to the appeal

for aid and co-operation so earnestly made by the Sultan of Zanzibar: that his visit to England may result in mercantile enterprise, the progress of civilization, the freedom of the slave, and the evangelization of his people.

Roger Beckinsall's Story; or, The Milestones on the Road.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE CLIFFS;" "MATTHEW FROST," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE WRECK.



THE darkness of the October night soon closed over the wreck of the *Ada*, and out of the five men who formed the crew only one was saved. The other four were buried in the little churchyard of Seabourne the next Sunday morning, and though I had seen many funerals there, there had never been one like this. People came from the villages round to look upon the four coffins; three were grown men's, the other only a boy's. Only one of the crew was an Englishman. The rest had Italian names: I can't rightly remember, if indeed I ever knew them.

I did not see Mr. Herbert for more than a week. He was kept to his bed with a sprain he had got in the fierce buffet with the waves.

The sun was shining bright one morning, and I was sitting in a lazy way by the door of the workshop, when I heard my name called, and looking up I saw Mrs. Herbert. She came in and laid her hand on my shoulder, and looked at me very much as she had looked that day long ago, when I ran to her in my trouble about my mother. Father was gone down to the village about some order, and there was no one with us.

"Roger," said she, "my grandson and my son—his father—wish to see you. You were very brave that night, and by God's help you saved the lives of two very dear to me. Roger," she said, so solemn and earnest-like, "you are old enough now to know right from wrong, and to be able to choose your own path in life. Mr. Herbert, my son, desires to take away his boy from me—my only comfort—as

soon as he is well. Now you have seen a deal of Master Herbert, and you may be able to persuade him to remain with me. There are reasons, Roger," and then I remember she bowed her grand head with a sigh that was almost a groan,—“there are reasons why the boy ought not to go with his father. Now come,” she went on, “come with me.”

I untied my apron, and then I remember I hesitated. I thought of all my talk with Master Herbert the evening of the wreck, and I felt somehow two-faced to be employed to persuade Master Herbert not to do what we had both resolved was the thing we much wanted to do,—go out into the world and see it.

Well, I made a pretence of making myself a bit tidy, and while Mrs. Herbert paced up and down before the cottage railing, I was brushing my hair at the little bit of glass in the corner, and washing my hands at the pump outside. At last I joined the lady, and without a word I followed her into the garden, which was always like a sort of fairyland to me, not like the common ground on our side of the wall at all. The autumn flowers, yellow chrysanthemums and michaelmas daisies, were all as bright as the crocuses had been years ago. Everything looked the same.

When we got into the little square hall, Mrs. Herbert bid me wait a moment while she went into a room near at hand. As she opened the door, a smell of smoke came out, and a loud voice called,—

“Have you brought the boy with you?”

Even then I thought it was not the way that I should have spoken to my mother if she had been spared.

“Yes,” the lady said; “here is Roger Beckinsall. Come in, Roger.”

In I went, shy enough and sheepish; and

it did not make me feel more at my ease when Mr. Herbert said,—

"Why you are but a little fellow after all. Hugh there is twice as big."

Master Herbert was lying on a sofa, and he held out his hand to me in his frank way.

"Well old Roger. I have been telling my father what pluck you had that night; and how, when all the other fellows were too chicken-hearted to let me have the rope, you helped me and held on."

"Yes," said Mr. Herbert, still puffing lazily at a short pipe, "and I can't let a fine fellow like you slip. See here, Beckton—or Beckington,—or whatever you call yourself,—I am only waiting for this youngster to pick up a bit, and I shall be off in another yacht to try my fortune again. I'll give you a berth and wages, and you'll find out the world is rather wider than the Seabourne folks take it to be. I have lost four good fellows by that cursed storm, and the *Ada* into the bargain: but there's as good fish in the sea as what comes out of it, and I am never the man to give in."

All this time Mrs. Herbert had stood at the back of Master Herbert's sofa, with a look on her face I shall never forget. She seemed to think remonstrance useless, for her lips were tightly locked together, and she looked across to her son with a glance that was terrible for any son to see I should think.

Mr. Herbert was a fine, handsome man, all bronzed and weather-beaten, but looking every inch a gentleman. His free and easy manner was very different to Mrs. Herbert's stateliness. He had, as I believe, given himself over to the service of sin: I thought it service then, I know it's slavery now. Presently he spoke again.

"So youngster, this is my offer as a reward for saving my life. You can tell your father and mother about it if you like, and let us hear."

"He has no mother," Mrs. Herbert said, speaking for the first time; "no mother—to break her heart by disobedience." Her voice sounded hollow as she went on. "I should have thought the death which was very near you a week ago"—looking hard in the same terrible way at Mr. Herbert—"would have made you see things differently."

"Death—ah, ah! to be sure, we must all die, you know. I don't know that to be

smothered in that surf or beaten to jelly on those rocks is a very pleasant mode of going out of the world; so I am obliged to those two boys for preventing it, and giving me another chance."

"Oh, how can you talk so! not before the young, I entreat you."

Mr. Herbert laughed; and dragging himself out of his chair, went to finish his pipe in the garden. Mrs. Herbert went away to hide her distress, and Master Herbert and I were left alone.

My persuading him was all very fine; he very soon came round me. He was fond of his father; he was always good natured to him. His grandmother was so stiff and starchy; he was fond enough of her—but what young man of seventeen ever had such a life as this! His father had intended to sail in the *Ada* expressly to take him off in her for a year's cruise, and he meant to go, and I must come too. "It was a grand offer for me," he said; "I should be treated more like a friend than a servant. If I didn't agree, he should say I was afraid: besides," he added, in that lordly way of his, I always felt get the better of me, whether I would or not, "besides, you always do as I tell you, old Roger."

I left him at last, promising to tell my father of what he called my splendid fortune; and then I turned out into the sunny garden again, feeling all adrift, and uneasy, and miserable, and yet, I fear me, set on having my own way.

Now I am an old man, and yet I can't think of this point of my life to which I am come without feeling where the fault lay. Why I was like a ship without a pilot or compass, and I was trying to get on by my own wisdom and my own strength. I turned a deaf ear to the voice within. I was bent on having my own way. I had all sorts of false reasoning with myself. There was the honour of going with Mr. Herbert. Wasn't it a grand thing for me; wouldn't lots of boys envy my luck?

Now, you see, I was not like many of my age, ignorant, as far as head knowledge went, of God. I had learned my catechism, and next time the bishop reached our out-of-the-way parts, I was to be confirmed. The

words of the Bible came easy to my lips: so did the prayers I said Sunday after Sunday in church. Never a bad coarse word passed my father's lips: never did I see him take a glass too much in my life: so my home example was good; *but*—ay, and what a but it is—my religion meant nothing—nothing! When it came teaching me to be contented in the state of life to which it had pleased God to call me: when it came to making me industrious at my trade, and considerate for my father—why it was all moonshine. I was set upon having my own way. I had it, I took it,—and you shall hear what came of it.

And here I just wish to say that what seems to me to be the mistake so many folks, ay, Christian folks, make, lies in this: they say they wish God's will to be done, and they say they are ready to try to bow before it: but it is to get one's own will *one's* with God's—it's *that* that brings peace. That's the secret which makes rough places plain and crooked paths straight.

Well, I told my father of Mr. Herbert's offer. I said he was going to buy a new yacht; that Master Herbert was to go for the next cruise; and I was to go too, if I would.

"You've never been at sea in your life, boy," was my father's calm answer, as he was bending over a book in the twilight of Sunday evening. I had put off speaking to him till then, as it seemed easier to talk than when we were at work. "I should have thought, lad, the scene a fortnight ago would have turned you against the sea,—those four corpses stretched out stiff and cold, one a young boy's, whose mother may be crying for him now!"

"Oh," I said, "the like of that might never happen again. I am to be Master Herbert's servant, and we should put in at foreign ports, and see a deal that would be of use to me. I should be working for my living, and

I should send home my wages, and come back myself, and——"

"Leave me alone in my old age," my father said. "No, Roger; you don't go with my consent at all; but if you can't settle yourself at Seabourne, you shan't leave it with a man like Mr. Herbert—a wild fellow, who has gone far to break his mother's heart, and who is taking off his only son to teach him, as I fear, to be like himself. No, Roger; in your dead mother's name as well as my own, I forbid you to go, or have aught to do with Mr. Herbert or his yacht."

My father spoke in a voice which trembled a little as he said my mother's name, but grew firm as he went on.

"I'm a poor humble man, as my father was before me, but I would rather see you working from hand to mouth and earning your bread at an honest calling, than I would see you going off with the like of Mr. Herbert. You know my mind now, and there is no need to say more."

We neither of us did say any more. A dark sullen sort of cloud settled on me. I gave way to discontent, and all kinds of bad feelings; and, to my shame let me say it, though it is fifty and more years ago, the next Sunday, for the first time in my life, I shunned church, and let my father go all alone down the lane where I had trotted with him often in better days. It gives me pain now, old as I be, to think of my father's look that Sunday morning when I said, "I wasn't going to church, I wasn't in the mood for it." There's nothing like indulged sin for hardening the heart, and drying up the fountain of home love.

Well, God has taught me many lessons; and I thank Him that He brought me by ways I knew not, blind and obstinate as I was.

(To be continued.)

God Bless ye, Merry Harbesters.

GOD bless ye, merry Harvesters! Down with the golden grain;
 I love to hear your sickle strokes enlivening the plain,
 And joy to see those happy smiles which brighten up your face,
 Gleam through those briny drops of sweat, and give your cheeks a grace.

I love to see your waving fields like undulating seas,
And green blades flutter in the wind like pennants in the breeze;
But more I love your monuments, reared by the hand of toil,
Those yellow sheaves and golden stacks which crown the generous soil.

Some sing of other harvesters who mow down fields of men;
Who widows make, and orphans too, then deify the slain;
But, tell me, are those crimson piles, heaped high in bloody strife,
Deserving more the song of praise than bread, the staff of life?

Long may ye live, and healthfully, to quaff the cup of peace,
And may your flocks, and little ones, and lowing herds, increase;
And oh! may He who giveth bread send plenty to your door,
Enough to spread the rich man's board, and satisfy the poor.

"God bless ye, merry Harvesters!" let every Briton sing,
Till with the song the hills awake and lowly valleys ring;
'Neath cottage, hall, and temple roof, prolong the joyous strain,—
God bless ye, merry harvesters! again, again, again.

God bless ye, merry Harvesters, who plough the fallow sod:
Who sow the seed and harrow it, then leave the rest to God;
To Him who sendeth sun and rain, and seed and harvest time,
God speed ye all, ye sturdy sons of England's happy clime!

And ye who own the fruitful soil, as Boaz did of old,
Pray don't forget the helping hands that store your purse with gold;
But when young Ruth, the gleaner, comes, go bid your honest men
Drop, here and there and liberally, an ear of precious grain.

God help ye all, ye Harvesters; and when that day shall come,
When those who sow and reap in tears shall shout the Harvest Home;
May ye among those ripened shocks be found, of which we read,
And find yourselves safe lodged in Heaven as precious garnered seed.

EDWARD CAPERN, *the Bideford Rural Postman*.

Common Mistakes about Religion.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "DAY BY DAY," "NOT YOUR OWN," ETC.

VII. "I MAKE NO PROFESSION."



H, how often we hear this: "At least I'm no hypocrite. I'm not like Mr. So-and-so, who goes to the Lord's Table, and then, as far as I see, lives no better than others. *I make no profession.*"

There looks at first sight something rather exalted, rather straightforward, in a plea like this. It gains a certain measure of credit for a man. But when you examine it there is something very false and hollow about it. It is worth very little even now, and will certainly be of no avail whatever hereafter.

Perhaps, after all, you are making a very loud profession. You are making such a profession that every one can hear it. Your daily life tells a very plain tale. The words you speak, and the way in which you act, make it quite clear whose servant you are and whom you are following. You boast of "making no profession;" but all you say and do is bearing witness against you that your master is the prince of this world, and that pleasure and business and money are the gods you worship.

"I make no profession," you say. But is this true in the sense in which you mean it?

Most likely you were baptized in your infancy. You were then dedicated to the Lord's service. You were received into the Church in these words: "We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign him with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant to his life's end." Have you ever openly and plainly cast off your baptismal engagements? Have you disowned the name of Christian? Do you wish persons to consider you as an infidel or a heathen? If not, you do make a profession *as far as you think it convenient*, though you stop where it might bring with it the reproach of the Cross. Of course, if ever you have been confirmed, still more plainly have you made an open profession before many witnesses.

Then have you never been to Church? In your name, and in that of the whole congregation, the minister has declared, "I believe in God the Father Almighty." "I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, etc." So here again you have made a profession. By your presence in the house of God: by thus joining in the Belief: by joining in the prayers and in the

singing of the hymns: you have professed to be a follower of Christ.

The truth is, the plea in which you glory of making no profession means simply this: that you are a deserter from the camp; that you have forsaken your colours, disguised your uniform, and turned your back on Him whom it is your bounden duty to serve even to the end.

But is there no sin in "*making no profession*"? I am sure there is. You speak of the sin of hypocrisy, and think if you are free from that all is well. But will the fact of one man being a hypocrite the very least clear you if you are found guilty of another sin? Surely it will not. Suppose one man tells a lie, does that diminish the sin of theft in another?

Now look at this sin which you regard so lightly, yea, rather glory in. Think what it is you do when you declare that you will "make no profession," and are quite content to remain in the position in which you are.

Remember, Christ has come into our world to save sinners. He came down from His home above to redeem us from our lost estate. He came to make us the sons of God and heirs of eternal life. He tasted death for every man. He opened the gate of heaven to all who would come to Him and trust in His Name. And now that He has ascended to the right hand of the Father, He delights to welcome and forgive lost and perishing sinners. And one thing especially He asks of His people. He bids them boldly to confess His Name. He warns them not to deny Him through the fear of man. He tells us that He will soon return in His kingdom, and that "whosoever is ashamed of Him and of His words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels."

Ah! here is your sin. You make no profession. Then clearly you are ashamed

of Christ! You will not accept Him as your Saviour, or own Him as your King.

An aged father comes to your door. Tenderly and kindly he brought you up, and did everything in his power to promote your welfare and happiness; but now he is poor and needy, and you are ashamed of him, and turn him away to seek a shelter elsewhere. Is there no ingratitude here? Is there no sin in thus acting toward him?


But far greater is your ingratitude toward Christ. He has done far more for you than any earthly parent ever could. He has regarded you with compassion and pity, even when you have been sinning against Him every day. He has given His life as a ransom for your sins. He comes to your door, and bids you receive Him, and honour Him by confessing His Name. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice, and

open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

Dear reader, if hitherto a stranger to the Saviour's grace, be so no longer. His presence is light, and joy, and peace: for in Him "all the promises of God are yea and amen." You need His grace as a sinner, and He alone can supply your need. Receive Him into your heart as your only hope: and then confess Him boldly before men. If others make a false profession, that is only another reason why you should make an honest one. Let not the fear of man dismay you. The Lord Himself is by your side, and with Him at hand you need not be afraid, though all the world were against you. Never, never be ashamed of Christ, His words, or His people.

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name."

An Angry Word!

" AN angry word! What recks it?
Hath not every rose a thorn?
And if to-night we quarrel,
Shall we not be friends at morn?"

See, yon landscape, over-clouded,
Longs for sunshine, but in vain:
Yet when summer-storms are over,
Shall it not forget the rain?

So the wrath of friends and lovers
Is but temporary night:
Are not stars set in the gloaming?
Comes not, after darkness, light?"

"Take heed, take heed, O trifler!
And believe me, 'tis not so;
From small, unfelt beginnings
Springs a very storm of woe.

And the drops that trickle slowly
Will at last the pitcher fill:
Angry words are streamlets leading
To a mighty sea of ill.

See the mightiest, loftiest mountains,
That on earth in grandeur stand;
Are *they* not framed of atoms—
Formed of myriad grains of sand?

So the smallest seed of evil
That in human heart may be,
Grows, and grows, and spreads its branches,
Till it stands a mighty tree.

When the wrath-king comes upon thee,
Let 'the still small voice' be heard:
And in Christian armour, bravely,
Ward you off 'an angry word!'"

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.



A Whaling Expedition.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON, AUTHOR OF "CHARLEY LAUREL," ETC.



THE good ship *Dolphin* stood away from the coast towards a part of the ocean where it was expected that whales would be found. Look-outs were at the mast-head. Most of the crew were knotting and splicing, spinning yarns, or performing other work of which there is always plenty to be done on board ship, while several of them were lying lazily about, doing nothing.

Suddenly there came a shout from aloft, "There she blows!" In a moment all the crew jumped to their feet. Our stout captain tumbled up from below, crying out, "Where away?" and four boats being lowered and manned, off they pulled in the direction in which the look-out pointed. We could see, about a quarter of a mile from the ship, a huge hump projecting three feet out of the water, while from the fore part of the monster's enormous head arose, at the end of every ten seconds, a white jet of foam.

"There again! there again!" shouted the crew. Away dashed the boats at full speed.

"His spoutings are nearly out," said one.

"He is going down," cried another.

"Again a spout rose, and we could see the small, as it is called, of his back rise preparatory to his descent.

"His tail will be up directly," said one of the sailors, "and they will lose him, I fear;" but at that moment the mate's boat dashing on, as he stood up in it, with his glistening harpoon raised above his head, away it flew with unerring force, and was buried in the side of the huge animal. A loud cheer rose from the men in the boats and those on deck; and the whale, hitherto so quiet, began to strike the water with his vast tail, aiming with desperate blows at his advancing enemies. Now his enormous bottle-nose-shaped head rose in the air. Now we saw his flukes lashing the water, his body writhing with the agony of the wound the sharp iron had inflicted. The water around him was soon

beaten into a mass of foam, while the noise made by his tail was almost deafening.

Those on board stood eagerly watching the scene, and it seemed as if the boat could scarcely escape some of those desperate blows dealt around.

Presently one cried, "See it's 'stern all.'"

The boat backed out of the way; the monster's tail rose for an instant and disappeared. He had "sounded."

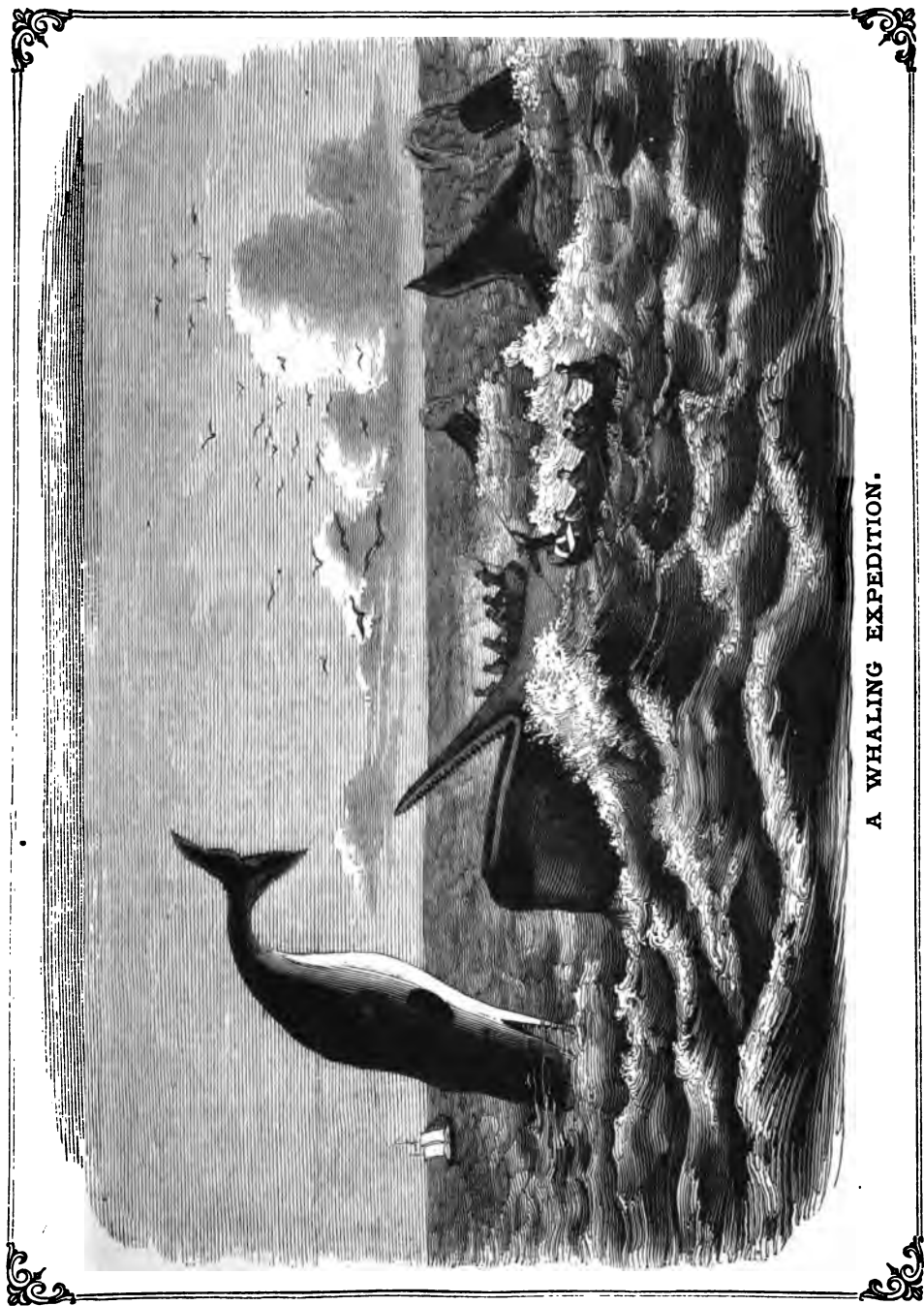
Away ran the line. An oar was held up in the boat to indicate that the line had run out.

The nearest boat dashed up, and a fresh line was bent on. That soon came to an end; and another, and yet another was joined to it.

"He has eight hundred fathoms out by this time," shouted one of the sailors, "and if he does not come up soon, he will be lost. But no, it's 'haul in the slack;' he is rising; they are coiling away the line in the tubs."

Directly afterwards the blunt nose of the animal rose from the sea, and a spout was projected high into the air. The mate's boat was being hauled rapidly towards it. A long lance with which he was armed was quickly buried in the side of the huge creature, going deep down into a vital part. The other boats gathered round it: from each a lance was darted forth, the whale rolling over and over in his agony, and coiling the rope round him: when suddenly, with open jaws, he darted at one of the boats and then attacked another. It was the mate's boat which was overtaken, and was seen, shattered to fragments, flying into the air, while the other was capsized; and now the whale went so swiftly along the surface, that it seemed he must after all escape.

Two of the boats were not yet fastened, and without stopping to help the men in the water, away they dashed in chase of the whale. Impeded by the shattered boat he was dragging after him, and by several drogues fastened to the lines, he was soon overtaken, when another harpoon and several more lances were darted into his body. Still unconquered, away the animal again went,



A WHALING EXPEDITION.

and up went his tail: he was attempting to sound, but this his increasing weakness prevented him from doing. Then he stopped, and his vast frame began to writhe and twist about in every possible way, beating the surrounding sea into foam and dyeing it with his blood. The boats backed out of his way. The captain had sent another boat to the assistance of the men in the water, when it was seen that the one upset was righted, and

that the people belonging to the shattered boat had been taken on board her. She soon joined those which were fast to the whale, and when the monster at length lay motionless on the water, assisted them in towing it up to the ship.

The whale was soon alongside, and the operation of cutting off the blubber, hoisting it on board, and boiling it down in huge caldrons placed on tripods, commenced.

Home Makers, and How they Made them.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

V. A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.



OW, Phoebe, don't you be silly, and go sacrificing yourself for a father who, as far as I can understand, has never sacrificed himself for you, or your poor mother, or any of you. If you can send him a pound or so now and then when you take your wages, that's all you've any call to do."

"I cannot think, Ann, that that is all. Father has a kind heart, and if he hasn't always done the very best for us children, he meant right by us. And now poor mother is gone, I must—yes, I *must* go home and take her place among the children."

"And you likely to do so well! Why, here's Miss Clarissa means you to be her own maid when she marries, and I'm going to be cook; and in six months we should be living in as beautiful a mansion as any I ever clapped eyes on. I know the place, and can tell it's a great lift both for you and me; for we shall have a kind lady, good wages, and not half the work we have here."

"I'm not ungrateful to my mistress for her kindness; but it's my duty to go to my father and my motherless brothers and sisters."

"Duty indeed! Well, I never heard any one like you for boring one with 'duty.'

Take care of number one; that's my notion of duty."

This conversation sufficiently explains itself. Phoebe was a young ladies'-maid who had the prospect of being promoted to a very confidential situation with her mistress, now on the eve of marriage; Ann was a distant cousin, who, having known Phoebe from her childhood, felt warranted in giving both advice and opinion pretty freely as to her intending to "throw away a chance of bettering herself" from a sense of duty.

Not so did her young mistress think when Phoebe explained the matter to her. She understood the word duty to mean doing what was right, whether it was pleasant or not; and so she gave up the plan of taking a servant she greatly liked to her new home, and commended Phoebe for resolving to go to her bereaved father and his young family.

"You must try to be a mother to them; and, Phoebe, to do that you must pray to the Strong for strength."

These were only simple words, but they sank into the young girl's heart, as with many tears she took leave of her mistress and went to her father's desolate abode in a western suburb of London.

Yes, "desolate;" that was the word which best described the little two-storied cottage, in a lane between Fulham and

Chelsea, where Richards the gardener, Phoebe's father, lived.

He had been a man in a good way of business as a market gardener in Fulham when Phoebe was a child; but his lease when out was not renewed. Grand streets and houses now stood where his crops of vegetables used to grow; and by slow but sure degrees he had sunk to the condition of a labourer. It is true a really good jobbing gardener can earn very remunerative wages near London, so that Richards need not have become so poor. But his wife's illness and death, and his disappointments, and the altered looks and ways of his once neat and orderly children, all soured him; and when his acquaintances all said, "Take a glass to cheer you;" "I'll stand treat;" "Don't mope; it'll do no good; come and sing, 'Begone, dull care!'"—he had listened and yielded; and in the process of comforting himself he had ceased to be a sober man. He was by nature genial and kindly, and such men unless they have strong principles are soon overcome. Henceforward there began for him and his children a flood of misery, which threatened to overwhelm them.

No class experience greater changes of social condition than domestic servants often do, when they leave their employers' dwelling for their own little homes. And certainly nothing could be more depressing than the scene into which Phoebe entered as she walked from the omnibus to Wormwood Place. She found her two younger brothers, Ned and Charley, wrangling at a game of marbles at the lane end; and on entering the house Susan was sitting on a low stool with the youngest child Willie crying in her lap, and little Sophy was lying on a broken wooden bench ill with a scalded foot. There was no fire, and the place was very untidy, if not actually dirty. To poor Phoebe it looked utterly wretched.

"Where's father?" she said faintly; and then she learned that he was at one of the

many drinking houses near. "But," said Susan with a sob, "we mustn't go to fetch him. He dared us to come after him."

With a heavy heart Phoebe set to work. Her brothers she called indoors; and washing their faces and putting them a little straight, sent them off to buy coals and bread; for cupboard and cellar were both empty.

Soon there was a fire, and the children cheered up a little. The poor scalded child and the youngest slept. Then Susan and the boys helped Phoebe to clean out the place; and though she could not then attempt what she understood as "a thorough clean up," it was wonderful how two hours' work altered the look of things. Phoebe had a very heavy heart, and she had shed many quiet tears as she was cleaning the floor, and the table, and tidying the hearth. Her brother Ned, as he rubbed the cracked windows, saw her tears, and they made the boy feel strange because she did not speak.

He had seen poor women in distress, but he noticed they often cried and complained in a breath. But these silent tears of his sister seemed a new kind of sorrow, and he showed his respect for it by working with unwonted energy, and getting Charley to help him.

By-and-by Phoebe called the three eldest children round her, and after she had given them a slice of bread and a cup of milk for their supper, she said with a sigh,—

"What did mother used to hear you say before you went to bed?"

"Our prayers; but, Phoebe, I've forgot 'em," faltered Ned.

"Well," said Phoebe, "let me say them to-night;" and then as they assented, the motherless group knelt down, and the poor girl faltered out the Lord's Prayer, and a few other words, and a little childish hymn. She knew more, but she could say no more then, and perhaps she was right in repeating only what was familiar.

The children went to bed, Susan hanging

round Phoebe's neck, as she kissed her, and saying,—

"Oh, I'm so glad! Why it's like poor mother come back to us."

Those words warmed Phoebe's heart as she sat up far into the night, to wait her father's return. Duty may be very hard, but there comes great inward comfort in its performance; and she felt these children would be lost unless she tended them.

As to her father, when she at last saw him, she felt as if he was already lost. He was somewhat sobered as he met her, and stumbled off as though stricken dumb to his bed.

Early the next morning the wretched drunkard woke, and rising to get a draught of water to slake his burning thirst, he was startled wide awake by the altered look of the room. Slowly his senses returned to him, and he recollected, as in a dream, seeing Phoebe. He rose and went downstairs, intending to leave the house, ashamed of himself. But in the lower room there was a tidy fireplace, and wood placed ready for lighting; and he kindled the fire, and looked around in surprise at what the hand of cleanliness had so speedily effected. On a shelf in the corner was Phoebe's workbox, and on it her little Bible, which he knew had been given her by the Sunday school when she left for service. How proud his poor wife had been of that Bible. He took it in his trembling hands, and opening it tried to read a verse, but there was a film over his eyes, not a word was clear, his mind was in a state of tumult. He closed the book, put it back, and sitting down crossed his arms on the old deal table, laid his head down, and muttered hoarsely, "I've brought 'em to this—it's my fault. I'm not fit to live."

"Father, how soon you are up!" said a sweet voice as a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder. "Father, I'm come home, to take care of you."

Then the stricken man looked up in his daughter's face. He could find no words to speak; but great tears rushed from his eyes, and eased his throbbing heart.

"Don't, father; oh, pray don't cry so. I'll comfort you, I'll do my best; I will indeed—for you and the children; only, father dear, do, do try to do the best you can for us."

It was a simple plea, but it went home; and Richards rose to his feet, and lifting his hands said,—

"I've done my *worst*, my girl. I'm not worthy to be called a father—Lord help me!"

"And He will, father. The Lord *will* help you."

Phoebe took the mere exclamation as a cry for help, and Richards was impressed by her words. Before he left home that morning he said slowly and solemnly,—

"Phoebe, you've given up a good place for me, and I'll give up a bad place for you. I'll go to the public-house no more."

"Oh, thank you, father; oh, we shall all be so happy once more. Thank you, again and again, father."

Richards kept his word. It was hard work for Phoebe to make the house look really comfortable; it was still harder to pluck up the weeds of evil which neglect and idle companions had caused to grow in her two brothers' minds; it was hard to make Susan as neat and orderly as she should be; and it was very hard at first for Richards to say "No" to his drinking companions, and forsake the alehouse: but all these hard things were overcome by prayer, patience, and faith.

From the time that Phoebe came, there was a change, a blessed change. The house was a Home once more. The father instead of spending his money for that which is not "bread," or his labour for that which "satisfieth not," worked for his children: humbled himself in penitence for the past: and gained strength for the present and the future.

Richards has again a little garden of his own, where his boys work honestly; and Phoebe rents a pretty conservatory, where she and Susan rear flowers which pay them

well. Their abode is very pleasant, and Phoebe's young mistress often goes to see her, and evidently respects her for being tender to her family and faithful to duty.



Rules for a Belfry.

I commend to our readers the following answer to an inquiry for "The Rules of a Well-conducted Belfry." The writer is "Steeple-keeper" at Immanuel

Church, Streatham; and it must be a double pleasure to hear the bells rung with the knowledge that the Belfry contains so noble a set of ringers.

"Our rules are very simple, but they work well, and have been in force in this belfry for the last ten years. We have a peal of eight bells, and ring various methods. 5,040 is common with us. We choose the most respectable of the working men, and if, after a few weeks' trial, they can ring rounds, we admit them into the Society on the following conditions:—Entrance-fee, 2s. 6d.; weekly subscription, 2d.; and any member not attending the weekly practice is fined 3d. We ring the congregation to church every other Sunday morning and evening. On the alternate Sundays there are only chimes. Every

ringer must attend the service afterwards. No beer has ever entered the belfry: and we have no need of rules touching behaviour, drink, or language, as the best of order is always kept.

Three of the ringers are members of the choir; two are Sunday-school teachers; four are total abstainers; and the others are very abstemious men. I have been a bell-ringer thirty years, and for the last fifteen years a total abstainer, and I am convinced that men can ring best without drink. We have a Church Missionary box in the belfry, which receives liberal contributions. A book is kept in which the attendance is entered, punctuality being particularly noticed. The payment for the Sunday ringing arises from the Christmas-boxes and the subscriptions, the total amount of which is divided according to attendance; and all our business is transacted in the belfry, as we never adjourn to a public-house. I send these few lines with the sanction of our Vicar, trusting they may be of some service.

HENRY DANIEL

Fireside Fables.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM."

I. DIVISION OF LABOUR.

"SEE the amount of work which I have performed," cried the Pen exultingly.

"You!" said the Ink, which had been running from the end of the Pen as fast as possible for the last hour. "You must mean me."

"Indeed, I mean what I say," responded the Pen. "The work is not yours. Look at all those pages which I have written. Much you would have accomplished without my assistance!"

"Ay, look at all those pages," repeated the Ink. "See them covered with *my* marks, and then say, if you like, that the writing is your own."

"I do say so still," persisted the Pen. "Pretty work you would have made of it, if I had not undertaken to run about, and leave you in the right places on the paper."

"And much good your running about, as you call it, would have done, if you had not had me to leave in your tracks," said the Ink.

Hitherto the disputants had kept pretty closely to the truth; but they began now to

wax warm, and to lose their temper—which is always a pity between old friends, and almost sure to lead to ill consequences.

"The fact is, you quite deceive yourself," said the Pen. "No doubt you are of some service to me in my task; but there is still less doubt that I am a far greater help to you; in fact, quite indispensable."

"Indeed, you greatly overvalue yourself," retorted the Ink, almost growing pale with chagrin. "I should not hesitate for a moment to dispense with your *valuable* assistance, if I felt inclined."

"A great deal of writing you would accomplish without me," sneered the Pen.

"As much, at all events, as you would accomplish without me," retorted the Ink.

"If my services are so unappreciated, I shall certainly withdraw them," said the Pen.

"Pray do, if you are inclined," said the Ink.

"Of course, in that case, you will accomplish your work without looking for assistance from me."

"Of course," responded the Pen haughtily.

And thereupon they separated, both resolved to be independent of each other. The Pen travelled fast over a sheet of blank paper, with the intention of performing a large amount of work; but when he arrived at the end he found, greatly to his annoyance, that the sheet remained blank as ever. What could be the cause?

He tried it again, with precisely the same result. And by that time he saw that his former friend and partner, the Ink, was in a very similar predicament. Not that he had

failed in destroying the blankness of his sheet; but, instead of being covered with delicate, legible writing, it was one mass of black blots. The Ink and the Pen looked at one another, and very much ashamed they both felt.

Both hung back at first, unwilling to make advances. The Pen was the earliest to muster up resolution, and he remarked, rather shyly:

"Neither of us have quite succeeded in our aim, I perceive."

"Not exactly," said the Ink, in an amicable tone, which showed him to be in a friendly state of mind.

"Perhaps, after all, the old plan is the best," said the Pen. "It certainly is necessary that I should leave *some* marks behind me."

"And I," said the Ink, "am unhappily rather disposed to run all over the paper unless properly guided; so you are certainly of use to me."

"If you acknowledge my usefulness, I am quite ready to work with you again," said the Pen, relenting.

"By all means, if you will admit that you are not entirely independent of me," said the Ink.

"Why, no, I have proved that," said the Pen; and without delay they resumed their old partnership.

"After all, we have been rather stupid ever to part," said the Pen. "It is very certain that people can do much more when they work together than when they work separately."

"True; and I hope we shall never do such a foolish thing again," added the Ink.

(To be continued.)

"Let us Gather up the Sunbeams."

LET us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from the way.
Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!

Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.
If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

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In a large establishment in Birmingham, some seventy years ago, there was a youth who came from his mother's loving home in one of our beautiful villages. He had been taught to "stand fire:" not to be ashamed of God or of prayer. The first night he retired to rest with several other youths. He knelt down to pray, and, as in the case of the soldier, he was instantly beset by the young fellows in the room, abusing him and ridiculing him. Everything was done to induce him to abstain from prayer, but he "stood fire;" he was not ashamed of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amongst the others was a strong-built youth, who stood on his right, and who said, "My mother taught me to do that. I have been ashamed of doing it, but I will do it now." That youth became the great, the noble John Angell James.

O young men, if that youth had not stood fire the world might never have known or been blessed by the labours of John Angell James. The soldier told me what I want you to remember. He said, "Sir, as a rule the fresh fellows who kneel down to pray do not do it a second night." Ah! young men, may that never be said of you. That explains the meaning of those words, "He stands fire."—*From an Address by MR. T. B. SMITHIES.*

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XV. NO PITY FOR CONSTANT COMPLAINERS.

" H, dear!" sighed a young field-mouse to a squirrel, "I am so sorry—so sad!"


"What's the matter?" asked the squirrel, stopping short in a run.

"That poor wood-pigeon—it goes to my heart to hear her plaintive accents, how mournful, how affecting!"

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merrily, "don't fret yourself; when you've lived in the wood as long as I have, you'll know better. I used to pity her myself once (and it's not in *my way* to make troubles either), but I have found out, this long time past, that complaining is just a trick of hers, and that, whether she's happy or miserable, she has but one note; so I never concern myself about her."—*Mrs. Prosser.*

XVI. LEARNING TO READ WITHOUT A BOOK.


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Here was a singular case: a boy could

read and spell without a book or a master. But how was this? Why, another poor boy, a little older than himself, had taught him to read, by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city.

His teacher, then, was a poor boy like himself, and his book the signboards on the houses. What may not be done by trying, and helping one another?


XVII. REVERENCE.

 LITTLE boy, being put to bed one night, asked to be carried about a little first, that he "might think a bit before saying his prayer." How many forget to *think a bit*, but just fall down on their knees, say their threadbare sentences, and rise again to resume the talk that was for a little interrupted!

Few boys would go to ask a situation from a gentleman without a deal of preparation so as to look clean and smart, and a great deal of thought about what words they should use; and yet many approach the

greatest Master, and seek for the best place, without really thinking what they are about. The gentleman needing a boy would not be likely to engage that one who came looking as if he did not mind whether he got the situation or not, and certainly God will not be less wise. It is said of an old schoolmaster, John Trebonius, that he never entered his school and met his boys without taking off his hat, by way of respect, as he said he knew not what great men some of them might yet be. How much more should we reverence God when we worship Him!

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Ah, those little ice-cold fingers !
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track !

How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses
 For our reaping by-and-by !

"He Stands Fire."

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.



WAS walking along the Strand one night, and I came upon a fine tall soldier. I entered into conversation with him ; and said,—

"There is one thing I cannot understand about the British soldier."

"What is that, sir ?"

"Well," I said, "he is bold and daring : you could not insult him more than by calling him a coward. There are men amongst you would rush up to the cannon's mouth, even if you knew it would be certain death. And yet there are amongst you men who dare not kneel down in the barrack-room at night, and repeat the prayer their mother taught them when they were children."

He paused, and said, "That is true, sir."

"What is the meaning of it, soldier ?"

He said :—

"You remind me of what took place in my own roll a few weeks ago. A young fellow came into our room, and the first night before going to bed he knelt down to pray, and instantly there was a noise and disturbance in the room. Caps and belts were flung over at the man, but he did not move. The second night there was a general cry, 'Willie, try it again.' Down he went on his knees again. Caps and belts were thrown again, and the men whistled. The third night he went again on his knees, and again on the fourth night, with the same result. On the fifth night,

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[Sculptured by T. Brock.]

STATUE OF RICHARD BAXTER AT KIDDERMINSTER.
Unveiled July 28th, 1875.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Richard Baxter.

THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE AT KIDDERMINSTER.

BY THE EDITOR.



KIDDERMINSTER has done well in erecting a statue to the immortal Richard Baxter. Apart from higher considerations, it is a fitting recognition of a debt of local gratitude. As the Dean of Westminster said in his eloquent address:—"There are some three or four parishes in England which have been raised by their pastors to a national—almost a world-wide—fame. Of these, the most conspicuous is Kidderminster; for Baxter without Kidderminster would have been but half of him, and Kidderminster without Baxter would have had nothing but its carpets. Kidderminster gave to Baxter the place from which he moved the English world. Baxter gave to Kidderminster the fame which has attracted hither, to witness the unveiling of his statue, representatives from all classes, even from beyond the Atlantic."

Throughout the nation the deepest interest has been felt and taken in this monument to Baxter. The grounds upon which action was taken are well stated in the resolution passed at the first meeting

at Kidderminster, suitably moved by the Vicar of the parish:—

"That the time has now arrived when it is not only desirable but possible for members of almost every school of Christian thought to unite in the erection of some monument to the memory of the pious and learned Richard Baxter, in recognition of—(1) the eminent services he rendered to the cause of practical religion; (2) the numerous and valuable contributions he made to the science of Christian theology; and (3) particularly of his unwearied exertions to bring about a comprehensive union of all Christians, exertions which, though apparently without effect in times of agitation, during which his ministry was passed, are now felt to be in unison with the desires and aspirations of the present age."

Subscriptions soon flowed in from all parts of the United Kingdom, and even from Australia and America. Persons of all classes contributed; and the committee received with peculiar pleasure numerous subscriptions from the working classes, not only of those now resident in Kidderminster, but former inhabitants, together with the pence of upwards of 2000 Sunday-school children.

Mr. Brock, of Worcester, was selected as sculptor, and the result has proved most satisfactory. Baxter is represented in the attitude of preaching, holding in his left hand, which rests upon a pedestal, a Bible, while his uplifted right hand points to heaven, the expression of his grave and thoughtful features being admirably in keeping with the most authentic portraits of the great divine which have come down to us. One of these is in Dr. Williams' library in London, and it is this which Mr. Brock has mainly followed. Baxter is represented clothed in a long puritanic gown, such as he was wont to wear in his latter days. The whole statue is most life-like and imposing, and the artist has admirably succeeded in his design to make the memorial as impressive and simple as possible.

The statue, which is of Sicilian marble, is ten feet high, and is fixed upon a Cornish grey granite pedestal, standing twelve feet from the basement. It is surrounded by Gothic iron railing, with stone flagging at the foot. The total cost has been £1200. The following inscription is on the pedestal:—

"Between the years 1641 and 1660 this town was the scene of the labours of Richard Baxter; renowned equally for his Christian learning and his pastoral fidelity. In a stormy and divided age he advocated unity and comprehension; pointing the way to 'the everlasting rest.' Churchmen and Nonconformists united to raise this memorial, A.D. 1875."

The statue was unveiled by Mrs. Philpot, the wife of the Bishop of Worcester. The Bishop was also present, with the Lord Lieutenant, the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Worcester, the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, and other distinguished visitors. The Dean of Westminster concluded his earnest tribute to the memory of Baxter in the following eloquent words:—

"His tall, meagre figure, his gaunt features, are once more amongst you. He and his works have entered into that 'everlasting rest' of which he spoke. He has taught us the way to that rest in words which may strike a chord in the most philosophic no less than the most devout minds. His uplifted hand calls to the unconverted, as in the seventeenth so in the nineteenth century, to turn and live: to turn and live in accordance, as he says, with the thousand voices of the Bible, of conscience, of good example; to turn from all our most degrading vices; to turn from all our frivolity, self-indulgence, corruption, idleness, party spirit; to turn from that want of charity, that want of truth, that want of faith, which depresses us all alike, upwards towards that higher and more heavenly frame of heart, to that peculiar nobleness of spirit which, as he truly says, distinguishes not only men from the beasts, not only the good from the bad, but the best of men from mediocrity. Not only in the turmoil of controversy, but in the toil and misery of daily life, in the restlessness of this restless age, his serene countenance tells us of the unseen better world, where there remaineth a rest for the people of God. It reminds us of that entire resignation which was expressed in those, his latest words—'Where Thou wilt, what Thou wilt, how Thou wilt.' It reminds us of his high and holy hope, that after the rough tempestuous day we shall at last have the quiet silent night,—light and rest together, the quietness of the night without its darkness."

Many of our readers will recall, in connection with this spirit of resignation and trust which so remarkably characterised the suffering Baxter, the sweetly touching hymn from his pen,—

"Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

"If life be long, let me be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, no labourer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

"Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

"Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed Face to see;

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

"My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him."

We hope next month to insert a sketch
of Baxter's life from the pen of Canon
Ryle.

Roger Beckinsall's Story; or, The Milestones on the Road.

BY EMMA MARSHALL. AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE CLIFFS;" "MATTHEW FROST," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VOYAGE.



HAD many a talk with Master Herbert after that first afternoon, when the offer was made me to be his father's servant and cast in my lot with theirs. Master Herbert had a wonderful way of putting things, and he made me believe black was white. He said he was sure one day of a fine fortune, and that though his father had lost so much money he was the heir to a grand property, and what was the use of his poking over books when he hated them, and following a profession when there was no call for him to do so. Then he wanted to see again the beautiful place where his mother was born, and which he remembered as a little boy; a place where there was no sound of wheels or horses, for every one went about in boats, and all the houses were palaces. He wanted some fun, he said, and it was a hard thing if he could not have it.

Well, both he and Mr. Herbert talked and talked to me and my father, but as far as my father was concerned it was no good. He said, "When he said No, he meant No, and nothing would change him."

Early in January of the next year Mr. Herbert and his son set off together. Mr. Herbert had been coming and going during the time between, but it was getting on to February before the two really went away.

There was a drizzling rain falling as I watched the old chariot rumbling up the lane, which came from the White Lion, at Yarmouth, to carry them and all their luggage to meet the four-horse coach which ran from there twice a week to London. Mrs. Herbert stood straight as an arrow under the gateway, with a stony, hard look in her face. Just as they were starting, young Mr. Herbert had opened the door of the chaise and had thrown his arm round his grandmother's neck, and as I caught a sight of his face as the chaise passed me I saw he was crying. But the lady did not cry; no, she was past that. I stood still looking after the chaise till it turned the corner, and then Mrs. Herbert called to me:—

"You are right to stay with your father, Roger, though I could envy him a dutiful son."

Ah! that's a true word in God's holy Book, "Man looketh upon the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart." He saw mine then, and He knew that I had given my word to young Mr. Herbert, to join him on board the new yacht when it put in at Yarmouth pier.

A few uncomfortable weeks followed. My father, always a quiet man, spoke very little; when he did, it was mostly to find fault with me; and this was not without cause. I neglected church, and forgot God; I hated my work, and did my appointed part worse than ever. The village people had never had much to do with us, and the young ones

were a bit jealous of my being about so much with young Mr. Herbert. There were two or three rough young fellows about this time who were always calling after me, in a jeering way, asking what I got for going out after a drowning man, and that like chaff, which is always like the rubbing of a sore place to the young. It wants a brave heart to bear mockery, and I was a coward in that matter. I skulked about as if I was ashamed to be seen, and things got worse with me every day.

Old Betsy Gale came, according to custom, to our place, just as she had done ever since I could remember, and one day she spoke up to me, asking what was the matter with me, and why I was so mopy and grumbling. "Bless the boy; he wants a mother," I heard her say, as I turned away, muttering something about folks minding their own business.

It was one windy cold March morning that I saw old Jabez Short, the postman, coming up the lane. He made a halt by the door of the workshop, and handed me a letter. It was from young Mr. Herbert; and he said if I was in the same mind I was to be at Yarmouth pier by the 20th. I counted up the days and found the 20th was Sunday; this was Friday. I spent two wretched days, and yet I was so set on getting away from Seabourne, and the shoe trade and my dull life, that I never hesitated or changed my mind. "I should be back in a few months; there was no harm in what I was going to do. Shouldn't I save my father my board, and wouldn't he quick enough get a fellow to work for him better than I did."

If I was right, as I tried to persuade myself, it was odd how I set about my preparations like a thief. I packed up a bundle of clothes on Friday night, and waited to do it till by my father's heavy breathing I knew he was asleep. On Saturday he was kinder to me than he had been for long. He talked at supper of trade at Yarmouth, and said last time he had been in the town there he had been speaking to a friend who was in the fancy boot and shoe trade, and he had thought I might like to take a turn with him as a little variety. If I did, he was not the one to go against it; and Ben Gale, Betsy's grandson,

would come and work for him meantime. In this way, he said, he should see me sometimes of a Sunday, and he hoped a big place like Yarmouth would cheer me up a bit.

I thought I should have choked; and I could only get out something about the boot trade, and how that I could not bear it.

"Well, well, lad," my father said, "it's not for us to pick and choose our trades or anything else, and it is the only way of earning your bread that I can help you to. I make the offer about going to Yarmouth because the good lady next door told me to beware I did not pull the rein too tight. She said, poor thing! she had done that, and she reproached herself for it. Her good-for-nothing son is going to sail in a boat he calls the *Water Witch*, or has sailed by this time. He has been and bewitched that fine handsome boy of his, more's the pity. You may be glad, lad, you did not go with him, I can tell you."

Well, I felt a guilty wretch, and was glad to get off to bed. I meant to creep off before day light, with no good-bye. "I should be back so soon," I said, "and what was the use of having a scene?" And yet beneath all I had a horrid pain at my heart, and I went back, on pretence of looking for my cap, to say good-night to my father.

I have always been glad that he gave me a pat on the shoulder, and said, "Good night boy, we'll make a man of you yet; such a man as poor mother would have liked her boy to be."

I did not undress at all that night. I lay outside the bed, and if I shut my eyes I had dreams that were none of the pleasantest. Day had scarcely dawned before I was off, my bundle on my back, creeping downstairs, and skulking out of my father's house like a thief, and putting on my boots in the little porch.

I was well on the road, the other side of Seabourne, before day had really dawned, and I saw the great sun rise like a ball of fire and light up the long waste of sand called Denes, which lay between me and Yarmouth. It was a walk of some twelve miles, but that distance was nothing to me. Though I was slight and spare, I was tough enough. I was

all in a fever to get to Yarmouth, and to look out on the pier for some one belonging to the *Water Witch*. As I got into the town, the bells were all ringing for church, and lots of people with their prayer-books in their hands passed me.

One little chap with his father had a bunch of primroses in his hand. Somehow those primroses brought it all back to me: the lane at home, and that day my mother died. I felt as if I should be strangled in my throat, and my eyes got dim, and my legs shook under me. But I was too far gone now to turn back: so I thought: and I went forward, scarcely knowing where.

The pier was pretty empty when I reached it, and only a few seafaring men were about. I was a trifle hungry and faint, and remembered I had had no breakfast; but pretty soon I saw a dark, swarthy looking fellow with a short pipe in his mouth, and a glazed hat such as sailors wear, with *Water Witch* on the band.

I went up to him, and said I was come to look after Mr. Herbert. He puffed a puff of smoke from the pipe and nodded his head.

"Does the *Water Witch* sail to-day?" I asked.

Another nod, and a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the bright blue sea which was dancing beneath the pier, and the waves breaking into snowy foam against the piles.

"She's lying out yonder," the man said at last. "The boat will be lowered presently to take me aboard."

"And me too?" I asked anxiously.

"What's your name?" said the man again after a pause, during which I had been watching the waves dancing up and down amongst the little skiffs and boats which were moored below, making them curtsey this way and that like girls at the village school at home, when Mrs. Herbert or any lady went in.

I told him my name; and after waiting an hour or more, he gave me a thump on the back, and told me to look sharp, the boat was coming shoreward. Dizzy and confused, I followed him down the steep steps of the pier, and found myself in the boat.

"Any message?" one of the men asked.

"None," answered the old sailor. And

with a few strokes of the oars we were alongside the *Water Witch*.

As I was hauled up the side I heard a voice I knew, young Mr. Herbert's.

"Hallo, Roger! all right; and I am glad to see you aboard the *Water Witch*. You look as pale as a ghost; you'd better tumble in, and Bob will look after you and give you some grog."

"He's such a land chicken, sir," said Bob; "I'm afraid he'll make a poor hand of cleaning of your boots, I expect, if this here stiff gale gets up."

"Oh, he'll soon be all right," said Mr. Herbert.

I wasn't seasick at that minute, exactly. I was faint from hunger and tired, but not sick. But I was soon "tumbled in," as Bob called it, and for days I lay where they had put me, half dead and stupid. The stiff gale blew pretty stiff, and the *Water Witch* rolled and pitched like a drunken man. As I lay in my hammock how that psalm did 'ring in my head, always in my father's voice, "Reel to and fro, and are at their wits' end!" Many's the time I had taken the verse in turns with him, and my quiet life at Seabourne that I had hated so much, began to look more attractive-like.

It seems to me that God has this reason amongst many for letting folks have their own way. He knows they will get so tired of it; He knows they will grumble while the meat is yet in their mouths. It is just God's great mercy which treats His people in this fashion. I want to show this by my story. I had "my desire," and it brought "leanness unto my soul."

I can't go on telling everything as it happened. The kind hand that is writing this for me would be tired out. So I will shortly say that when the storm had gone down, and I got up cured of my seasickness, and as well as ever I was in my life, I was told we were making our way across the great Atlantic Ocean to America. It was a much greater thing to go to America in those days than it is now, and I was scared when I heard it. It did seem like going to another world. However, I found no remarks were expected from me, but work was. I became a sort of steward on board the *Water Witch*; I cleaned the glass

and crockery and plate, and waited on the gentlemen; did, in short, all that sort of work which, if I had been asked to do instead of Betsy Gale in my father's cottage, I should have set up my back at and refused.

There was another gentleman aboard beside the two Mr. Herberts, and plenty of queer wild talk it was my lot to hear. God's holy Name taken in vain, oaths and cursing plentiful enough. One beautiful moonlight night, when there had been a deal of wine drunk down below, and I was waiting to clear the saloon, I went on deck to cool myself, for the weather had been sultry all day. It is a wonderful sight the sea by moonlight; a great circle all round clear and solemn, a broad road of light across, and the stars looking down as the moon sails along like a queen. Just the ripple of the sea against the hull, but everything else silent and still. Once a stately ship passed us and spoke us, and we replied: then on she went her way and we on ours. This brought up the gentlemen, and young Master Herbert stayed be-

hind upon the elders going below. He liked a talk with me, but to-night he was very silent. I see him now, leaning against the gunwale, with his head thrown back, and his beautiful eyes shining like two stars in the moonlight.

"We shall be in Boston very soon, Roger; then you'll see a new country, and so shall I. But, Roger, I wanted to go to Italy, and I hate the thought of America; and—" he paused—"I hate the man who is on board. There is a deal going on between him and my father I don't like. One voyage will be enough for me, Roger; so we'll have it out and then go back to the old place. I ought never to have left my grandmother. She has had so few to comfort her all her life. I ought to have stayed with her in her old age, or—well it's no use wishing now—but I wish I had left the yachting life alone."

So did I in my heart, but we had no time for more talk, for the gentlemen came on deck again with their pipes, and I had to go below and clear away.

(To be continued.)

Food out of the Earth.



"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that He may bring forth food out of the earth."—Ps. civ. 14.

THE Israelites, at the feast of the Passover, and before the breaking of bread, were accustomed to say, "Praise be to the Lord our God, Thou King of the world, who hath brought forth our bread from the earth;" and at each returning Harvest we ought to be filled with gratitude as often as we again receive the valuable gift of bread.

It is the most indispensable and necessary means of nourishment. We never tire of it; whilst other food, the sweeter it is, the more easily it surfeits. Everybody, the child and the old man, the beggar and the king, like bread. We remember the unfortunate man who was cast on the desert isle, famishing with hunger, and

who cried at the sight of a handful of gold, "Ah, it is only gold!" He would willingly have exchanged for a handful of bread this, to him useless, material, which in the mind of most men is above all price.

Oh let us never sin against God by lightly esteeming bread! Let us gratefully accept the sheaves we gather, and thankfully visit the barns which preserve them; that we may break bread to the hungry, and give to the thirsty from the supplies God has given us. Let us never sit down to table without asking God to bless the gifts we receive from His gracious hand; and never eat bread without thinking of Christ our Lord, who calls Himself the Living Bread, who came down from heaven to give life unto the world. And above all, may we never go to the table of the Lord

without enjoying, through the symbols of bread and wine, His body and blood, whereby we receive strength to nourish our spiritual life!

Yes, Lord; Thou satisfiest both body and

soul with bread from earth and bread from heaven. Praise be to Thy holy Name, our hearts and mouths shall be full of Thy praises for time and eternity!

A PASTOR.

The Good Old Times.

BY THE EDITOR.



I are not disposed to admit that the "good old times" were better than the days in which we live. "Distance lends enchantment to the view;"

and in looking back to the past, unless we enter into particulars and get at facts, which without fault are *allowed* to be "stubborn things," we are apt to form a very imperfect idea of how matters were ordered in "Merrie England" two or three hundred years ago.

How dark the age was, intellectually and religiously speaking (with here and there a happy exception), we are pretty well aware; but we are not perhaps so well informed as to the domestic discomfort and miserable physical condition of the mass of the population.

We get a good insight into the habits, manners, and customs of the people during the sixteenth century in the account given by Harrison, in his description of "Britain," prefixed to "Hollinshed's Chronicles," of the alteration which had taken place in these respects in his native land, by the time of the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne. Of the progress of improvement from the days of good Queen Bess to those of, we will venture to say, our *better* Queen Victoria, we can judge for ourselves. But we may safely take Harrison for our guide as to how things were before.

He tells us that previous to this epoch—the accession of Queen Elizabeth—such was the filthiness of the people that, according to Erasmus, "the frequent plagues in England were to be ascribed to the nastiness and dirt and slovenly habits of the nation." "The floors," says he, "are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lies unmo-
lested an ancient collection of beer, grease,

fragments, bones, and everything that is nasty. There are," observes Harrison, "old men yet dwelling in the village where I remain, which have noted three things to be marvellously altered in England within their sound remembrance. One is the multitude of chimneys lately erected; whereas, in their young days, there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm (the religious houses and manor places of their lords always excepted, and, peradventure, some great personage); but each made his fire against a reredosse in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat. The second is the great amendment of lodging; for, said they, our fathers, and we ourselves, have lain full oft upon straw pallettes covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of dogswain or haphanlats (I use their own terms), and a good round log under their head instead of a bolster. If it were so, that the father, or good-man of the house, had a matrass or flock-bed and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the town, so well were they contented. Pillows, said they, were thought meet only for women in child-bed. As for servants, if they had any sheet above them it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies to keep them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvas. The third thing they tell us of is the exchange of treene (wooden) platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin, for so common were all sorts of treene vessels in old time, that a man should hardly find four pieces of pewter (of which one was peradventure a salt) in a good farmer's house.

According to the same authority, houses, from being of sallow, willow, etc., were now built of oak. The introduction of chimneys

he directly charges as being the cause of "rheums, catarrhs, and rases," whatever this word may mean. "Our pewterers," he elsewhere informs us, "in time past, employed the use of pewter only upon dishes and pots, and a few other trifles for service; whereas now they are grown into such exquisite cunning, that they can in manner imitate by infusion any form or fashion of cup, dish, salt, or bowl, or goblet, which is made by goldsmith's craft, though they be never so curious, and very artificially forged. In some places beyond the sea, a garnish of good flat English pewter is almost esteemed so precious as the like number of vessels that are made of fine silver."

Harrison tells us that in his days the nobility, gentry, and students ordinarily went to dinner at eleven before noon, and to supper at five or between that and six at afternoon! The merchants dined and supped seldom before twelve at noon and six at night, especially in London! The husbandmen dined also at high noon, as they called it, and supped at seven or eight; while out of term, at the universities, the scholars dined at ten.

We do not say that in the habit of early rising and early dining we might not with advantage copy the example of our ancestors; but as to the other items of social habits and customs we are thankful enough that we do not live in "the good old times."

The Old Church on the Hill.

ON the side of the village hill,
Its dear old form it uprears:
It stands as a landmark, where it has stood
Through the storms of a hundred years.

It meets the first rays of the morn,
While the valley still sleeps in the shade;
The glory of sunset plays round its walls,
And it shines as with sapphire inlaid.

The traveller sees it afar,
On his rough and winding way;
The husbandman sees it, resting from toil,
In the heat of a summer day.

Around it the multitudes sleep,
Who of old sought its altars of prayer—
A great congregation; now gathered to rest,
Unmoved by earth's tumult and care.

Oh, many the thoughts of the heart,
As we stand by the temple of God,
And think of the worshippers, vanished and gone,
Who up to its courts have trod!

They came in the joy of their souls,
Or they came with their sin and their care:
In the sunlight of youth, in the evening of age,
To One who all burdens can bear.

Then peace to the church on the hill!
Where its dear old form it uprears;
Let it stand as a landmark, where it has stood
Through the storms of a hundred years.

R. A.



THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL.



What are our Missionaries Doing?

A GLANCE AT SIERRA LEONE,

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 158.)



We are to sketch in this paper the present position and circumstances of the Sierra Leone mission. We have seen that the good work there was uphill work, as all good work in this world must ever be. The faith of the early labourers was "tried as by fire;" and many faithful missionaries, like the devoted Apostle, "counted not their lives dear to them." Perhaps in no mission like this, our oldest one, has so much death been put into the work for the Redeemer's sake and after His example, and from few missions has a more abundant harvest been reaped as the fruit of it. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

The colony of Sierra Leone consists at present of some 40,000 souls, of whom nearly two thirds profess Christianity, and 14,000 are reckoned to belong to the Church of England. The first Bishop of Sierra Leone was appointed in 1851. The rapid succession of bishops sadly proves that West Africa still maintains its title of the "White Man's Grave." Bishop Vidal died in less than two years; Bishop Weeks in less than three; Bishop Bowen in two. Yet there have never been wanting for this mission volunteers to man the forlorn hope: and Bishop Cheetham, whom it was our privilege to meet in England on a recent visit to raise funds for mission purposes, has abundantly shown in labours manifold his simple devotion to the Master's work.

The following is a brief extract from Bishop Cheetham's first charge to the Sierra Leone clergy—many of them native pastors. A more deeply touching and spiritual exhortation and appeal has seldom been addressed to those who are called to the work of the ministry.

"Let this be the central truth of all your preaching, 'God is love.' That explains your

position as preachers at all: for who would come to preach a message of condemnation only? From this centre you must start; hither you must return—'God is love.' Every other truth must be presented in harmony with this; must revolve each in its proper orbit around this central sun. Preach as the highest possible explanation, at least to human ken, of God's infinite love, the Atonement of Christ, Christ's vicarious sufferings and death for the sin of the world. Preach the Atonement as presenting the highest possible motive to holy obedience. Preach sanctification and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. And in all your preaching be continually tracing back the whole work of man's redemption, not to anything good in us, but to the infinite, unsearchable, inexhaustible love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

"And above all things, exemplify your preaching in your life. Know that you have a Father—no mother's breast so tender, so beating with love as His. Know that you have a Saviour, in whom is hid all the fulness of God for you; an Elder Brother, who will keep all that you have committed unto Him; know your union with Him and all its consequent privilege. Know that you have a Divine Comforter, who is able yet to reveal heights and depths of the love of God which it will take eternity to fathom. Know all this, and live on the earth as 'kings and priests unto God,' happy in Jesus, happy in the possession of a good hope through grace, happy in your ministry and in humble duty-doing, finding alike your privilege and happiness, ever looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Such is the Gospel preached in Sierra Leone—preached in past years; and, thank God! preached still. Scarcely need we add, it has proved "the power of God" to the salvation of many. The Bishop enters into a thorough statistical account of his diocese and his work. He states that he has been travel-

ling almost constantly from place to place (for it must be remembered his diocese is very large, extending far beyond the single colony of Sierra Leone); but confining ourselves to Sierra Leone alone, we learn that there are ninety-six Sunday services, twenty-two week-day services, and one hundred other class meetings, Bible classes, etc., held weekly. The Sunday morning services are attended by about 6500 persons, the second services by about 5250 persons, and the week-day services by about 1000. As before said, about 14,000 persons profess to have attached themselves to the missions of the Church of England, and of these 4215 are communicating members. Then there are forty-four day schools and ninety-two Sunday schools. Two thousand six hundred is the average attendance at the day schools, and about two thousand in the Sunday schools. Ten of the parishes have *native* pastors only; whilst there is not a church in the colony where a native clergyman does not share in the work; neither is there a school in which the teacher is other than one born in the land.

Strangely must that mind be prejudiced which fails to see in these remarkable statistics the conclusive evidence of the blessing of God on the labours of His servants; and well may the Bishop thus comment on the results secured in this portion of the mission field:—

"The country in which this has been achieved is on the west coast of Africa; the people among whom Christianity has been thus planted are a people redeemed from slavery; and the work is only half a century old! Has not God been faithful to His promises? May not those who have sown in tears reap in joy? Has not philanthropy, notwithstanding all its toils, reaped a great reward? Have not the men of faith who planted here the standard of the Cross reaped even beyond a reasonable expectation? What would Granville Sharp and Robert Clarkson, what would William Wilberforce and Sir Fowell Buxton, say—names ever to be cherished in our midst—could they behold the things our eyes behold? How would Scott and Venn, how would Pratt and Bickersteth, acknowledge that He is faithful who

hath promised? Surely here the wilderness is becoming a watered garden which the Lord hath blessed!"

The Bishop's charge, from beginning to end, is most interesting; and as a testimony borne on the spot, in the presence of eye-witnesses and actual workers in the Mission, even those who are ready to think lightly of a missionary speech at home cannot call it in question. One has heard of so-called "men of science" ridiculing the possibility of African elevation to European equality, as if God had *not* "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Such men of science (science often falsely so called—the science of unbelief) should read Bishop Cheetham's practical Charge to the African clergy. I remember the visit two or three years since of one of these clergy to the city of Worcester. I heard him address a congregation from my pulpit with remarkable freedom and power. He afterwards spoke in the Guildhall, and astonished some of the audience by telling them of the African lads in the college at Sierra Leone who could translate Latin and Greek as well as many boys in our English schools. I had much conversation with him, and I was charmed with the richness of his intellect, as well as the graces of his heart, and the retiring humility of his disposition.

Of course the work in Sierra Leone, as in England and everywhere else, has its darker shades. What has been done is not all that needs to be done. The Bishop in his charge refers to the mistake of over-estimating our success, sometimes made when the bright side only is exhibited at our missionary meetings. He points to many sad features of Sierra Leone society. The habits of a people are not soon changed, and the habits which are engendered—spring out of the degradation of slavery—are not lost in a generation or two. Moreover, the population is comparatively poor, especially the truly Christian portion of it. Worldly colonists may be prospering, but the Christian Church is sadly hampered for means. Hence, the Bishop says: "The hearts of toiling husbandmen in the spiritual harvest are oppressed, and their hands tied and bound, for want of money."

This lack of means is the more to be regretted, because, from a special point of view, Sierra Leone, if the silver and the gold were at the disposal of Christian workers there, might become a centre of direct mission work far into the interior of Africa. The bishop calls particular attention to "God's providential gathering together of so many tribes in Sierra Leone." He asks, "What can it be for?" And he traces God's purpose in such a mixture of tribes to "produce a strong and mighty nation, which, in days to come may at all events exercise a dominant influence over a much larger territory than the mere peninsula of Sierra Leone." Already the influence of Sierra Leone is greatly extending throughout the fifteen hundred miles—more than three times the length of England—which measure the west coast of Africa; and in the vigorous branch missions at Lagos and Abbeokuta, and on the banks of the Niger, and towards Central Africa. And, it will be remembered, it was Dr. Livingstone's earnest plea that a colony might be formed upon the coast of East Africa from among the native Christians on the West coast, as affording the best hope of introducing civilization and Christianity into those still benighted regions.

I think our glance at mission work in Sierra Leone may well furnish a practical comment on the wonderful words of the great missionary, the Lord Jesus Christ: "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof" (St. Matt. xiii. 31, 32). When these words were spoken, how improbable must the fulfilment of them have seemed! But He who spake them knew His own purpose, and could read the present in the light of the future. Christianity was then verily "the smallest of all seeds," and yet what England now is she owes to Christianity! The Bible, as our Queen declared to the African prince who asked her to tell him the secret of our greatness—"The BIBLE is the secret of England's greatness." And in due time we shall see greater things still—"The king-

doms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ."

As a lesson then for every reader, let it be our aim to sympathize more and more with Christ's purpose toward those who are still "sitting in heathen darkness." As we do this, our self-denying interest in mission work will increase. We shall be anxious to do our part—to do what we can. Let no one say, "My influence is small." Though it be as "a grain of mustard seed," consecrate it to the Lord, and He will perfect His strength in your weakness.

God has always put honour on the weakest instrumentality. The history of the progress of the Church of Christ, its great seasons of true spiritual revival, have ever turned upon the faithfulness, the love, the zeal, the devotedness of humble individual members of His Church. Look at Luther, the prayerful, Bible-searching monk. What a development, what a growth of "the mustard seed," was the glorious Reformation! Superstitious multitudes, despotic princes, a persecuting priesthood,—all yielded to "the solitary monk," who, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," truly "shook the world." Look at Wesley and his praying companions at Oxford, and trace as the result the revival of spiritual religion in our own Church and land. Ponder that spectacle which the illustrious Wilberforce described twenty years after in the House of Commons, as the "sublimest that could be conceived"—the devoted Carey, the poor village cobbler, forming the resolve to give to the millions of Hindoos the Bible in their own language; and connect with "the cobbler's dream" its marvellous fulfilment in his personal labours, and in the combined offerings of himself and his companions Marshman and Ward in the time of their prosperity of a sum approaching £80,000 to carry on the mission work in India! Nay, to come to our own home experience, let us trace any local awakening in spiritual life and activity back to its source, and we shall discover that it sprang from some "upper" or "lower" room, in which two or three unnoticed and unknown disciples were wont to meet together for simple prayer to God to use them in bringing about His own gracious purposes of blessing to the world.

From "the mustard seed" as the emblem of the "kingdom of God," let us learn that great usefulness is not dependent on great opportunities, great wealth, or great wisdom.

It turns rather upon "the single eye," and the whole-hearted offering of ourselves to God, prompting the question of our lives: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Fireside Fables.

BY AGNES GIBBERN, AUTHOR OF "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM."

(Continued from page 218.)

II. EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

"**N**OW, remember!" said the Grey Cat to her Kitten. "You understand what I have been telling you. Never take anything that does not belong to you. If you do, you will suffer for it. You have escaped undetected this time, but you are not likely to do so again. Think of my words, and always be honest."

"I'll be sure," said the Kitten, who was longing for a romp with a ball that lay near.

"It is such a shocking thing to steal," pursued the Grey Cat. "It becomes such a habit. If you don't conquer it now, you will never overcome it when you are older. You will grow up a confirmed thief; he disliked by every one; and break my heart."

"I won't," said the Kitten, looking much impressed.

"You see, habits of that kind always grow upon one," said the Grey Cat again. "Don't you agree with me?" appealing to the old Tortoise-shell.

"Very much so," replied the Tortoise-shell. "You don't mean to say that your little one is addicted to stealing?"

"Not often," said the Kitten deprecatingly. "Only just a little milk once or twice."

"A little is as bad as a great deal, if it doesn't belong to you," said the Tortoise-shell, who was the model of an honest, well-behaved cat.

"Just what I have been saying," observed the Grey Cat. "It is very sad—a melancholy fact to contemplate. I can't imagine how a kitten of mine can have so forgotten herself, or what can have put it into her head."

"I could tell you that easily enough," said the Kitten, who was rather apt to be pert.

"Do. What was it, my dear?" asked the Grey Cat unguardedly.

"Well, I didn't see, mother, why, if you took butter out of the larder, I mightn't take milk out of the pantry," said the Kitten, taking care to keep at a respectful distance.

"Ah! I see," said the Tortoise-shell. "I understand now. Take care, Mrs. Grey Cat, that, with all your talking and teaching, you don't, by the mere force of example, turn out your child an arrant thief, probably ten times worse than you are yourself."

And the Grey Cat slunk away without a word to say for herself.

III. WHO TO BLAME.

THE feathered songsters of the forest were in a great state of excitement.

And no wonder. For the daily concert which took place amongst the trees all through the summer months, delighting every ear with its sweetness and melody, had for once proved a failure, and much perplexity was excited as to the cause.

So a meeting was at once convened of the principal songsters to discuss the question, and to discover on whom the blame rested. But this was not an easy thing to find out, for every one endeavoured to shift the blame from his own shoulders to those of his neighbour.

"I can inform you to whom part of our failure was owing," remarked the Blackbird, who was a personage of importance, more on account of his size than of his musical powers: "The Sparrows were twittering most disgracefully out of tune."

"It seemed to me that somebody *whistled* most disgracefully out of tune," muttered a pert Sparrow, who had hopped unasked into the assembly.

"The Raven made some very hoarse dis-

cordant croaks," remarked a Robin Redbreast.

"No more hoarse than usual," responded the Raven, in his harsh tones. "I do not pretend to be musical; but you—you little birds—seemed to me to sing very badly."

"It was all the fault of the Tom-tits," cried a Bullfinch; and such a twittering arose at this accusation from all the Tom-tits that were present, that no one's voice could be distinguished.

"We shall never come to a decision at this rate," croaked the Raven.

"Well, then, if it wasn't the Tom-tits, it was—the—the—Wrens," said the Bullfinch.

"As if such poor little insignificant birds had anything to do with the matter," said the Blackbird, disdainfully. "I daresay you Bullfinches deserve a good share of the blame."

And another loud twittering of defence and accusation arose.

"I'll tell you what,—it was the Wood-pigeons," cried the Sparrow.

"The Wood-pigeons!" repeated a Thrush in amazement. "Surely *their* note is always soft and musical."

"Yes, but it was so melancholy that we all felt depressed, and therefore we did not sing so well as usual," asserted the Sparrow.

"Sparrows feel depressed! Ha! ha!" laughed the Raven.

"Then it *must* have been the fault of some of the Finches," said the Blackbird; whereupon another loud twittering protest arose.

"Gentlemen," said a Magpie, hopping into the circle, "allow me to inform you that you are all right and all wrong."

"Ask the Magpie! ask the Magpie!" cried several voices. "He knows all our different songs and notes. He can tell us where the fault lay."

"Gentlemen, I am happily able to tell you," said the Magpie. "And allow me first to repeat my assertion. You are all right and all wrong."

"Prove it," cried the Sparrow.

"Gentlemen, I am about to do so. You are all *right*,—because the Raven's note is undoubtedly hoarse, the Wood-pigeon's note is undoubtedly melancholy, and the smaller birds were undoubtedly lazy. This may have

been owing, however, to the dulness of the weather. But, gentlemen, I must add that you are also all wrong. You are wrong to throw all the blame upon your neighbours, instead of taking it upon yourselves. Let me advise you, in future, *first* to correct your own faults, and *then* to consider your neighbour's failings. If each of you will follow my advice in this particular, I have no doubt our next concert will be a great improvement upon the last."

The Magpie bowed and flew away. But the Robin-redbreast could not help muttering to the Wren:—

"Very true and wise all he says,—only he omits to mention that he himself made various discordant sounds, in endeavouring to imitate some of the other birds, which certainly did not add to the harmony of our performances. It is a pity he does not practise what he preaches."

IV. A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

"OH DEAR, oh dear! what shall I do?" pitifully cried the Fly, as she struggled to escape from the Spider's web, in which she had become entangled. "Will no one help me? Must I be left here to die?"

Nobody made any answer to this appeal, and two or three flies of her own size flew hastily away.

"Oh, don't all leave me!" pleaded the unhappy prisoner. "If only some one would help me, I might escape; I am not tightly caught."

"You should take care, and not be caught at all," said a Bluebottle, as he buzzed disdainfully past.

"I will—I will take every care in future if you will only help me now to escape. Will you? oh, will you?"

"Really, I don't see how you can ask it of me," responded the Bluebottle superciliously. "I might entangle or soil my own wings. You should have been more careful."

"Oh, indeed I should," sighed the Fly. "But it does little good to tell me that now. Mr. Wasp—oh, Mr. Wasp—they say you can do a kind action occasionally; will you not

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"I will—I will take every care in future if you will only help me now to escape. Will you? oh, will you?"

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"Very much so," replied the Tortoise-shell. "You don't mean to say that your little one is addicted to stealing?"

"Not often," said the Kitten deprecatingly. "Only just a little milk once or twice."

"A little is as bad as a great deal, if it doesn't belong to you," said the Tortoise-shell, who was the model of an honest, well-behaved cat.

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prove it, by lending me your assistance now?"

But the Wasp flew off, and only said, "Very impertinent, to make such a request of me."

"Will nobody?" gasped the Fly. "Mr. Bee—kind, good Mr. Working-Bee will *you* do nothing for me?—you, who have always been so friendly?"

"I have no time. I must collect my honey," said the Bee, making his escape.

"No one,—no one!" moaned the Fly. "Not one among all my many friends—not one among those who have so often praised my bright, glancing wings!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Spider, who had been looking on from the farther corner of the web. "So much for your grand friends, Mr. Fly! Happy for me that you are no better off."

"Friends! Don't call them friends," cried

the Fly, bitterly. "I thought I could depend upon them to help me in my time of danger. But I see, now, what their friendship is worth."

"Your knowledge comes rather late," sneered the Spider, advancing on his victim. The Fly shuddered.

"Too late! too late! Foolish Fly that I was, to choose those friends alone who praised my beauty, and yet cared only for themselves."

"Mere summer-friends!—are they not?" said the Spider coolly. "It seems to me, that a friend who is not a friend in need is scarcely better than an enemy. Ah, you agree with me! Come, don't struggle. You won't escape now. You have appealed to your friends in vain, and as they decline to help you, what else can you do?"

"What indeed!" murmured the Fly, with his last expiring breath.

(To be continued.)

"When I was Young."

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "KENTISH LYRICS," ETC.



WHEN I was young, the opening flowers of life
 Bloomed brightly, as though joys would never fade
 But sorrow came full soon, and cankering strife,
 And blighted hopes decayed.
 No rest I found, no peace, till my young feet
 The heavenward path of self-denial trod;
 Beneath the Cross my bliss was made complete,
 And I found rest in God.

Like the sweet infant sleeping by my side,
 "My soul was even as a weaned child;"
 A living stream my growing thirst supplied
 With water undefiled.
 - And through my pilgrimage of fourscore years,
 Waiting on God, my youth has been renewed,
 And hopes of heaven have brightened all my tears,
 And cheered my solitude.

And now I live my childhood o'er again;
 The spring flowers bloom, and breathe celestial scent;
 And song-birds sing within me a soft strain,
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And, like a child, I long to be at home.
 Come, Jesus, come! with Thee I will not fear
 To pass the valley: how can there be gloom
 With God and heaven so near?

Home Makers, and How they Made them.

BY MRS. CLARA L. BALFOUR.

VI. PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING.



ALL prejudice is bad and foolish, but none perhaps is worse than the very common prejudice which is entertained against step-mothers; and for this reason it makes a very hard social task harder. The mother who, following a law of nature, loves her child, and sacrifices her time, her case, her pleasures, to promote its welfare, is doing a duty which God has mercifully made also a delight; but the woman who kindly and conscientiously takes upon herself the charge of being the wife of a widower and a mother to his children, if she rightly perform her duties, is worthy of the deepest gratitude and the highest honour. Yet who can deny that she often has to contend with coldness, suspicion, interference. She finds her motives misunderstood, and her actions misrepresented. Only a really Christian woman, filled with the love that is "gentle, easily entreated, thinketh no evil, hopeth all things, endureth all things," can overcome the influence of the ungenerous prejudice expressed in the common words: "She is only a step-mother."

I never knew a woman more tried in this relationship than one whom I will call Mrs. Sinclair. She was, I think, under thirty when she became the second wife of a worthy man with a family of five children, the eldest a girl twelve years of age.

During their father's widowhood this family had been scattered about amongst

the relatives of their mother, and they had not been particularly happy nor well cared for. Their father had paid the actual expenses of their support, and was by no means ungrateful for such kindness as had been shown his motherless children; but he naturally felt their being separated from him, and from each other; and though in the first year of his bereavement he had shrunk from the thought of ever putting any one in the place of his departed Margaret, as time passed on, the desire to gather his little ones again under his own roof grew stronger, and a second wife came to brighten his life and be a mother to his children.

The little folks were so glad once more to be together, that they were all very well inclined both for their father's sake, and for her own, to love their new mother. But the cruel breath of suspicions fell like a blight on their young spirits. Their aunts, their mother's sisters, worked this evil. They would drop such words as these to the children: "Is this new Mrs. Sinclair kind to you?" "Ah, you'll have to be very careful not to offend her; she's a step-mother, and they're not like an own mother." The sayings were not absolutely false in themselves, yet they were full of malice, and did the work of falsehood; for young folks are ready enough to believe they are hardly dealt with whenever they are thwarted, and thwarted the young must sometimes be, unless they are to be ruined. These inquiries and insinuations naturally infused a

doubt, which gradually warped the minds of the children, and checked the growth of love and gratitude.

Mrs. Sinclair became secretly unhappy, because she perceived she made but little way in the elder children's affections. She was too wise to complain, but being of a kindly nature, she felt it deeply. Happily she was a Christian, and knew where to carry her griefs and how to obtain strength to bear them. Prayer was to her as it should be, and would be, if earnestly tried, to every mother—a refuge in trouble, small as well as great.

Perhaps Mrs. Sinclair erred, as I have known many kindly women err in similar circumstances, in passing over much in the manners of the children, which she would have punished in her own. She feared reproof would be misconstrued, and it was only when she was obliged for the children's own welfare to be faithful, that she mildly and with reluctance corrected them. She was a quiet, silent woman, rather overpowered with her responsibilities, and her manner grew constrained as she found that she did not win love. If she had not herself felt love she would not have thus yearned for it. Her husband was very dear to her, and his children as a part of himself were also dear. She had indeed comforted herself in having no children of her own—natural as it is for a wife to wish to be a mother—by the thought that she could more fully devote herself to her adopted little ones.

But as we have said, wicked influences operated against her with the children. It is Divinely taught us, that “a whisperer separateth chief friends;” and whisperers were to work with the young Sinclairs. They did not become openly rebellious, but they were discontented and ungrateful. Poor children! of course they made themselves unhappy; all evil corrodes the heart and eats out peace.

Mr. Sinclair was a watchmaker, and

lived near Coventry. He was a skilled workman, earning good wages; but many circumstances,—his large family, the long illness of his first wife, the expenses of his scattered household during his widowhood, the inevitable cost of again gathering a home together,—all had prevented there being any reserve fund to fall back upon in case of reverses. Suddenly a heavy calamity befell the poor man. He took a severe cold, which resulted in inflammation of the eyes; and after months of suffering he was threatened with entire blindness.

At last he found he must entirely give up an employment for which excellent eyesight is essential, and he had neither capital nor ingenuity nor energy to enter on any other. His general health had suffered, and he was depressed and wretched.

In that time of trouble none of those who had once so busily infused their doubts against Mrs. Sinclair into the minds of the children, came forward to offer to help the family. One of the aunts said: “If Margaret had lived, we would of course have helped *her* in her difficulties, but we don't see that we are bound to help the present wife. She took Sinclair ‘for better for worse,’ and must bear it.”

Now came the trial of love. Mrs. Sinclair had in her youth learned dressmaking, and though out of practice, she went to a lady in Leamington whom she knew, the wife of a leading dentist there, and asked for some plain kind of dressmaking. The lady had a large family; and merely out of compassion resolved to try her with some morning gowns and frocks. If not fashionable she was neat, and prompt, and moderate in her charges.

“Mother,” said Emma soon after, “how close you work!”

“I must, dear; there are so many of us.”

“But you never can keep us all; father wants a good diet, the doctor says. Oh,

dear, how hard it is! Aunt Jane might take little Lizzie, and then, mother, I could help you more."

"My child, let us all try our best, and God will not let us want."

They were brave words, and the tears rose in Mrs. Sinclair's eyes as she uttered them, but she did not let them fall. Emma turned away, and going to the little attic where she slept, wept outright; for, as she told her Sunday-school teacher afterwards, she felt how hard her heart had been to one who was so good.

Ah, it is a blessed moment when we are led to see that we have been wrong, and a still more blessed one when we are led to do right! It was a moment never forgotten in Emma's history. She began to help her mother, to be a true daughter to her. If she was not able to do much yet with her needle, she could undertake the household work and the care of the younger children.

Work came in,—poorly paid for at first,—it was hard-earned bread for the family; but it was sweet, for it was honest and hopeful.

Poor Sinclair, with his pained and dimmed sight, and his dreary, drooping spirits, felt the warmth of his wife's love soothe and cheer him. He was conscious of a new spirit being manifested in his household. In their poverty and sorrow there was more of home feeling, because there was more of love, than in the time of his first bringing home their new mother.

Slowly yet surely the little business increased. Mrs. Sinclair moved to Leamington. Emma grew into a skilful helper. The eldest boy went to a draper's. The younger, after school hours, was useful in taking home work and going errands; the

two little girls would have thought it very hard to have had to leave their mother.

Those first years of arduous struggle gained Mrs. Sinclair the hearts of the children. She established a business, and gained them a livelihood. Her husband's eyes recovered, but not to enable him again to work at his old business. He was industrious, and with renewed hope struck out a new path for himself. In so fashionable a place as Leamington house agents want help; and as a sensible, conscientious man, Sinclair was found useful in letting houses and taking inventories. So that by the time Emma was one or two and twenty, the whole family were in prosperous circumstances.

Mrs. Sinclair had no longer to work so hard, though superintendence of course devolved upon her. The children grew up loving and useful. The home was happy; and as Emma talked privately to her brothers and sisters, she would often say in effect, if not in these actual words:—

"I can never forget or cease to love the memory of our own dear mother; but I am sure in her heavenly home, if she could know about her children, she would rejoice that we love the dear soul who came to be a mother to us. If she did not give us life, she has given us the means of living. She has made us all a home, and kept our dear father happy. Never talk to me against step-mothers. It is the bitter prejudice which so often makes them bitter. Wicked feelings perpetuate human wickedness."

All who knew the household of the Sinclairs, and the sweet character of the woman who had been the "home-maker," would agree that Emma's grateful words had been most truly merited by the loving and devoted step-mother.

The Young Folks' Page.



XVIII. THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

A CERTAIN man had the good fortune to possess a Goose that laid him a Golden Egg every day. But, dissatisfied with so slow an income, and thinking to

seize the whole treasure at once, he killed the Goose; and, cutting her open, found her just what any other goose would be.

Much wants more, and loses all.

ÆSOP.

XIX. PROVERBS WORTH REMEMBERING.

A FRIEND is never known till needed."
"A good hope is better than a bad possession."

"A word and a stone let go cannot be called back."

"Better do it than wish it done."

"Better go back than lose yourself."

"Better say nothing than nothing to the purpose."

"Better go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

"Cruelty deserves no mercy."

"Difficulties give way to diligence."

The Bible Mine Searched.

A NSWERS are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. By what two persons was Jesus spoken of as the "Just One"?

2. Who asked the question, "How should man be just with God?"

3. Who tried to kill his own son, for being the friend of his most faithful servant?

4. Name three patriarchs who, with their three wives, were buried in the same sepulchre? and where was the sepulchre?

5. Where did Peter first preach to the Gentiles?

6. Where did Paul preach the Gospel without being forbidden by any man?

ANSWERS (see September No.)

1. Manaen. Acts xiii. 1 (see margin). 2. Alexander. 2 Tim. iv. 14. 3. Nicopolis. Titus iii. 12. 4. Abraham. Heb. xi. 17. 5. Shamgar. Judges iii. 31. 6. Sergius Paulus. Acts xiii. 7. 7. Ezra. Ezra vii. 6. 8. Herodians. Matt. xxii. 6. —Manasseh (2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13).

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 6.1. Sets 5.40.

OCTOBER.

Moon.—Full, 14th, A. 11.14.
New, 29th, M. 6.12.

GRACE

LIFE

PREPARED UNTO EVERY GOOD WORK.

THY WORD
IS TRUTH

GOD IS LOVE

AN ANCHOR OF HOPE

JOY

PEACE

HOPE

LOVE

In
the morning
saw thy seed.
ECCLES. xi. 6.

- | | |
|------|--|
| 1 F | Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy |
| 2 S | Show piety at home. 1 Tim. v. 4. [night, Eccles. ix. 10.] |
| 3 S | 19th S. af. Trin. To distribute, forget not. |
| 4 M | With such sacrifices God is well pleased. Heb. xiii. |
| 6 Tu | The Lord recompense thy work. Ruth ii. 12. [16.] |
| 6 W | Establish the work of our hands. Ps. xc. 17. [Tim. ii. 9.] |
| 7 Th | Let women adorn themselves with good works. 1 |
| 8 F | Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants. Ps. xc. 18. |

In
the evening
withhold not thine hand.
Prov. xx. 11.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 9 S | The Lord shall bless the work of thy hand. Deut. |
| 10 S | 20th S. af. Trin. Prepare thy work. Prov. xxiv. |
| 11 M | Consider the work of God. Eccles. vii. 13. [27.] |
| 12 Tu | There is no work in the grave. Eccles. ix. 10. |
| 13 W | The work of righteousness shall be peace. Isa. |
| 14 Th | Abounding in the work of the Lord. 1 Cor. xv. 58. |
| 15 F | Being fruitful in every good work. Col. i. 10. |
| 16 S | Be ready to every good work. Titus iii. 1. |

THOU
HAST WROUGHT
ALL OUR WORKS

Not
slothful in business.
Rom. xii. 11.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 17 S | 21st S. af. Trin. She worketh willingly. Prov. xxxi. |
| 18 M | St. LUKE. He hath built us a synagogue. Lk. vii. 5. [13.] |
| 19 Tu | Workers together with God. 2 Cor. vi. 1. |
| 20 W | He knoweth their works. Job. xxxiv. 25. |
| 21 Th | He considereth all their works. Ps. xxxiii. 15. |
| 22 F | I made me great works. Eccles. ii. 4. |
| 23 S | Let her own works praise her. Prov. xxxi. 31. |
| 24 S | 22nd S. af. Trin. God saw their works. Jon. iii. 10. |

Fervent in
spirit, serving the Lord.
Rom. xii. 11.

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 25 M | Full of good works. Acts ix. 36. [Lk. 4.] |
| 26 Tu | The night cometh when no man can work. John |
| 27 W | Be careful to maintain good works. Titus iii. 8. |
| 28 Th | St. SM. & St. JU. Let him show forth his works in meek- |
| 29 F | Their works do follow them. Rev. xiv. 13. [Luce.] |
| 30 S | Let us cast off the works of darkness. Rom. xiii. 12. |
| 31 S | 23rd S. af. Trin. God shall bring every work into judgment. Eccles. xii. 14. |

THE work my Master gives me
He makes me glad to do:
His smile is in the sunshine,
His blessing in the dew:

And anywhere and everywhere,
So that I do His will,
And do my life's work bravely,
I shall be happy still.—L.R.

"NOT only labour to keep thy mind spiritual in itself, but by it put a spiritual stamp even upon thy temporal employments; and so thou shalt live to God, not only without prejudice of thy calling, but even in it; and shalt converse with Him in thy shop, or in thy field, or in thy journey, doing all in obedience to Him, and offering all and thyself as a sacrifice to Him. Thou with Him, and He with thee in all. This is to live to the will of God indeed, to follow his directions, and intend His glory in all."—Archbishop Leighton.



HOME FROM SCHOOL.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Home from School.

WELL done, Harry! I'm delighted
With the progress you have
made;
All my cares and pains requited,
All your "schooling" well repaid.
Well done, Harry! this *is* writing!
Upstrokes fine, and downstrokes clear;
And some pieces for reciting,
We at Christmas-tide shall hear.
And the ciphering—quite as clever!
You shall write my Christmas bills.


Just look, mother! Well—I never!
See how every page he fills!
Well done, Harry! go on learning,
That's the certain way to rise;
Now I see the "long lane's" turning,
Struggle till you gain the prize.
Mother's pleased, and father smiling,
Work, my boy, and you'll succeed;
Holidays make up for toiling,
Labour brings the help we need.
BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Roger Beckinsall's Story; or, The Milestones on the Road.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE CLIFFS;" "MATTHEW FROST," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

HARD SERVICE.



FEW days after that moonlight night, we put in to Boston, and for the next few months we went cruising about the coast of America, staying for a few days here and a few days there; and I was always in attendance. At New York I went to theatres, and began the knowledge of the gay world for which I had longed. The constant change and variety kept me from feeling those qualms of conscience which, when I was always aboard the *Water Witch*, I

VOL. V. NO. XI.

could not altogether get rid of. However, the check was to come which I needed. I was to find out how bitter was the cup which I had determined to drink.

It isn't my business to talk about the faults of others, so I will say little of the goings on of my master and his friend. A deal of money was made and lost by gambling; and hand in hand with cards and dice went drink and other bad things. Mr. Herbert was always a gentleman, but the other was a real rascal. He took a hatred to me, and tried to make my life as miserable as possible. I set my back up sometimes when he cursed at me if his boots were not at the right polish, or his shaving water not hot enough. "I wasn't his servant." Young

Mr. Herbert did not get on much better than I did with this man, and he and his father had words about it again and again.

One day Mr. Herbert said he was going to leave the *Water Witch* in dock, and visit several places further inland. At one of these, Weston, we put up at a large sort of inn, and the usual theatre-going and betting and gambling went on. One night young Mr. Herbert came to the door of the room where I slept, and called me. He told me he felt very ill, and he could not think what ailed him. I stayed by him till the morning, and then Mr. Herbert sent for a doctor. He ordered him to keep in bed; and indeed he could do nothing else—he was sickening with small-pox. As soon as the complaint was made known, every one was struck with terror. There was no vaccination in those days, and it was a fearful thing to see a fine, handsome fellow like my young master so disfigured and puffed out by the horrid disease that no one would have known him.

Mr. Herbert was in a fine way, and raved like a madman at his ill-luck. For all the people who were in the inn were so frightened that the hotel was deserted. Mr. Herbert had to pay compensation, and the doctor and nurse as well. He used to put camphor in his mouth, and stuff cotton-wool dipped in camphor up his nose and in his ears, and just look in once a day to see his son; but he was far too scared and horrified to stay more than a minute. The nurse we got drunk and snored all night, so I was not sorry when she was sent off.

Years and years have gone by since this time; but, dear me! it is still so much fresher in my mind than things that happened a month ago. Only the other day my daughter Susan was quite angry with me because I forgot her Willy had the scarlet fever last March. I had no particular call to remember it, nor how old he is; and I didn't.

Well, I went on nursing my dear young master. For many days they thought he was dying, and when he got the better of the fever, which set in strong as soon as the spots were well out, he was as weak as an infant. It was now that, like most of us, he began to think of God, and he would ask me

to read to him from His blessed Word. I did this day by day, and many a time the tears have come into my eyes as he has said, "Ah, grannie was so fond of that chapter. O grannie, grannie! why did I ever leave her? Please God, Roger, you and I will go back to Seabourne, and we will begin a very different life—turn over a new leaf, Roger."

Ah! the time when I was to see Caistor again was far off. I fought hard against the feelings of tiredness and illness I had, but they crept over me slow and sure.

One evening I was lying down on a mattress I had in the corner of my young master's room, when I heard his voice calling me, and sounding more natural and less muffled-like than it had sounded for long. I tottered towards him, and he looked up at me with his beautiful big eyes; swelled as the lids were, and red and marked as his cheeks were, his eyes had their old look in them.

"Poor Roger!" he said; "I should never have tempted you out here. I have sinned against you, Roger; but it is all over now, and you must forgive me. I want you to give my best love to my grandmother—you will see her again, though I never shall; and keep that bible she gave me, and tell her how you read it to me when I was dying, for I am dying, Roger. Tell her that the words I have thought most of while I lay here, far from her at home, are the words of Jesus: 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He has given it to me, Roger; He *has* forgiven me."

I stayed by my dear young master all that night—the last. He began to wander, and talked of beautiful flowers, and sailing down rivers, and then of the Lion's Head and the big waves, and he clung to me in terror that he would be swept off the rock and dashed into the sea.

When the daylight came, I saw a change. I went to call Mr. Herbert, and sent for the doctor.

I suppose this was the last effort I made. I remember nothing afterwards till I opened my eyes in a long straight room, with a lot of beds in it. I was in the ward of a hospital—the small-pox ward—for the complaint was raging in Weston. I had been as

near death as any one ever was, and I think the coming back to life was as hard as it could be. Nursing wasn't in those days what it is now. I was looked after by a hard-featured disagreeable woman, whose voice was like a knife on a nutmeg grater. I was too weak—when I came to myself, I could not speak—to be heard, but at last I struggled out my questions. How long had I been there in the hospital? Was young Mr. Herbert better? And where was Mr. Herbert the father?

"Oh! the young man has been dead and buried long ago," was the answer. "You've been here close on five weeks; we thought you was dead one night. There is a letter for you, left in the care of the matron."

"Will you get it, please?" I gasped.

"Not I. I ain't going to toil down them steep stairs for a letter. You must wait till to-morrow morning, when the matron comes her rounds. There, I wouldn't be such a baby if I were you, to cry and take on."

But the tears would come, and I lay and cried, as she said, like an infant. I was lonesome and desolate at that moment as I never was before, or, I may say since. I've gone through many a rough passage in my long life, but I think that was the roughest of all when I lay in the ward of that hospital.

My eyes were so bad, that when the letter was brought I could not see to read it, though I tried and tried till the tears ran out of my eyes. The nurse couldn't read; she was an ignorant woman, very different to what one hears tell of now, when real gentry—whatever they may do in America—in England nurse the sick and dying. There was a parcel with the letter, dear young Mr. Herbert's Bible; and that did me good only to look at. By degrees my sight came back a little, and I could spell out the letter. It was short enough; just to say that Mr. Herbert was gone to Boston, that he should stay there a week or two, and he would give me a passage in the *Water Witch* when all fear of infection was over. He told me to write to him at the hotel there, and say when I was well. He enclosed a five-pound note, and that was all. Not a word about his son, though I heard he was pretty near wild with grief at first, and

yet in such terror of the dreadful complaint of which he died, that he scarcely dare go to the funeral.

I was a long time getting well; and then at last the day came when I was able to leave the hospital. I felt sick with loneliness in that strange land. I went slowly down the street of the town, and I remember there was a big looking-glass in one of the stores, and what I saw in it I shall never forget. A poor emaciated youth in clothes ever so much too big for him, and his face all over red scars and blotches. It was a minute or two before I could take in that this miserable-looking object was Roger Beckinsall!

I asked my way to the burying-ground where my dear young master lay; and I found it in the heart of the city, with iron railings round it. There was a stone put up, a grand stone, covering over the grave, and my dear young master's name and age, and all the great folk he belonged to in this world set forth in it. Ah! he was the child of one greater than the kings of the earth, and I fell down on my knees and prayed and prayed to meet him again, and trust in the same blessed Saviour, who was his hope in death. But, deary me! death is a grand mystery when it comes for the young and strong and beautiful; for the old it is so different, just like the natural decay we see every year in the shrubs and trees; and, blessed be God! there is a spring for us poor old withered ones, as well as for the trees. I left my dear master's grave with a feeling that we should meet again, and I have it now. Yes I, old and bent and infirm, I shall meet him—whom I see before me now straight as an arrow, and with a face like a spring day—where there are no more partings, and, best of all, no more sin.

I had five pounds in my pocket. I had to give gratuities to the nurses at the hospital, and that took one of my five pounds. With the rest I was to make my way to Boston. Those that go about now-a-days in railway carriages have no idea what it was when there was no such thing, especially for the poor. After jogging along in all sorts of conveyances for three days, I found myself once more in the city of Boston, and made my way to the hotel.

On inquiring for Mr. Herbert, I was told he was gone, had been gone for a month, and was believed to have sailed in his yacht for Europe. Two letters addressed to him were waiting for him, but he had left no address. One was that which I had written a week before from the hospital; and now I knew I was indeed deserted.

A hard time followed. I spent several days in looking about for work, and at last I got employment at a boot and shoe maker's, and was paid just enough to keep myself, and no more.

So this was the end of all my fine dreams; instead of sitting in the little workshop at Seabourne, with the scent of the lavender bush by the window coming in, and the bees humming, and sometimes the waves chiming in the distance, I was mewed up in a close back shop, where the smell of the leather half poisoned me, and no one spoke a kind or civil word from month's end to month's end. On Sundays I used to go down to the shipping and look at the masts, and wonder when I should get over that great ocean again; but I had no money saved to pay my passage, and though I had written twice to my father, I had got no answer. He was angry, I thought, and would not forgive me. Well, I must wait, and I must bear it.

Just when I was at the lowest pitch, God's hand saved me from despair. I wandered one Sunday some way out of the town, and came to a little roadside chapel, where, as I saw people going in, I followed. That day there was a preacher who got up and told me

my own story. Self-will, pride, discontent; he drew such a picture of the son who wandered far away from his home, and this is what touched me to the heart. He said so much about the love of the Father never changing one bit, that sin and wilful disobedience grieved Him, but they did not separate us from His love. I listened with the tears running down my cheeks, and when the service was over I could hardly stagger out.

I was walking away, all destitute-like and miserable, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, —it was the minister. "My poor boy," said he, "can I help you? can I comfort you?" Ah! but he was one of the right sort. He took me to his pretty, neat little home, and gave me a good wholesome dinner; and then, while his wife put away the dinner things and cleared up the place, he took me out into a little bit of a garden behind, and there I told him all that had happened to me, and how he had seemed to know all about me.

Well, this was another milestone in the journey of my life, and I may well call it *Bethel*. Many things have grown dark that I have thought bright, and I have had disappointments and crosses like the rest; but ever since that day I settled well in my mind that God does all things in love; that He will see us even when we are a great way off, and nobody else would so much as look at us; and that He will hold out His arm and forgive us before we can well get out the words "Father, I have sinned."

(To be continued.)

The Pharisee and the Publican.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.



IN giving reproof it is not always wise to go straight to the point. This is especially the case where the wrong-doer is self-satisfied. To go straight to the point in such a case will so offend the man that he will not listen.

When Nathan went to reprove David,

he went to a man whose conscience was in a deadly slumber. David would perhaps have denied that his sin was so great as it was represented, if Nathan had begun by rebuking it. So God taught the prophet to wrap up the sword of the Spirit in a story. The consequence was, the king pronounced upon the case himself in the Name of the Lord; and when Nathan said plainly

"Thou art the man," he could not draw back.

Just so did our Blessed Lord reprove. Once He was sitting at the table of a self-righteous man who had to be taught that the greatest debtor to forgiving mercy will be the most grateful. He did not at first draw a comparison between His host and the poor woman whom he had despised. He prepared the way for that by putting a case before him, and making him pronounce upon that case. So here. He had spoken of the duty of prayer to His disciples; now He wished to speak of the right manner of prayer, and, in doing so, He had to address a self-satisfied class; so "He spake *this parable* unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others" (St. Luke xviii. 9).

Christian reader, when first you really tried to pray, was there not a question which would be answered at the outset? "How can man be justified with God?" (Job xxv. 4). God's Word declares, and our own hearts echo it, that He requires holiness in those who come near to Him. If then we come near to Him, we must be prepared to justify ourselves, or we must be justified in some other way. These unhappy people, to whom Jesus was going to speak, chose the former. God has provided a way in which, though *we* have no righteousness, we may be justified. "By His knowledge" He says, "By the knowledge of Him shall my Righteous Servant justify many" (Isa. liii. 11). But these poor people preferred to trust in themselves and not in God. They thought that they could prove to God that they were righteous; and would they do it by comparing themselves—with God's law? No.

No! But they should; that looks bad in itself.

It does: but their standard was "*other men*." It is very sad to hear men rest their hopes on being "no worse than others," but it is sadder still (because the deception

is deeper) when they rest them on being better. Now what did Jesus say to such?

"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican."

No one but the priests might go into the temple itself, but the courts round it were open, and they were quiet; so that the Jews used to go there at nine, twelve, and three, for private prayer. One of these two was a Pharisee. We read much in the New Testament of this self-righteous class, but we need now add nothing to what is said of them here—they "trusted in themselves and despised others." The other man was a Publican, a tax-gatherer. His class were much tempted to exact more than was appointed them, and many of them yielded to the temptation, and became very dishonest. Perhaps this one had yielded, and been so.

Now how will these two men be justified before God?

The Pharisee will try to justify himself. He "stood [the Jews stood to pray] and prayed thus with himself; God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican."

The first part of this would not have been wrong if it had been said humbly. To have been kept from gross wickedness is a cause for humble thankfulness to God. But two things let out the secret of the man's heart. He "prayed with himself"; it was little more than a whisper into his own ear; he prayed with an admiring eye fixed on himself and only a glance at God. And then that contemptuous look at the poor Publican! To call a neighbour by a contemptuous name actually in prayer, and when that neighbour was beating his breast in sorrow for his sin, that surely is very wrong. It is bad enough to indulge pride anywhere; but what an occupation for God's house, to be looking at others and saying in our hearts, "Stand by thyself;

come not near to me, for I am holier than thou."

But perhaps there is something better coming. Let us see. Perhaps he will now confess some sins; perhaps he will now name some wants to be supplied. Nothing of the kind. We have had his life. Now he is going to tell about his religion. "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess." The meaning of which was, that he did even more than his duty. God had ordered but one fast a year; he made it twice a week. God had ordered tithe to be paid indeed; he paid it on the most trifling things he had got. He did all his duty, he says, and more beside.

And that is the end. Yet he went up to pray. He has pretended to praise God, but has praised himself. He has insulted the praying Publican, but he has asked for nothing. I suppose he thought he prayed. He had been so accustomed to deceive others by an appearance of religion that he ended with deceiving himself. This is sometimes God's punishment of those who will not believe the truth. He sends them strong delusion, so that they believe their own lie. A deceived heart turns them aside, so that they cannot deliver their souls, nor say, "Is there not a lie in my right hand?" What reason this is for us to cherish God's Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Truth! Let us earnestly pray God not to take Him from us. If He stays with us we shall not be deceived about ourselves. He will teach

us out of His Holy Word what we are, hopeless and helpless sinners, and so what we want, a righteousness not our own.

But now the other man. The Pharisee seems to have pressed forward to the temple itself: *he stood afar off*, as unworthy to draw near. The Pharisee stood erect: *he had his eyes fixed on the ground*, ashamed to lift up his face, and kept beating his breast in his sorrow. And his prayer! "God be merciful to me a sinner!" To the Pharisee all the rest of the world were sinners: the Publican thought of no one's sin but his own. The Pharisee claimed God's favour as a debt: the Publican entreated it as a free gift.

See a model for our prayers! Some one may perhaps say, there is nothing here of Jesus Christ as the way of mercy. We must remember that as yet men had not been taught to ask in Jesus' Name (St. John xvi. 24). The hearers would have been startled, perplexed, offended, if the prayer had ended "for Jesus Christ's sake;" no Jew would have prayed so. But when a Jew cast himself indeed on the mercy of God, he knew that without sacrifice—"without shedding of blood"—there is "no remission of sins." Who the sacrifice was, Whose the blood, the Publican may have seen only through a glass darkly. But mercy was his only hope, and he had faith that there was mercy provided even for him.* We can add—for we know it—the Christian ending, and we have a perfect prayer.

* "The Gospel of the Old Testament presented in sacrifices many the ever-visible type of the one sacrifice of the Lamb of God which 'in the fulness of time' should 'put away sin,' and prove the basis for the exercise of Divine and Holy mercy. Without attempting to define how clearly the faith of the spiritually-taught Jew, standing as the Publican stood in the temple of sacrifice, where the priest was probably at the time executing his typical office, might rest on the Atonement as the channel of justifying righteousness to the sinner, we know the one chief lesson of the Hebrew ritual was this:—'Without shedding of blood is no remission.' We know, too, that David certainly understood the cleansing efficacy of the blood-shedding thus typified, in that he prayed, 'Purge me with hyssop.'—hyssop dipped in the blood of atonement—and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

"As we see the law fulfilled, so the old saints saw the Gospel predicted. The prayer of the Publican, in fact, implies that he understood the atoning way of mercy. The words he used, if translated literally, would stand thus: '*God be propitiated towards me the sinner!*' and would indicate that his mind was fixed, even if his eyes did not rest, upon the *mercy-seat* on which the blood of the expiatory sacrifices was sprinkled on the great day of Atonement."—*Earthly Stories with Heavenly Meanings*. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

Well, now, what is the voice of this parable to us? Does it not say:—

(1) *Pray God to make you poor in spirit?* God's people are a people near unto Him (Ps. cxlviii. 14), and the first step to nearness is to feel our distance. See that here. The Pharisee prayed proudly; what does God say? "The proud He knoweth afar off." The Publican stood afar off: he felt so sinful. What does God say? "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." Our Lord used the words of this judgment three times Himself, and the truth of them is repeated in so many forms throughout the Bible that we may venture to call it a great law of God's kingdom.


Then let us pray to be "poor in spirit:" to be taught that we are nothing and have nothing. That that alone will prepare us to receive salvation as a free gift. If we do not mourn, there is no place for comfort: if we do not hunger and thirst, the offer of fulness is lost upon us. "If any man say, I have sinned and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not, God will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light" (Job xxxiii. 27, 28).

And does not the parable say to us (2), *Accept a whole Christ?*

Self-righteousness is a snare to every one of us. Some seem to think Christ is only to fill up what is lacking in a man's own efforts to justify himself; but this is to fall into the Pharisee's error. We are to put *all* our trust in Christ; not because it is more safe, but because it is alone safe. And we may add, this alone will lead us to live as those who are "not their own:" as those who "have been bought with the price" of the Saviour's blood. Away with the old lie that grace sets the promises of God against His law, and encourages men to continue in sin. There is nothing like the Gospel seed for producing the fruit of righteousness. Satan knows it; but he is the father of lies.

"Jesus, I am Thy sin! Jesus, Thou art my Righteousness!" This was Luther's new song, quoted, as we see, on his death-bed by that honoured servant of God, the Rev. E. B. Elliot. Self-emptying, filled with Christ; not having mine own righteousness but that which is through the faith of Christ: so, and so only, can we satisfy the question, "What shall I do when God riseth up? and when He visiteth what shall I answer Him?" (Job xxxi. 14.)

The Streamlet.

 SAW a little streamlet flow
Along a peaceful vale;
A thread of silver, soft and slow,
It wandered down the dale:
Just to do good it seemed to move,
Directed by the hand of Love.

The valley smiled in living green;
A tree, which near it gave
From noon-tide heat a friendly screen,
Drank of its limpid wave:
The swallow brushed it with her wing,
And followed its meandering.

But not alone to plant and bird
That little stream was known,
Its gentle murmur far was heard,
A friend's familiar tone;
It glided by the cottar's door,
It blessed the labours of the poor.

And would that I could thus be found,
While travelling life's brief way,
A humble friend to all around,
Where'er my footsteps stray;
Like that pure stream with tranquil breast,
Like it, still blessing, and still blest.

M. A. STODDART.



Family Prayer.



OME time ago a traveller, passing through a thinly inhabited district in America, lost his way, and was benighted in a forest. As he painfully stumbled on from step to step, he at length espied a glimmering light. He followed this and reached a rude-looking hut. As the traveller had a large sum of money upon him, and felt a little in doubt as to the security of it, he resolved to sit up all night by the fire.

The woodsman, having in vain invited his guest to lie down to rest, said, "Well, how you prepare for the night, I know not, but this is our plan;" and suiting the action to the word, he reached down a large well-worn Bible from the shelf. He read a por-

tion, and then knelt down in prayer, invoking God's blessing on himself and his visitor, and so retired to rest.

The traveller was relieved from all fear immediately he saw the cherished Bible and heard the sound of family prayer. "This man fears God," said he to himself, "and will love his fellow-man."

Family prayer is as the blood sprinkled on the door-posts and lintels in Egypt. It has the promise of peace and safety; whereas godlessness is the sure forerunner of danger and sorrow. Abraham built an altar wherever he went, and called upon God, and the Almighty greatly blessed him, because he could say, "I know him, that he will command his *children* and his *household* after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord."

WILLIAM CARPENTER.

Guyhern, Cambridge.

The Cottage Homes of England.

THE Cottage Homes of England,
How beautiful they are!

In nooks and corners see them stand,
Dotting the country near and far
Down to the ocean strand.
Sweet cottages of calm content
From John O'Groats to lovely Kent.

By hillside—on the upland height—
Down by the pleasant stream—
Where woodlands wave in joyous light;
And thrushes sing, and poets dream—
When Summer's smile is bright:
Where'er we stop, where'er we roam,
We find the English Cottage Home.

The garden-borders all in bloom,
And, climbing overhead,
The honeysuckle's rich perfume
Mingles with roses white and red
And shades the cottage room;
While, in the porch, with fluttering wings,
A gentle skylark hangs and sings.

"Dada is coming!" shouts a child,
And toddles out to meet him,
While baby coos with gladness wild
And spreads his arms to greet him;
And mother's voice, with accents mild,
With matron-love, makes daily toil
Delightful by her welcome smile.

The Cottage Homes of England
Are happy homes indeed.
When love is the strong household band,
And God is worshipped with due heed,
And cottage altars stand
For morning and for evening prayer—
God's blessing is for ever there!

BENJAMIN GOUGH, *Author of "Kentish Lyrics."*



THE COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

Richard Baxter.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, M.A., HON. CANON OF NORWICH, AND VICAR OF STRADBROKE, SUFFOLK.

[As promised last month, we now give a sketch of the life of Richard Baxter, abridged from one of Canon Ryle's most telling books, "Bishops and Clergy of other Days."

Canon Ryle brings vividly before his readers a picture of Baxter as he lived, and worked, and died. Never did pastor more fully exemplify in his own person the precept: "He that will avoid doing evil must be taken up with doing good." Never was there a case where the spirit so triumphed over the failings of the body as in that long conflict with almost unceasing pain, "with the thirty-six doctors whom he invoked, and the innumerable remedies which he took himself." And never, we must add, was there a more fervent lover of the "unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life," making, as he did, that famous maxim which he dug out of an obscure treatise, "In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity"—the model of his life.

That he suffered persecution, such as Canon Ryle describes, might seem a mystery, did we not remember One who endured worse "contradiction of sinners against Himself." The age was an age of darkness and bigotry, and rigid intolerance had full sway. The record is painful, but it is best to encourage a spirit of thankfulness rather than of condemnation; and it is a cheering index of national religious progress to point out that the comprehensive and catholic sentiments of Baxter have so far prevailed that the unveiling of his statue at Kidderminster drew together so many to bear testimony to the common faith which constitutes us members of that Church which is "Christ's Body." We can but echo the words of the Bishop of Worcester in the hope he expressed, that "we may all cherish a greater love for Baxter's memory, and endeavour to know more about him than we did before." As a help to this end we give Canon Ryle's most interesting sketch.—ED. OF *Home Words*.]



RICHARD BAXTER was the son of a small landed proprietor of Eaton-Constantine, in Shropshire, and was born in 1615, at Rowton, in the same county, where Mr. Adeney, his mother's father, resided.

He seems to have been under religious impressions from a very early period of his life; and for this, under God, he was indebted to the training of a pious father. Shropshire was a very dark, ungodly county in those days. The ministers were generally ignorant, graceless, and unable to preach; and the people, as might be expected, were profligate, and despisers of them that were good. In Eaton-Constantine the parishioners spent the greater part of the Lord's-Day in dancing round a maypole near old Mr. Baxter's door, to his

great distress and annoyance. Yet even here grace triumphed over the world in the case of his son, and he was added to the noble host of those who "serve the Lord from their youth."

Disease and the prospect of death did much to carry on the spiritual work within him. He says in his Autobiography, "Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die. That set me on studying how to live, and that on studying the doctrines from which I must fetch my motives and my comforts."

At the age of twenty-two he was ordained a clergyman by Thornborough, Bishop of Worcester. He had never had the advantage of a university education. A free school at Wroxeter, and a private tutor at Ludlow, had done something for him; and his own insatiable love of study had done a good deal more. He probably entered the ministry far better furnished with theological learning than most

young men of his day. He certainly entered it as one truly moved by the Holy Ghost, and a converted man. He says himself: "I knew that the want of academical honours and degrees were like to make me contemptible with the most. But yet, expecting to be so quickly in another world, the great concernment of miserable souls did prevail with me against all impediments. And being conscious of a thirsty desire of men's conscience and salvation, I resolved that if one or two souls only might be won to God, it would easily recompense all the dishonour which, for want of titles, I might undergo from men."

From the time of his ordination to his death, Baxter's life was a constant series of strange changes and intense physical and mental exertions. Sometimes in prosperity and sometimes in adversity,—sometimes praised and sometimes persecuted,—at one period catechising in the lanes of Kidderminster, at another disputing in the Savoy Conference,—one year writing the "Saint's Rest," at the point of death, in a quiet country house, another year a marching chaplain to a regiment in Cromwell's army,—one day offered a bishopric by Charles II., another cast out of the Church by the Act of Uniformity,—one year arguing for monarchy with Cromwell, and telling him it was a blessing, another tried before Jeffreys on a charge of seditious writing,—one time living quietly at Acton in the society of Judge Hale, at another languishing in prison under some ecclesiastical persecution,—sometimes writing folioses for the learned, sometimes writing broadsheets for the poor,—never, perhaps, did any Christian minister fill so many various positions; and never, certainly, did any one come out of them all with such an unblemished reputation. Always suffering under incurable disease, and seldom long out of pain,—always working his mind to the uttermost, and never idle for a day,—seemingly overwhelmed with business, and yet never refusing new work,—living in the midst of the most exciting scenes, and yet holding daily converse with God,—not sufficiently a partisan to satisfy any side, and yet feared and courted by all,—too much of a royalist to please the parliamentary party, and yet too much connected with the parliament and too

holy to be popular with the cavaliers,—too much of an episcopalian to satisfy the violent portion of the puritan body, and too much of a puritan to be trusted by the bishops: never, probably, did Christian man enjoy so little rest, though serving God with a pure conscience, as did Richard Baxter.

In 1638 he began his ministry by preaching in the Upper Church at Dudley. There he continued a year. From Dudley he removed to Bridgenorth: There he continued a year and three quarters. From Bridgnorth he removed to Kidderminster. From thence, after two years, he retired to Coventry, at the beginning of the Commonwealth troubles, and awaited the progress of the civil war. From Coventry, after the battle of Naseby, he joined the parliamentary army in the capacity of regimental chaplain. He took this office in the vain hope that he might do some good among the soldiers, and counteract the ambitious designs of Cromwell and his friends. He was obliged by illness to give up his chaplaincy in 1646, and lingered for some months between life and death. At the end of 1646 he returned to Kidderminster, and there continued labouring indefatigably as parish minister for fourteen years. In 1660 he left Kidderminster for London, and took an active part in promoting the restoration of Charles II., and was made one of the king's chaplains. In London, he preached successively at St. Dunstan's, Black Friars', and St. Bride's. Shortly after this he was offered the bishopric of Hereford, but thought fit to refuse it. In 1662 he was one of the 2000 ministers who were turned out of the Church by the Act of Uniformity. Immediately after his ejection he married a wife, who seems to have been every way worthy of him, and who was spared to be his loving and faithful companion for nineteen years. Her name was Margaret Charlton, of Apsley Castle, in Shropshire. After this he lived in various places in and about London—at Acton, Totteridge, Bloomsbury, and at last in Charterhouse Square. The disgraceful treatment of his enemies made it almost impossible for him to have any certain dwelling-place. Once, at this period of his life, he was offered a Scotch bishopric, or the mastership of a Scotch university, but declined both

offices. With few exceptions, the last twenty-nine years of his life were embittered by repeated prosecutions, fines, imprisonment, and harassing controversies. When he could he preached, and when he could not preach he wrote books; but something he was always doing. The revolution and accession of William III. brought him some little respite from persecution, and death at last removed the good old man to that place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," in the year 1691, and the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Such is a brief outline of the life of one of the most distinguished and devoted ministers of the Gospel this country has ever seen. It is an outline which, we may readily believe, might be filled up to an indefinite length. I cannot, of course, pretend to do more than direct attention to a few leading particulars. If I do not tell more, it is not for want of matter. But if any one wishes to know why Baxter's name stands so high as it does in the list of English worthies, I ask him to give me his attention for a few minutes, and I will soon show him the cause.

For one thing, Baxter was a man of most *eminent personal holiness*. Few men have ever lived before the eyes of the world for fifty or sixty years, as he did, and left so fair and unblemished a reputation. Bitterly and cruelly as many hated him, they could find no fault in the man, except as concerning the law of his God. He seems to have been holy in all the relations of life, and in all the circumstances in which man can be placed: holy as a son, a husband, a minister, and a friend,—holy in prosperity and in adversity, in sickness and in health, in youth and in old age. He was singularly independent of man's praise or blame. He could be bold as a lion, and yet he could be gentle as a lamb. He could be zealous as a crusader for the rights of conscience, and yet he was of so catholic a spirit that he loved all who loved Jesus Christ in sincerity. "Be it by conformists or nonconformists," he would say, "I rejoice that Christ is preached." He was a truly humble man. To one who wrote to him expressing admiration for his character, he replied, "You admire one you do not know: knowledge would cure your error." So fair

an epistle of Christ, considering the amazing trials of patience he had to go through, this country has seldom seen as Richard Baxter.

Let us remember this point in Baxter's character. No argument has such lasting power with the world as a holy and consistent life. Let us remember that this holiness was attained by a man of like passions with ourselves. Let Baxter be an encouragement and an example. Let us remember the Lord God of Baxter is not changed.

For another thing, Baxter was *one of the most powerful preachers that ever addressed an English congregation*. He had an amazing fluency,—an enormous store of matter,—a most clear and lucid style,—an unlimited command of forcible language,—a pithy, pointed, emphatic way of presenting truth,—a singularly moving and pathetic voice,—and an earnestness of manner which swept everything before it like a torrent. He used to say, "It must be serious preaching which will make men serious in hearing and obeying it." Two well-known lines of his show you the man:—

"I'll preach as though I ne'er should preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men."

The effects that his preaching produced were those which such preaching always has produced and always will. As it was under the pulpit of Latimer and Whitfield, so it was under the pulpit of Baxter. At Dudley, the poor nailers would not only crowd the church, but even hang upon the windows and the leads without. At Kidderminster it became necessary to build five new galleries, in order to accommodate the congregation. In London, the crowds who attended his ministry were so large, that it was sometimes dangerous, and often impossible, to be one of his hearers.

For another thing, Baxter was *one of the most successful pastors of a parish and congregation that ever lived*. When he came to Kidderminster he found it a dark, ignorant, immoral, irreligious place, containing, perhaps, 3000 inhabitants. When he left it at the end of fourteen years, he had completely turned the parish upside down. The number of his regular communicants averaged 600. "Of these," Baxter tells us, "there were not

twelve of whom I had not good hope as to their sincerity." When he came there, there was about one family in a street which worshipped God at home. When he went away, there were some streets in which there was not more than one family on a side that did not do it.

For another thing, Baxter was *one of the most diligent theological writers the world has ever seen*. Few have the slightest idea of the immense number of works in divinity which he wrote in the fifty years of his active life. It is reckoned that they would fill sixty octavo volumes, comprising not less than 35,000 closely-printed pages. Dr. Barrow, no

mean judge, says, "That his practical writings were never mended, and his controversial ones seldom confuted." That great and good man, William Wilberforce, says, "His practical writings are a treasury of Christian wisdom."

No one man has certainly ever written three such books as Baxter's three master-pieces, "The Saint's Rest," "The Reformed Pastor," and "The Call to the Unconverted." Of "The Call to the Unconverted," 20,000 were printed in one year. Eliot, the missionary, thought so highly of it that he translated it into the Indian language the first book after the Bible.

(To be continued.)

A Swim for Life:

A NIGHT-EXPERIENCE IN THE LIFE OF SAMUEL BROCK, OF GREAT YARMOUTH.



AMONGST the sons of labour there are none more deserving of their hard earnings than that class of persons denominated Beachmen, on the shores of this kingdom. To those un-

acquainted with maritime affairs, it may be as well to observe, that these men are bred to the sea from their earliest infancy, are employed in the summer months very frequently as regular sailors or fishermen, and during the autumn, winter, and spring, when gales are most frequent on our coasts, in going off in boats to vessels in distress in all weathers, at the imminent risk of their lives; fishing up lost anchors and cables, and looking out for waifs (that is, anything abandoned or wrecked) which the wind and waves may have cast in their way. In our seaports these persons are usually divided into companies, between whom the greatest rivalry exists in regard to the beauty and swiftness of their boats, and their dexterity in managing them; this too often leads to feats of the greatest daring, which the widow and orphan have long to deplore. To one of these companies, known by the name of "Layton's,"

whose rendezvous and "look-out" is close to Yarmouth jetty, Samuel Brock belonged, and of him the following anecdote is recorded.

We give it as it was published at Yarmouth many years ago by a Yarmouth visitor, who, it will be noted, tells the story mainly in Brock's own words. Brock, we should add, died at Great Yarmouth, on the 14th of December, 1873, having just reached the three score years and ten. Although his marvellous achievement did not gain him the world-celebrity so fully accorded to Captain Webb the Channel champion, we question whether any reader will not adjudge him to be equally worthy of it. The narrative reads thus:—

About one p.m. on the 6th of October, 1835, a vessel was observed at sea from this station, with a signal flying for a pilot, bearing east, distant about twelve miles. In a space of time incredible to those who have not witnessed the launching of a large boat on a like occasion, the yawl *Increase*, eighteen tons burden, belonging to Layton's gang, with ten men and a London branch pilot, was under weigh, steering for the object of their enterprise. "I was as near as possible being left on shore," said Brock to me; "for at the time the boat was getting down to the

breakers, I was looking at Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of persons on a wreck, then practising, and but for the 'singing out' of my messmates, which caught my ear, should have been too late; but I reached in time to jump in with wet feet."

About four o'clock they came up with the vessel, which proved to be a Spanish brig, *Paquete de Bilbao*, laden with a general cargo, and bound from Hamburg to Cadiz, leaky, and both pumps at work. After a great deal of chaffering and haggling in regard to the amount of salvage (always the case with foreigners), and some little altercation with part of the boat's crew as to which of them should stay with the vessel, T. Layton (a Gatt pilot), J. Woolsey, and George Darling, boatmen, were finally chosen to assist in pumping and piloting her into Yarmouth harbour. The remainder of the crew of the yawl were then sent away. The brig at this time was about five miles to the eastward of the Newarp floating light, off Winterton on the Norfolk coast, the weather looked squally. On passing the light in their homeward course, a signal was made for them to go alongside, and they were requested to take on shore a sick man, and the poor fellow being comfortably placed upon some jackets and spare coats, they again shoved off, and set all sail (three lugs); they had a fresh breeze from the W.S.W. And now again my readers shall have Brock's own words:—"There was a little better than a pint of liquor in the boat, which the Spaniard had given us, and the bottle had passed once round, each man taking a mouthful, and about half of it was thus consumed. Most of us had got a bit of bread or biscuit in his hand, making a sort of light meal, and into the bargain I had hold of the main-sheet. We had passed the buoy of the Newarp a few minutes, and the light was about two miles astern; we had talked of our job (that is, our earnings), and had just calculated that by ten o'clock we should be at Yarmouth." This hope proved fallacious. Without the slightest notice of its approach, a terrific squall from the northward took the yawl's sails flat aback, and the ballast which they had trimmed to windward, being thus suddenly changed to leeward, she was upset in an instant.

This dreadful catastrophe plunged all who were on board the yawl or boat into the sea. "It was terrible," says Brock, "to listen to the cries of the poor fellows, some of whom could swim, while others could not. Mixed with the hissing of the water and the howlings of the storm, I heard shrieks for mercy, and some that had no meaning but what arose from fear. I struck out, to get clear of the crowd, and in a few minutes there was no noise, for most of the men had sunk; and on turning round, I saw the boat was still kept from going down by the wind having got under the sails. I then swam back to her, and assisted an old man to get hold of one of her spars. The boat's side was about three feet under water, and for a few minutes I stood upon her; but I found she was gradually settling down, and when up to my chest, I again left her, and swam away, and now for the first time began to think of my own awful condition. My companions were all drowned, at least I supposed so. How long it was up to this period from the boat's capsizing I cannot exactly say: in such cases, sir, there is no time; but now I reflected that it was half-past six p.m. just before the accident occurred; that the nearest land at the time was six miles distant; that it was dead low water, and the flood-tide setting off the shore, making to the southward; therefore, should I ever reach the land, it would take me at least fifteen miles setting up with the flood before the ebb would assist me."

At this moment a rush horse-collar covered with old netting, which had been used as one of the boat's fenders, floated close to him, which he laid hold of, and, getting his knife out, he stripped it of the net-work, and, by putting his left hand through it, was supported till he had cut the waistband of his petticoat trowsers, which then fell off. His striped frock, waistcoat, and neckcloth were also similarly got rid of: but he dared not try to free himself of his oiled trousers, drawers, or shirt, fearing that his legs might become entangled in the attempt; he therefore returned his knife into the pocket of his trousers, and put the collar over his head, which, although it assisted in keeping him above water, retarded his swimming; and after

a few moments, thinking what was best to be done, he determined to abandon it. He now, to his great surprise, perceived one of his messmates swimming ahead of him, but he did not hail him. The roaring of the hurricane was past; the cries of drowning men were no longer heard; and the moon-beams were casting their silvery light over the smooth surface of the deep, calm and silent as the grave over which he floated, and into which he saw this last of his companions descend without a struggle or a cry as he approached within twenty yards of him.

Up to this time Winterton Light had served instead of a land-mark, to direct his course; but the tide had now carried him out of sight of it, and in its stead "a bright star stood over where" his hopes of safety rested. With his eyes steadfastly fixed upon it, he continued swimming on, calculating the time when the tide would turn. But his trials were not yet past. As if to prove the power of human fortitude, the sky became suddenly overclouded, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep." He no longer knew his course, and he confessed that for a moment he was afraid; yet he felt that "fear is but the betraying of the succours which reason offereth;" and that which roused him to further exertion would have sealed the fate of almost any other human being—a sudden short cracking peal of thunder burst in stunning loudness just over his head, and the forked and flashing lightning at brief intervals threw its vivid fires around him. This, too, in its turn passed away, and left the wave once more calm and unruffled; the moon (nearly full) again threw a more brilliant light upon the bosom of the sea, which the storm had gone over without waking from its slumbers. His next effort was to free himself from his heavy laced boots, which greatly encumbered him, and in which he succeeded by the aid of his knife. He now saw Lowestoft High Lighthouse, and could occasionally discern the tops of the cliffs beyond Gorleston on the Suffolk coast. The swell of the sea drove him over the Cross-sand Ridge, and he then got sight of a buoy, which, although it told him his exact position, as he says, "took him rather aback," as he had hoped he was nearer the shore. It proved to be the

chequered buoy of St. Nicholas' Gatt, off Yarmouth, and opposite his own door, but distant from the land four miles. And now again he held council with himself, and the energies of his mind seemed almost superhuman; he had been five hours in the water, and here was something to hold on by; he could have even got upon the buoy, and some vessel might come near to pick him up; and the question was, could he yet hold out four miles? But, as he says, "I knew the night air would soon finish me, and had I stayed but a few minutes upon the buoy, and then altered my mind, how did I know that my limbs would again resume their office?" He found the tide (to use a sea term) was broke. It did not run so strong; so he abandoned the buoy, and steered for the land, towards which, with the wind from the eastward, he found he was now fast approaching. The last trial of his fortitude was now at hand, for which he was totally unprepared, and which he considered (sailors being not a little superstitious) the most difficult of any he had to combat. Soon after he left the buoy, he heard just above his head a sort of whizzing sound, which his imagination conjured into the prelude to the "rushing of a mighty wind," and close to his ear there followed a smart splash in the water, and a sudden shriek that went through him, such as is heard—

"When the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry."

The fact was, a large grey gull, mistaking him for a corpse, had made a dash at him, and its loud discordant scream in a moment brought a countless number of these formidable birds together, all prepared to contest for and share the spoil. These large and powerful foes he had now to scare from their intended prey, and by shouting and splashing with his hands and feet, in a few minutes they vanished from sight and hearing.

He now caught sight of a vessel at anchor, but a great way off, and to get within hail of her he must swim over Corton Sands (the grave of thousands), the breakers at this time showing their angry white crests. As he approached, the wind suddenly changed, the consequence of which was, that the swell of the sea met him, And now again for his

own description:—"I got a great deal of water down my throat, which greatly weakened me, and I felt certain that, should this continue, it would soon be all over; and I prayed that the wind might change, or that God would take away my senses before I felt what it was to drown. In less time than I am telling you I had driven over the sands into smooth water, the wind and the swell came again from the eastward, and my strength returned to me as fresh as in the beginning."

He now felt assured that he could reach the shore, but he considered it would be better to get within hail of the brig, some distance to the southward of him, and the most difficult task of the two, as the ebb tide was now running; which, although it carried him towards the land, set to the northward; and to gain the object of his choice would require much greater exertion. But, said Brock, "If I gained the shore, could I get out of the surf, which at this time was heavy on the beach? And supposing I succeeded in this point, should I be able to walk, climb the cliffs, and get to a house? If not, there was little chance of life remaining long in me; but if I could make myself heard on board the brig, then I should secure immediate assistance. I got within two hundred yards of her, the nearest possible approach, and summoning all my strength, I sung out as well as if I had been on shore." Brock was happily answered from the deck, a boat was instantly lowered, and at half-past 1 a.m., having swam seven hours in an October night, he was safe on board the brig *Betsy*, of Sunderland, coal laden, at anchor in Corton Roads, fourteen miles from the spot where the boat was capsized.

Once safe on board, "nature cried, Enough;" he fainted, and continued insensible for some time. All that humanity could suggest was done for him by the captain and his crew; they had no spirits on board, but they had bottled ale, which they made warm; and by placing Brock before a good fire, rubbing him dry, and putting him in hot blankets, he was at length, with great difficulty, enabled to swallow a little of the ale; but it caused excruciating pain, as his throat was in a state of high inflammation from inhaling so long the saline particles of sea and air, and it was

now swollen very much, and, as he says, he feared he should be suffocated. He, however, after a little time, fell into a sleep, which refreshed and strengthened him, but he awoke to intense bodily suffering. Round his neck and chest he was perfectly flayed: the soles of his feet, his hands, and his hamstrings, were also excoriated. In this state, at about 9 a.m., the brig getting under weigh with the tide, he was put ashore at Lowestoft in Suffolk, whence he immediately despatched a messenger to Yarmouth with the sad tidings of the fate of the yawl and the rest of her crew.

Being now safely housed under the roof of a relative, with good nursing and medical assistance, he was enabled to walk back to Yarmouth in five days from the time of the accident. The knife, which he considered as the great means of his being saved, he preserved with great care, and in all probability it will be shown a century hence by his descendants. It was a common horn-handled knife, having one blade about five inches long. A piece of silver was afterwards riveted on, covering one side, on which the following inscription was placed, giving the names of the crew of the yawl when she upset:—"Brown, Emerson, Smith, Bray, Budds, Fenn, Rushmere, Boulton. Brock, aided by his knife, was saved after being seven and a half hours in the sea, 6th Oct., 1835."

"It was a curious thing, sir," said Brock, as I was listening to his extraordinary narrative, "that I had been without a knife for some time, and only purchased this two days before it became so useful to me; and having to make some boat's tholes, it was as sharp as a razor."

I know not what phrenologists might say to Brock's head, but I fancied, whilst studying his very handsome face and expression of countenance, that there I could see his heart. His bodily proportions, excepting height, were Herculean; standing only five feet five inches high, his weight, without any protuberance of body, was fourteen stone; his age at the time spoken of was thirty-one; his manners were quiet yet communicative; he told his tale without the slightest bombast or any clap-trap to awaken the sympathies of those that flocked about him. In the honest

manliness of his heart, he thus addressed me just before parting: "I always considered Emmerson a better swimmer than myself; but, poor fellow, he did not hold out long. I ought to be a good-living chap, sir, for three times have I been saved by swimming."

One trait more, which he did not tell me, and I have done. A very good subscription

was made for the widows and children of Brock's companions; and a fund being established for their relief, the surplus was offered to him. This was his answer:—"I am obliged to you, gentlemen, but, thank God, I can still get my own living as well as ever, and I could not spend the money that was given to the fatherless and widow."

A YARMOUTH VISITOR.

Fireside Fables.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.

(Continued from page 234.)

V. THE NEW ARRIVAL.

"**H**AVE you seen the new comer?" asked the Skye Terrier of the Tabby Cat, who was sulking in a corner.

"I've seen her," said the Tabby Cat.

"What do you think of her?" asked the Skye Terrier.

"I think she is like all other cats," said the Tabby.

"But that is impossible; for all cats are not alike," said the Skye Terrier.

"Well, I don't see anything remarkable about her then," said the Tabby.

"Is she the same colour as yourself?" asked the Skye Terrier.

"Not precisely," replied the Tabby.

"Then she cannot be exactly like you," said the Skye Terrier. "What is her colour, pray?"

"White, if you particularly wish to know," said the Tabby sulkily.

"Indeed,—then she *must* be pretty," said the Skye Terrier, who, though great friends with the Tabby, liked to tease her. "Don't you admire her?"

"Some people might," said the Tabby evasively. "She is not according to my taste?"

"Is it true that she belongs to the handsome Persian race?" asked the Skye Terrier.

"How should I know?" inquired the Tabby snappishly.

"Only by observing her hair. But perhaps it is no longer than your own."

"Perhaps not," growled the Tabby.

"Do tell me. Is it longer?" asked the Skye Terrier.

"I tell you I don't know anything about her," said the Tabby.

"But you have seen her. Surely you noticed the length of her hair," said the Skye Terrier.

"I didn't notice anything. I tell you she is not according to my taste," said the Tabby.

"Because she is so ugly? Poor thing—how trying for her!" said the Skye Terrier. "Then of course she will obtain very little attention from our mistress."

"Will you let me go to sleep in peace?" said the Tabby fiercely.

"Why, you haven't satisfied my curiosity yet," said the Skye Terrier, winking at the Spaniel, who was listening to the conversation from a corner.

"Then you may satisfy yourself. I am tired of the subject."

"Just tell me one thing—is she in the parlour now?"

"Very likely," snapped the Tabby.

"But don't you always go there yourself at this time?" asked the Skye Terrier.

"Not unless I choose," said the Tabby.

"You don't mean that they turned you out, to make room for this—this beautiful—this ugly cat?—which is it?"

"She's just like other cats, and I was not turned out, but walked away myself," said the Tabby, with a swelling tail.

"Ah!—out of consideration for her. How kind!" said the Skye Terrier.

"I did not wish to be in the same room," said the Tabby. "She does not suit me."

"Very natural and reasonable. It is not pleasant to sit with ugly cats," said the Skye Terrier, winking again.

But this was too much; and Tabby took her departure with all possible speed into the coal hole, whence she did not emerge for some hours.

"There's an instance of jealousy for you," said the Skye Terrier, turning to the Spaniel. "Why, I've seen the new cat myself, and she's a perfect beauty—for the kind of animal, you know,—white as snow, with long hair almost trailing on the ground. No wonder old Tabby felt cast into the shade. But she will do no good by sulking; and, however she may persuade herself that our new companion is just like other cats, she will certainly persuade no one else to believe it."

"SEEING'S BELIEVING."

"THE fact is, I don't believe it," said the Spider loftily, as he crawled over the study-table.

"Don't believe what?" inquired a handsome calf-bound Volume.

"Why, all that you have been telling me."

"Pray descend to particulars," said the Volume. "What is it you don't believe?"

"Why, I don't believe that men built this house, for example," said the Spider.

"Don't you? Why not?"

"It's impossible," said the Spider.

"But how do you know it to be impossible?" asked the Volume.

"Why, I am sure of it," persisted the Spider. "How could they? The house is a thousand times as big as a man."

"That's no reason," said the Volume.

"Well, then, I don't believe it because I didn't see it done," said the Spider.

"That's still less of a reason," said the Volume.

"But I never believe anything I can't see," said the Spider.

"Then you must have remarkably small powers of belief, for your powers of vision are very confined," said the Volume.

"I'll tell you what," said the Spider haughtily, "man has two eyes, and you have none,

and I have *eight*. Which is likely to see the most?"

"Which is the largest, one of a man's eyes, or your eight put together?" asked the Volume. The Spider preferred not answering this question.

"All I can say is, that I don't believe a word of your assertions. Men build this house indeed! You are just trying to impose upon me."

"Not I! What should I want to do that for? You think too much of your own opinion, Mr. Spider. Do you know that I was old and *learned* long before you came into existence?"

"Well; you haven't any eyes, said the Spider. "And I tell you, that the idea of men building this house is monstrous. Why, the fall of a single brick on a man's head would be sufficient to kill him; and yet you would have me believe that not this house alone, but all those piles of masonry that extend so far around, have been raised by men."

Just answer me one question," said the Volume. "If men didn't build the houses, who did?"

"Why, they came," said the Spider, not without hesitation. "Or rather—at least, they have always been where they are."

"Not at all. Fresh houses are constantly rising in every direction. You can't deny that."

"Well; they came somehow, of course," said the Spider.

"And you think *that* a more simple and more probable explanation than that they were built by man!" said the Volume, curling his leaves with scorn.

"Man didn't build them," said the Spider. "You can't prove that he did."

"May be not," said the Volume. "You and I have to believe many things that we can't see or prove."

"I never do; and I'll never ask *you* to do so," said the Spider, with decision.

"Won't you? Well, now, that is curious. But I suppose you'll maintain that you are a Spider?"

"Of course I am, What do you take me for?" asked the Spider.

"And that you have eight eyes?"

"Certainly," said the Spider.

"Well, now, pray prove it to me. I maintain that you are *not* a Spider."

"But you *know* I am," said the Spider.

"How should I?" asked the Volume. "I can't see you; and if I could, my eyes might be mistaken."

"But you can hear me."

"I have heard plenty about houses being built. I have heard men at work upon the houses. You see, I mustn't trust my hearing. I mustn't trust anything but my sight, or believe anything I can't see."

"I *assure* you I am a Spider," said the other, very earnestly.

"So you say; but if I could see, I might find out that you were a slug or a fly."

The Spider was so indignant at this insinuation, that words failed him.

"I'll tell you what," said the Volume. I'll believe, on your assertion, that you are a Spider, for you know more about that than I do; if you'll believe on my assertion, that men built these houses, for I know more about that than you do."

And the Spider was so afraid of being mistaken for a slug or a fly, that he yielded at once, and confessed himself convinced. Not that he really was so. He was too ignorant and conceited to understand anything about the matter—too ignorant and conceited to be convinced even of his own possession of those most unpleasant qualities, conceit and ignorance.

"Our God is Love."

BY THE REV. THOMAS DAVIS, M.A., VICAR OF ROUNDHAY, LEEDS.

LET every voice for praise awake;
Let every heart the joy partake;
And with this truth sweet music make:
Our God is Love.

Uncounted gifts from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way,
Through His dear Son,—bid each to say,
Our God is Love.

How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear!
Our God is Love.

O Father, when the night is nigh
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart's last melody:
Our God is Love.

Then, when the brief low strain is o'er,
This truth Divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore:
Our God is Love.





SHALL I DRAW YOUR PORTRAIT?

Shall I Draw your Portrait?

I AM a little artist
With my pencil in my hand,
And I want to draw your portrait,
And make a picture grand.

But I *must* have faces smiling,
Hair neatly combed and dressed,
Or vain will be my toiling,
To show you at your best.

How *can* I draw a portrait
Till peace and sunshine comes?
Dark looks and frowning faces
Make sad and dreary homes.

Sweet smiles and gentle kindness
With beauty best agree:
Then I can draw a portrait
That all will like to see.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

The Young Folks' Page.

"LOOK UP:" A FLOWER FABLE.

I wish I could be of some use," said a newly-opened daisy, which grew in a pleasant field, "but I am so small I wonder why I was made." The little flower looked timidly around, and as a soft wind played over the field waving the long grass, it kissed the little daisy, and said, "God has made nothing in vain; only look up."

As the trembling flower raised its head, a bright sunbeam glanced by and dried the tear-drop that dimmed its eye. The daisy felt grateful, and looked up with a smile.

Just then a little girl was passing; and she sank down wearily on the grass, close by the daisy, and wept; for sorrow had darkened her home, and her spirits were cast down. Presently she raised her head and caught sight of the daisy at her feet; and, as she gazed at its simple beauty, she thought of some words she had once learned: "If God so clothe the grass of the field," etc.

"Oh, yes," thought she, "I shall not be forsaken. *I too will look up*, even as the daisy." So with a bright smile she gathered the tiny flower, and sang,—

"He who careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for me."

A CURE FOR BAD TEMPER.

WHEN Robert Hall was a boy he had a very passionate temper. He knew that he ought to try and conquer it, so he resolved that whenever he felt his temper rising he would run away to another room, and, kneeling down, would use this short prayer, "O Lamb of God, calm my mind." So completely was he enabled by the help of God to overcome this sin, that he grew up to be a man of remarkably gentle temper. He was an earnest and devoted servant of God, and for many years faithfully preached the Gospel of Christ.

The Bible Mine Searched.

ANSWERS are *not* to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. Who did the Jews say "ought not to live any longer"?
2. Who said that Christ was set for a sign that should be spoken against?
3. Where is our Lord called "the son of Abraham"?
4. What city is called "the golden city"?
5. Who is said to have been "full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith"?

6. Where did Paul preach till midnight?

ANSWERS (see October No.)

1. Stephen and Ananias. Acts vii. 52, 59; xxii. 12, 14. 2. Job. Job ix. 1, 2. 3. Saul, king of Israel. 1 Sam. xx. 30-33. 4. Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah. In the cave of Machpelah, at Hebron. Gen. xxiii. 19; xxv. 8, 9; xxxv. 29; xlix. 28-32; 1. 12, 13. 5. At Caesarea. Acts x. 1, 24-29, 34-48. 6. At Rome. Acts xxviii. 16, 30, 31.



The
works of
the Lord are great.
Ps. cxi. 2.

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 1 | M | All Saints. Thou hast made summer and winter. Ps. |
| 2 | Tu | We all do fade as a leaf. Isa. lxiv. 6. [xxiv. 17. |
| 3 | W | I will remember the works of the Lord. Ps. lxxvii. 11. |
| 4 | Th | Clouds & darkness are round about Him. Ps. xcvii. 2. |
| 5 | F | Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. |
| 6 | S | The Lord is full of compassion. Ps. cxlv. 8. [Ps. cxli. 4. |
| 7 | S | 24th S. af. Trin. His tender mercies are over all
His works. Ps. cxdv. 9. |

Fear
thou not,
for I am with thee.
Isa. xli. 10.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 8 | M | He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. Ps. cxlvii. 16. |
| 9 | Tu | The darkness hideth not from Thee. Ps. cxxxix. 12. |
| 10 | W | Praise the Lord from the earth. Ps. cxlviii. 7. |
| 11 | Th | Snow and vapours, stormy wind, fulfilling His |
| 12 | F | He giveth snow like wool. Ps. cxlvii. 16. [word. |
| 13 | S | He casteth forth His ice like morsels. Ps. cxlvii. 17. |
| 14 | S | 25th S. af. Trin. Who can stand before His cold?
Ps. cxlvii. 17. |

WHILE THE
EARTH REMAINETH, SEED-TIME
AND HARVEST . . . SUMMER AND
WINTER . . . SHALL NOT

Thou
shalt forget thy misery.
Jon xi. 16.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 15 | M | He sendeth out his word and melteth them. Ps. |
| 16 | Tu | He careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7. [cxlvii. 13. |
| 17 | W | I know their sorrows. Exod. iii. 7. |
| 18 | Th | A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind. |
| 19 | F | And a covert from the tempest. Isa. xxxii. 2. |
| 20 | S | The bow shall be seen in the cloud. Gen. ix. 14. |
| 21 | S | 26th S. af. Trin. God is a Refuge for us. Ps. lxi. 8. |
| 22 | M | Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. Isa. xli. 10. |

CEASE,
Gen viii. 22.

And
remember it
as waters that pass away.
Jon xi. 16.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 23 | Tu | When thou passest through the waters I will be with |
| 24 | W | The sea and the waves roaring. Luke xxi. 25. [thea. |
| 25 | Th | Men's hearts failing them for fear. Luke xxi. 26. |
| 26 | F | Yea, I will help thee. Isa. xli. 10. |
| 27 | S | Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow. Ps. li. 7. |
| 28 | S | Advent S. Consider my trouble which I suffer. Ps. ix. |
| 29 | M | Thou hast considered my trouble. Ps. xxi. 7. [18. |
| 30 | Tu | St. Andrew. The days of thy mourning shall be ended. |

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.—Cowper.

"CHRIST can raise a storm as well as quiet it. He can sink men in the deeps as well as hinder them from sinking. If there be a storm over your heads, yet there is an ear which is ever ready to hearken to the cry, 'Lord, save me, or I perish.'"—Rev. A. Roberts.
"When faith sees love graven upon the heart of God, it fears not the sword, and cries, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"—Anon.



CHRISTMAS FARE.



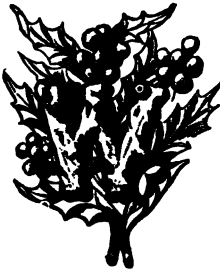
HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

A Happy Christmas to You all!

BY THE EDITOR.



WISHES ride on fleet horses. How many of these invisible travellers are at this joyous season passing hither and thither, more swiftly even than the lightning flash or current of the mysterious telegraph.

We cannot employ the telegraph to convey our wishes—the cost of the messages we should need to send would empty a good many deep purses; but we can use the more useful if not the more wonderful machinery of the Printing Press, and by its instrumentality despatch and deliver in the home of every one of our readers our hearty word of Christmas greeting—

“A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!”

May we add—anticipating in order that we may thank—that we doubt not, when the eye of the reader rests upon this page, a brother wish will travel back on the wings of kindly thought—

“A Happy Christmas to our Editor too!”

Well, we cannot but feel that the lessons of Christmas-tide ought to make us “happy;” and if we learn them we are sure they will. “Let us,” then, “now go even unto Bethlehem,” and with the shepherds listen to the Teacher there.

VOL. V. NO. XII.

And, first, shall we not humbly and gratefully adore at Bethlehem *the Mystery of Divine Love*? “Great is the mystery of godliness—God was manifest in the flesh.”

“Christians, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above!”

As we ponder, in the presence of the Infant Saviour, the lowliness of His greatness, and contrast it with the pride of our poor fallen hearts, let us make humble confession of our sinfulness; and then, as we think of the self-sacrifice of His love,—Love Divine, “all love excelling”—love which prompted Him to give *Himself*,—we shall surely rejoice in the sweet tidings of the angels’ carol:—

“Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!”

This is the chief lesson we learn at Bethlehem; but it is not the only lesson. Are we not also taught there *the Dignity which is thrown over Human Life* by the fact that the Son of God took our nature upon Him and dwelt among us?

We have read a story which may help to impress upon us this Christmas lesson. When the Pretender, Charles Edward, was quitting the shores of our land after his fruitless attempt upon the crown, he was

N 2

accompanied to the vessel by a Highlander, who had given himself up entirely to the service of the man whom he considered to be his monarch. They parted on the shore, never to meet again in this life; but ere they parted, Charles Edward, touched by the devotion of the man, forgot the usual stiffness of princely etiquette, and reaching out his hand to his humble friend, gave his hand a hearty and a loving grasp. Ever after that, the Highlander, when any acquaintance happened to approach, put his right hand into his bosom, and offered only the left. The thing was remarked upon, and he was asked why he did it. "Oh," he said, "his hand was sick,"—meaning his hand had received some injury. But upon being pressed more closely, he admitted that, inasmuch as his monarch had grasped that hand, he could never consent to allow it to be profaned by a meaner touch.

May we not say, inasmuch as Christ hath trod this earth in human flesh, hath breathed our air, hath mingled in our occupations, hath sat by a family fireside, and mingled in human cares and human joys,—there is a dignity thrown round human life, round every pursuit (however humble, so it be honest) which should make us most careful how we pollute or degrade it? How would our daily lives be ennobled, if we were always looking to Jesus as our Example: asking ourselves in seasons of difficulty and temptation, "What would Jesus do?" And then seeking heavenly grace to enable us to "walk worthy of our high vocation," as His "friends," His "brethren"?

One other Christmas lesson we must note—the invitation which Bethlehem gives to one and all to engage in the *Mutual Ministry of Love*. "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

"I always like Christmas-Day better than our birthdays," said a bright-eyed home treasure to his father. When asked

the particular reason of his preference, the reply was—"Because on our birthdays only *one* receives presents, but on Christmas-Day it is 'giving all round.'" Now I think this was an excellent answer. The best Christmas carol, next to the carol the angels sung, is "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift!" And the best way of showing our thankfulness, is "giving all round."

It is evident that our friends in the illustration which precedes this paper are not likely to lack a bountiful provision of "*Christmas fare*" on Christmas-Day. We hope none of our readers will lack it either. But there are some who will, unless those to whom God has given more, whilst they "eat the fat and drink the sweet," remember the ministry of love. It may be poor Lazarus lying at the gate has not been altogether free from blame for neglecting to emulate the "wisdom" of the ant, who, although "having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest;" but let us not blame him *now*. God's open hand dispenses "daily bread" all the year round—often to those who forget to thank Him—and at Christmas above all other times He seems to bid us "deal our bread to the hungry." Even the poor have some who are poorer than themselves; and the "widow's mite" may make some desolate heart rejoice. In the joy of another at Christmas we shall best increase our own. Kind words and loving deeds and tender sympathy are gifts all can bestow; and these at Christmastide should be scattered everywhere.

Thus have we gathered three Bethlehem lessons. Need we add, a Christmas kept in this spirit would not fail to prove a "Happy Christmas"? The joy of heaven would seem to descend to earth; Faith, Hope, and Charity would be guests in the home; and the Saviour's birth

would be regarded as the earnest, not only of our birth into His kingdom of grace here, but of our birth into His kingdom of glory hereafter.

As embracing, then, our practical heed to these Christmas lessons—"the mystery of

Divine Love," "the Dignity which is thrown over human life by the Incarnation," and "the mutual Ministry of loving hearts"—we wish our readers one and all—

A Happy Christmas.

A Christmas Welcome to the Saviour-Guest.

AND art Thou come, dear Saviour! Hath Thy love
Thus made Thee stoop and leave Thy throne, above
The lofty heavens, and thus to dress
In dust, to visit mortals! Could no less
A condescension serve? And, after all,
The mean reception of a cratch*—a stall!
Dear Lord, I'll fetch Thee hence. I have a room—
'Tis poor, but 'tis my best—if Thou wilt come
Within so small a cell, where I would fain
Mine and the world's Redeemer entertain.
I mean my heart. 'Tis filthy I confess,
And will not mend Thy lodging, Lord, unless
Thou send before Thine harbinger—I mean
Thy pure and purging grace—to make it clean,
And sweep its inmost corners: then I'll try
To wash it also with a weeping eye.
And when 'tis swept and washed, I then will go,
And, with Thy leave, I'll fetch some flowers that grow
In Thine own garden—Faith and Love to Thee.
With these I'll dress it up, and there shall be
My Rosemary and Bays. Yet, when my best
Is done, the room's not fit for such a Guest.
But, here's the cure—*Thy presence, Lord, alone*
Can make the stall a court, the cratch a throne!

JUDGE HALE, 1659.

* The old word for manger.

The Year that is Past.

LET us review the year that is past.
What have we done for Christ with
the talents we possess, be they few or
many? Some can point to a fair balance
sheet, showing an increase of worldly means;
what have *we* done, whether rich or poor, to
increase the treasure laid up in heaven?
Alas! how much of life has been wasted—is
wasted—in *doing nothing*! Alas! how much
of it has been spent in dreams and fancies,

vain purposes, and fruitless resolves! We
have all cause for deep humiliation. Too
little prayer! too little study of the Bible!
too little zeal for God!

Let us meditate upon what the Lord hath
done for us, whilst we have done so little for
Him; and, constrained by His love, both in
providence and in grace, devote ourselves
more faithfully to His service!

C. B.

Roger Beckinsall's Story; or, The Milestones on the Road.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE CLIFFS;" "MATTHEW FROST," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

PEACE.



THAT good minister's house became a second home to me; I owe him more than tongue can tell.

But a change came over that home, as over everything in this world. There was a bad fever in the neighbourhood, and the minister's wife and their only child—little Mary—were laid low by it. The mother went first. Her husband sat up with her every night, and never left her; and I did all I could after working hours to amuse and take care of little Mary. The minister used to warn me that I might catch the fever, but I was not afraid—not a bit.

This child was like many who are called home early. She was as sweet and pretty as a rosebud in June; and one of our own little ones who died was very like her. We often used to talk of many things. I used to tell her of my home in England, of the church so old and grey, of the primroses in the lane, of the beautiful big sea where the white ships sailed. I told her I had been naughty, and that I had run away from the best of fathers, and she used to say, "Why don't you go home, Roger? He would be sure to be glad to see you." I said, "I didn't know. I had written twice from the hospital and no answer had come. I expected he was determined I should reap what I had sown—wild oats, as they call them." Ah! mine was a pretty heavy crop. Besides, unless I worked my passage out, it would cost a lot of money to get over the great wide ocean, and it would take a long time to save it; and a good bit of pride was left behind still. I did not fancy the village people should have cause to say I had come back like a bad penny, with scarce a coat to cover me; so I would wait.

"Don't wait till it is too late, Roger dear," said little Mary one day. That was just before she sickened of the fever.

She was so ill they never told her her mother had gone first; but she wanted no telling at the last. I was with her. Her poor

father had gone to lie down. Presently she spoke up quite clear and loud,—

"Roger dear, I am going to mother. I shall see her very soon; Jesus has told me so. Do go home to your father, Roger. Don't wait too long. He is sure to love you just as God loves us. He is sure to be so kind."

Dear little heart! There are few things which have left a stronger mark on me than the words of that little child.

She died that night with a smile upon her lips; and a few months after the minister had laid her by her mother he found he could no longer bear his desolate home, and he went to take another charge in a distant part. It was a sore trouble to me, but I remembered little Mary's words, and made up my mind to go home. I saved enough to pay part of my passage, and I worked out the rest in the passengers' cabin, waiting on the steward and doing a lot of things which I had done when I came over, four years before. We had a very bad voyage. Storms, wind, and tempest went near to send us to the bottom. Then we fell in with foggy weather, and as the French ships were lying about the Channel, we had a deal of trouble to avoid them. The first great Bonaparte had just come back from an island they sent him to, and war had broken out again in Europe.

As I shouldered all my worldly goods and walked ashore at Liverpool, I heard nothing talked of but the French, and every one wondering how it would end. I thought then, as I have thought dozens of times since, how lonely we are as we move through the world—I mean how our own troubles and sorrows are nothing to anybody we pass in the journey of life. What was it to the crowd as I threaded my way through it that I was a prodigal going home, uncertain what I should find there, weary-hearted and sad. No; we should often be badly off for sympathy if we did not feel that One who is near us knows all. Does not that take the sting out of trouble when we feel it is understood and shared by One who loves us? Well, and what a wonder of wonders that our dear Master is always ready to be to us a friend and a helper, a

strong tower to which we may ever go and be safe!

It was a beautiful spring evening when, after long wanderings, I walked once more through the village street of Seabourne. The twilight favoured me. No one noticed me; or if they did, no one knew me. I felt there must be changes, and so there were. A new name was over the Raven Inn. I could see to read it in big white and blue letters. So Jack Braine must be gone. An old cottage at the end of the village was pulled down, and the ground was planted with cabbages and potatoes.

At last I came to the church. That looked just the same; the jackdaws were flying in and out their holes in the tower, and there under the big tree was a lot of primroses growing, just as they had grown when I was a little boy. Somehow I felt afraid to go up the lane to our door. Not a word had I heard from my father since the day I left him to this hour.

How slowly I went up to the old place, just as if I was dreading what I should find there. At last I was at the porch. The door was half open, and a young woman with a baby in her arms was standing by the fire, stirring something in a saucepan with one hand, while she held the child with the other. I could not speak. I knew there was no welcome for me. I stood speechless. Presently the young woman came forward, and said,—

"Do you want to see my husband? He is down at the church, I think. If you step there you will find him."

Down at the church! I saw it all. There was another parish clerk at Seabourne,—my father's place knew him no more. I was turned into stone for a minute or two, and then a great groan passed my lips as I tottered out of the porch.

"Sit down, pray," said the young woman; "you look very tired. Adam will be here directly, I daresay."

But I turned off in silence. I couldn't speak.

I walked straight on like one in a dream to the gate in the arch, and opening it I went in. A figure clothed in black was pacing up and down a side-walk in the twilight, a tall figure I knew well, though it was more bent than in

days gone by. Mrs. Herbert turned and caught sight of me, and came quickly forward.

"Roger Beckinsall!" she exclaimed. "At last!"

With all the kindness of a mother she led me into the house, and then she told me the story I was craving to hear. My father only lived a few months after I left him. A cold and chill seized him in the winter of that year, and he had no strength and no spirit to bear up against it. He died blessing me and forgiving me, listening to the last for the sound of my footsteps up the lane, saying, "He will come back one day."

When her son told the news of dear young Mr. Herbert's death to Mrs. Herbert, his father promised to bring me home; but, as you know, he left Boston before I reached it, and all trace of me was lost. Mrs. Herbert wrote to me to the Weston hospital, but no answer ever came. Well, my father was spared all that trial and anxiety, which has been a comfort to me all my life. His last words to Betsy Gale were—all of a sudden as if he were speaking to my mother—"Mary," he said, "Mary, the boy has come home!"

When Mrs. Herbert had finished her story she asked me for mine, and I told it; and all about my dear young master's last days, as I have told it to you. She wept and rocked herself to and fro, but she said over and over again, "Thank God for His goodness to my boy. He escaped from the hand of the fowler, and I know he is safe. So let me thank Him."

When I saw the dear lady cry, I wished I could find tears; but though I wandered down to the churchyard in the dim light and knelt by my parents' grave, no tears would come.

The news spread in the village that I was come home, and the next day—Sunday—as the bell was ringing for service, I found a number of people waiting at the Lych gate to speak to me. Some said I was that altered they shouldn't have known me; some said something, some another, but I felt like one of the old stone figures on the squire's tombstone.

I went into church and knelt down, and hid my face. Presently the service began, and as Adam Beale's voice sounded from the desk, I seemed to feel it was all true. I knelt on

while the rest stood, and sobbed out my soul in the words, "Father, I have sinned."

From that day I cast in my lot with Mrs. Herbert. I served her as you know till she died, and a good friend she was to me. She said she had only waited at Seabourne till I came, and now she would go to another part of England altogether. So by midsummer we were off, and came to Devonshire, where I have made my home ever since.

I married my wife Susan from Mrs. Herbert's house, and a good wife she's been to me. We have had our trials and our crosses, but, blessed be God! we have held on to each other; and though we are both of us over the years of man we don't love each other the less.

It was Susan who told me to get the kind hand who has written down my story to take the trouble; for, as she says, "It may be well to let those that come after me see how the Lord has brought me by a way I knew not, and given me peace." And, as Susan says,— "It may be that some wilful, discontented boys who read the story may take a lesson." I don't know about that. Lessons are not so easily learned; but this I can tell any such, that I would have given my right hand many a time only to have heard my father say, "Well, Roger, boy, welcome home!"

I can scarcely bear it now, though maybe I am very near the home above, and I may hear

his voice and dear mother's, who loved and trusted the same dear Saviour as I do, say, "Welcome home, indeed!"

And I say, too, that of all griefs and sorrows I have known, those I have brought upon myself have been the sorest. I have seen my little ones die, poor lambs! and we lost a girl younger than our Susan, just as she was growing one of the prettiest maidens eyes ever looked upon. Times, too, were bad when I had the rheumatic fever, and was laid up for months, and Susan and the children were poorly clothed and fed, just two weeks after we lost my dear mistress. But in all these troubles there was no pain like that I felt when struck dumb with remorse and the helplessness of grief, I stood by the old porch, and knew I could never hear my father say, "Roger, I forgive you."

I took my own way, and dust and ashes it proved to me. Since I have humbly tried to take God's way, burdens have grown lighter, and His smile is like sunshine behind the clouds.

He is a good and kind Master, and happy are the folk who serve Him in the days of their youth, and find Him in old age a staff and a stay, when strength faileth. Yes, happy are they who find Him their portion for ever. Blessed are those who have the Lord for their God!

"Hand and Heart."

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

THE EDITOR TO THE READERS OF "HOME WORDS."



NEW Friend! But not one intended to displace the old Friend! "Two are better than one:" and "HOME WORDS" will, we trust, thrive all the better for the companionship of "HAND AND HEART."

For four years it has been our high privilege to find admission for "*Home Words*" in many thousands of English homes. We

believe the welcome accorded to it has been unexampled. It has now attained a monthly circulation exceeding 200,000 copies, and we hope to reach 250,000 in 1876.

But *monthly* visits during the year are "few and far between." We want to see more of our readers; and we think we may hope, without undue presumption, that they are not indisposed to see more of us. At any rate, we are going to make

a weekly knock at their doors; and if they will but let us in, we will do our best to show that we appreciate their kindly welcome.

"HAND AND HEART," our Title, is very comprehensive; and we shall prefer to indicate our intentions by our performances. We certainly could not, in starting, well offer more than "HAND AND HEART" to any one; but we do that most heartily; and in return we hope to enlist the Hands and Hearts of all our readers. We will only say that we propose to discuss in our columns the leading practical questions of the day; and our plan embraces such topics as the following:—

"The Week; its Events and Opinions:"
 "England at Work:" "In Parliament:"
 "Sanitary Questions:" "Building a House:"
 "Our Children's Education:"
 "Fireside Tales:" "The Workman's Rest Day:"
 "The Temperance Movement:"
 "The Humanity Page:" "Men of the Time; or, Life Lessons from Leading Biographies:"
 "Historic Pictures:" "Out and About; or, Round the World:"
 "Household Economy:" "Evenings at Home:" etc.

"The Evidences of Christianity" will also be presented in a popular form, with

* Stamps or Post-office Order for this purpose should be sent to Mr. Thomas B. Burrow, Worcester.

"Come Back as Soon as you Can."

EVERY morning my little Kate
 Runs with me down to the garden
 gate,
 And cries, while bidding me sweet good-
 bye,
 With her tiny voice and her laughing eye,
 "Come back, come back as soon as you
 can;
 As soon as you can, come Home."

Working man, working man,
 Hasten home as soon as you can;

papers illustrating "Leading Points of Gospel Truth."

The Illustrations will be first-class, and include a series of Portraits of Men of the Time.

Our first number will be ready soon after this meets the eye of the reader; so that orders may at once be given at any bookseller's. We hope to report next month that a goodly number of Home resolves have been formed to give a hearty reception every week to "HAND AND HEART."

We shall be glad to send *one hundred* copies of the first number at *half-price*, viz.: 4s. 2d., to any "hearty friend" who will lend us "a helping hand" by introducing us to their neighbours. In most cases it would not be difficult to find purchasers for the hundred copies: so that there need be no loss.*

If only *one* out of every *two hundred* of our present readers will render us this kind service, one hundred thousand copies will be required; and this will go far to ensure the immediate success of "HAND AND HEART." Will the reader be the *one*?

We will only add, may "the good Hand of our God" be upon us in this and every other work; and give us, and our readers too, for the New Year,—

"A Hand to labour, and a Heart to love."

Oh, linger not, a tavern guest,
 With reckless mates in haunts unblest.
 Get back, get back, as soon as you can;
 As soon as you can, get Home.

Where should a man and a father be,
 But with his wife and his family?
 She that doth love you is waiting there,
 They who so helplessly need thy care.
 Get home then, brother, as soon as you
 can;

As soon as you can, get Home.

S. W. P.



Our Indian Empire.

THE visit of the Prince of Wales to our Indian Empire is an event which we fervently trust may conduce to the best interests of our fellow-subjects in that immense and populous territory.

India is one of the brightest jewels of the British crown. It contains a population of more than one hundred and fifty millions, chiefly Hindoos and Mahommedans. Its extent of country covers as much space on the globe as the whole of Europe, Russia excepted. In extreme length it measures between eighteen hundred and nineteen hundred miles; in its extreme width about fifteen hundred miles. From it we acquire large stores of wealth, and in it many thousands of our countrymen find the means of attaining occupation and wealth.

It seems almost beyond even the marvellous, that this vast region, situate by the ordinary route at a distance exceeding half the globe's circumference, has to its uttermost borders been subjected to the uncontrolled dominion of British sway. We may well and wisely trace this gift of power to Divine Providence; and we can scarcely doubt that, in the purpose of God, India is ours in order

that the Gospel may be theirs. Already the work of evangelization in India has been greatly blessed. There are at least 200,000 native Christians; and what is more encouraging as a promise of future progress, there are manifest tokens that the Hindoos generally are losing confidence in their own superstitious and false faiths; thus preparing the way for the more direct influence of Christian truth.

We hope in our next volume to give some illustrated papers on India. Our present illustration gives a view of one of the chief cities—Madras—from the beach. The site of this city was the first ground secured by the British in India. They obtained permission in 1639 to erect a fort here. No worse position could have been chosen, as it is situate on a flat, sandy shore, where the surf runs with extreme violence; and is surrounded by salt water creeks or rivers, which prevent the introduction of a stream of fresh water into the town. The climate is very hot. The population is estimated at between 700,000 and 800,000. It has some good streets and bazaars, but the houses are very irregular. There is a Bishop of Madras, and it is the seat of all the chief government offices for the presidency, of which it is the capital.

THE EDITOR.

Richard Baxter.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, M.A., HON. CANON OF NORWICH, AND VICAR OF STRADBROKE, SUFFOLK.

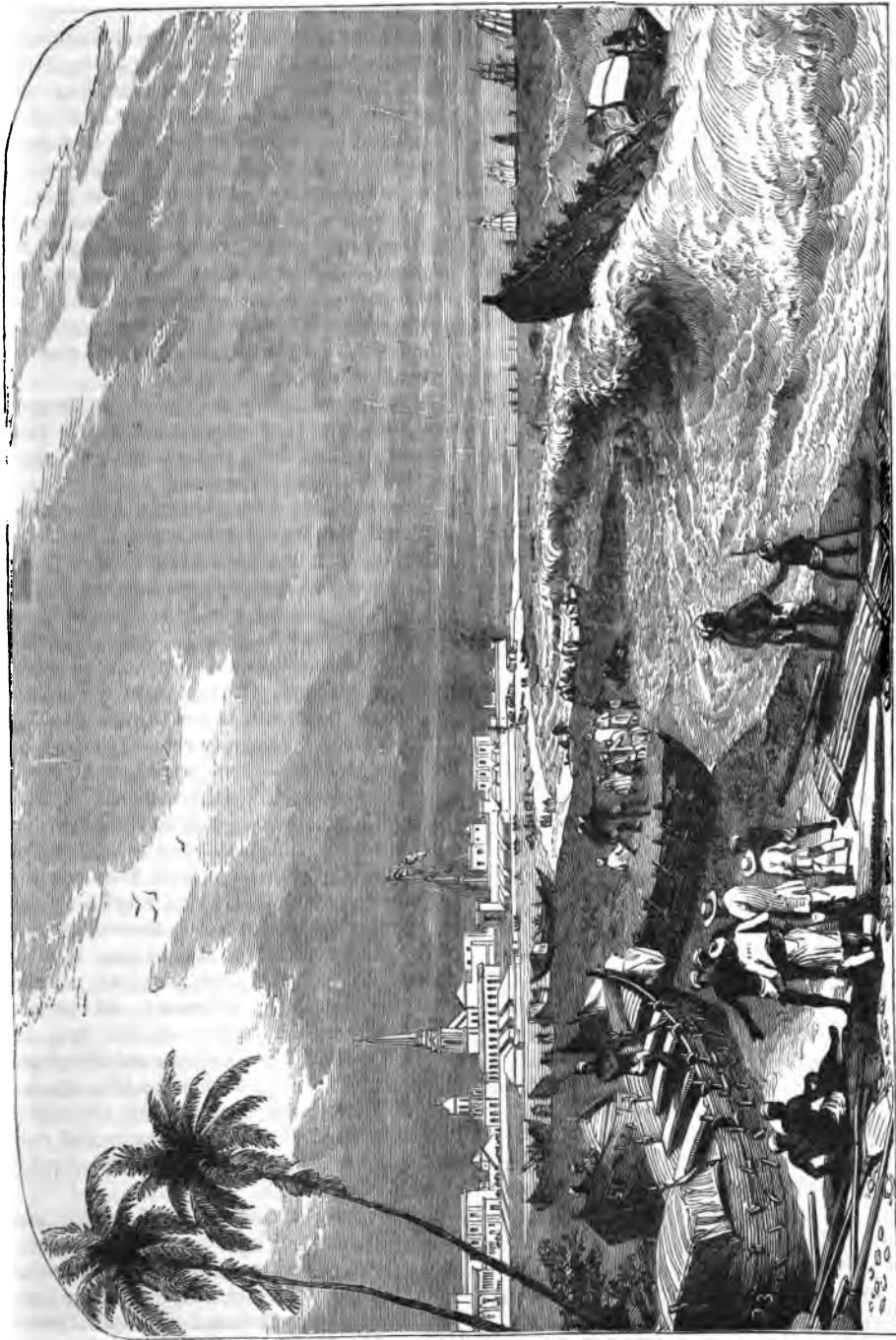
(Continued from page 255.)



OR another thing, Baxter was one of the most patient martyrs for conscience' sake that England has ever seen.

Of course I do not mean that he was called upon to seal his faith with his blood, as our Protestant Reformers were. But there is a "dying daily," which, to some natures, is worse even than dying at the stake. If anything tries faith and patience, I believe it to be the constant dropping of such wearing persecution as Baxter had to endure for nearly

the last twenty-nine years of his life. He had robbed no one. He had murdered no one. He had injured no one. He held no heresy. He believed all the articles of the Christian faith. And yet no thief nor felon in the present day was ever so shamefully treated as this good man. To tell you how often he was summoned, fined, silenced, imprisoned, driven from one place to another, would be an endless task. To describe all the hideous perversions of justice to which he was subjected would be both painful and unprofitable. I will only allow myself to give one instance,



MADRAS, FROM THE BEACH.

and that shall be his trial before Chief Justice Jeffreys.

Baxter was tried before Jeffreys in 1685, at Westminster Hall, on a charge of having published seditious matter in a paraphrase on the New Testament which he had recently brought out. A more unfounded charge could not have been made. The book is still extant, and any one will see at a glance that the alleged seditious passages do not prove the case.

A long and graphic account of the trial was drawn up by a bystander, and it gives so vivid a picture of the administration of justice in Baxter's days, that it may be useful to give a few short extracts from it.

From the very opening of the trial it was clear which way the verdict was intended to go. The Lord Chief Justice of England behaved as if he were counsel for the prosecution and not judge. He condescended to use abusive language towards the defendant, such as was more suited to Billingsgate than a court of law. One after another the counsel for the defence were browbeaten, silenced, and put down, or else interrupted by violent invectives against Baxter.

At one time the Lord Chief Justice exclaimed: "This is an old rogue, who hath poisoned the world with his Kidderminster doctrine. He encouraged all the women and maids to bring their bodkins and thimbles to carry on war against the king, of ever blessed memory. An old schismatical knave! A hypocritical villain!"

By-and-by he called Baxter "an old block-head, an unthankful villain, a conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog. Hang him!" he said; "this one old fellow hath cast more reproaches on the constitution and discipline of our Church than will be wiped off for this hundred years. But I'll handle him for it, for he deserves to be whipped through the city."

Shortly afterwards, when Baxter began to say a few words on his own behalf, Jeffreys stopped him, crying out, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition, I might say treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing

trade forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the Gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave; it is time for thee to think what kind of an account thou intendest to give. But leave thee to thyself, and I see thou wilt go on as thou hast begun; but, by the grace of God, I will look after thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of this mighty dove; but, by the grace of God Almighty, I'll crush you all! Come, what do you say for yourself, you old knave? Come, speak up!"

All this, and much more of the same kind, and even worse, went on at Baxter's trial. The extracts I have given form but a small portion of the whole account.

It is needless to say that in such a court as this Baxter was at once found guilty. He was fined five hundred marks, which it was known he could not pay; condemned to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound over to good behaviour for seven years. And the issue of the matter was, that this poor, old, diseased, childless widower, of threescore years and ten, lay for two years in Southwark gaol!

It is needless, I hope, to remark in the nineteenth century that such a trial as this was a disgrace to the judicial bench of England, and a still greater disgrace to those persons with whom the information originated, understood commonly to have been Sherlock and L'Estrange. Thank God! I trust England, at any rate, has bidden a long farewell to such trials as these, whatever may be done in other lands! Wretched, indeed, is that country where low, sneaking informers are encouraged; where the terrors of the law are directed more against holiness and Scriptural religion and freedom of thought than against vice and immorality; and where the seat of justice is used for the advancement of political purposes, or the gratification of petty ecclesiastical spite!

But it is right that we should know that under all this foul injustice and persecution Baxter's grace and patience never failed him. "These things," he said, in Westminster Hall, "will surely be understood one day." When he was reviled, he reviled not again. He returned blessing for cursing, and prayer

for ill-usage. Few martyrs have ever glorified God so much in their one day's fire as Richard Baxter did for twenty years under the ill-usage he received.

And now I hope I have proved my case. I trust it will be allowed that there are men who lived in times long gone by whose character it is useful to review, and that Baxter is undeniably one of them: a real man—a true spiritual hero.

I do not ask men to regard him as a perfect and faultless being, any more than Cranmer, or Calvin, or Knox, or Wesley. But it is seldom that so many gifts are to be found united in one man as they are in Baxter. Eminent personal holiness,—amazing power as a preacher,—unrivalled pastoral skill,—indefatigable diligence as a writer,—meekness and patience under undeserved persecution,—all meet together in the character of this one man. Let us place him high in our list of great and good men. Let us give him the honour he deserves. It is no small thing to be the fellow-countryman of Richard Baxter.

Baxter's last days were almost as remarkable as any in his life. He went down to his grave as calmly and peacefully as the setting sun in summer. His deathbed was a glorious death-bed indeed.

I like to know how great men die. I am not satisfied with knowing that men are great Christians in the plenitude of riches and honour. I want to know whether they were great in view of the tomb. I do not want merely to know how men meet kings and bishops and parliaments; I want to know how they meet the king of terrors, and how they feel in the prospect of standing before the King of kings. I suspect that greatness which forsakes a man at last. I like to know how great men die, and I must be allowed to dwell for a few moments upon Baxter's death.

Few deathbeds, perhaps, were ever more truly instructive than that of this good old man. His friend Dr. Bates has given a full description of it, and I think a few facts drawn from it may prove a suitable conclusion to this biography.

Baxter's last illness found him quietly living in Charterhouse Square, close to the meeting-house of his friend Dr. Sylvester.

Here for the four years preceding his death he was allowed to enjoy great quietness. The liberty of preaching the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, no man forbidding him, was at length fully conceded. "Here," says Dr. Calamy, "he used to preach with great freedom about another world, like one that had been there, and was come as a sort of express to make a report of it." The storm of persecution was at length over. The winds and waves that had so long burst over him were at last lulled. The saintly old man was mercifully allowed to go down to the banks of Jordan in a great calm.

He continued to preach so long, notwithstanding his wasted body, that the last time he almost died in the pulpit. When disease compelled him to give over his beloved work, and take to his dying bed, it found him the same man that he had been for fifty years. His last hours were spent in preparing others and himself to meet God. He said to the friends who visited him, "You come hither to learn to die. I am not the only person that must go this way. Have a care of this vain deceitful world and the lust of the flesh. Be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, God's Word for your rule; and then you need never fear but we shall meet again with comfort."

Never was penitent sinner more humble, and never was sincere believer more calm and comfortable. He said, "God may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did: and all my hopes are from the free mercy of God in Christ." He had often said before, "I can more readily believe that God will forgive me than I can forgive myself."

After a slumber, he waked, saying, "I shall rest from my labours." A minister present said, "And your works will follow you." He replied, "No works; I will leave out works, if God will grant me the other." When a friend comforted him with the remembrance of the good many had received from his writings, he replied, "I was but a pen in God's hand; and what praise is due to a pen?"

When extremity of pain made him long for death, he would check himself, and say, "It is not fit for me to prescribe: when Thou wilt—

what Thou wilt—how Thou wilt!” Being in great anguish, he said, “How unsearchable are His ways!” and then he said to his friends, “Do not think the worse of religion for what you see me suffer.”

Being often asked by his friend how it was with his inward man, he replied, “I have a well-grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within; but it is my trouble that I cannot triumphantly express it, by reason of extreme pain.” He added, “Flesh must perish, and we must feel the perishing; and though my judgment submit, sense will make me groan.”

Being asked by a nobleman whether he had great joy from his believing apprehension of the invisible state, he replied, “What else, think you, Christianity serves for?” And then he added, “that the consideration of the Deity, in His glory and greatness, was too high for our thoughts; but the consideration of the Son of God in our nature, and of the saints in heaven whom we knew and loved, did much sweeten and familiarize heaven to him.” The description of heaven in the 12th chapter of Hebrews, beginning with the “innumerable company of angels,” and ending with “Jesus the Mediator, and the blood of sprinkling,” was very comfortable to him. “That Scripture,” he said, “deserves a thousand thousand thoughts!” And then he added, “Oh, how comfortable is that promise, ‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him’!”

At another time he said, that “he found great comfort and sweetness in repeating the words of the Lord’s Prayer, and was sorry that some good men were prejudiced against the use of it; for there were all necessary petitions for soul and body contained in it.”

He gave excellent counsel to young ministers who visited him on his deathbed. He used to pray earnestly “that God would bless their labours, and make them very successful in converting many souls to Christ.” He expressed great joy in the hope that God would do a great deal of good by them, and that they would be of moderate peaceful spirits.

He did not forget the world he was leaving. He frequently prayed “that God would be merciful to this miserable, distracted world; and that He would preserve His Church and interest in it.”

He advised his friends “to beware of self-conceitedness, as a sin likely to ruin this nation.” Being asked at the same time whether he had altered his mind in controversial points, he replied, “Those that please may know my mind in my writings. What I have done was not for my own reputation, but the glory of God.”

The day before he died, Dr. Bates visited him; and on his saying some words of comfort, he replied, “I have pain: there is no arguing against sense; but I have peace: I have peace!” Bates told him he was going to his long-desired home. He answered, “I believe: I believe!” He expressed great willingness to die. During his sickness, when the question was asked how he did, his reply was, “Almost well!” or else, “Better than I deserve to be, but not so well as I hope to be.”

His last words were addressed to Dr. Sylvester, “The Lord teach you how to die!”

On Tuesday, the 8th of December, 1691, Baxter’s warfare was accomplished; and at length he entered what he had so beautifully described,—“the saint’s Everlasting Rest.”

He was buried at Christ Church, amidst the tears of many who knew his worth, if the world did not. The funeral was that kind of funeral which is above all in real honour: “devout men carried him to his grave, and made great lamentation over him.”

He left no family, but he left behind him hundreds of spiritual sons and daughters. He left works that are still owned by God in every part of the world to the awakening and edification of immortal souls. Thousands, I doubt not, will stand up in the morning of the Resurrection, and thank God for the grace and gifts bestowed on him. He left a name which must always be dear to every lover of holiness and every friend of religious liberty. No Englishman, perhaps, ever exemplified the one, or promoted the other, more truly and really than did Richard Baxter.



FARMER JOHN.

Farmer John; or, "the Best of a Journey is Getting Home."

HOME from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and
sound.

His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself!" says Farmer John;

And he thinks, "I'll look around."

Up leaps the dog; "Get down, you pup!

Are you so glad you would eat me up?"

The old cow lows at the gate to meet him;

"Well, well, old Bay!

Ha, ha, old Gray!

Do you get good feed when I am away?"

"You have not a rib!" says Farmer John;

"The cattle are looking round and sleek,

The colt is going to be a roan,

And a beauty, too; how he has grown!

We'll wean the calf next week."

Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,

To call you again about the trough,

And watch you, and pet you, while you
drink,

Is a greater comfort than you can think!"

And he pats old Bay,

And he slaps old Gray:

"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!

"For after all," says Farmer John,

"The best of a journey is getting home.

I've seen great sights; but would I give

This spot, and the peaceful life I live,

For all their Paris and Rome?

These hills for the city's stifled air,

And big hotels all bustle and glare;

Land all houses, and roads all stones,

That deafen our ears and batter our bones?

Would you, old Bay?

Would you, old Gray?

That's what one gets by going away!

"There money is king," says Farmer John,

"And fashion is queen: and its mighty
queer

To see how sometimes, while the man,
Rakes and scrapes for all he can,

The wife spends, every year,

Enough you would think for a score of
wives,

To keep them in luxury all their lives!

The town is a perfect Babylon

To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.

"You see, old Bay,

You see, old Gray,

I'm wiser than when I went away.

"I've found out this," says Farmer John:

"That happiness is not bought and sold,

And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,

In nights of pleasure and days of worry:

And wealth isn't all in gold,

Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent.,

But in simple ways and sweet content,

Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,

Some land to till, and a few good friends,

Like you, old Bay,

And you, old Gray:—

That's what I have learned by going
away."

And a happy man is Farmer John:

Oh, a rich and happy man is he;

He sees the peas and mangolds growing,

The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,

And fruit on vine and tree;

The large, kind oxen look their thanks

As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their
flanks!

The doves light round him, and strut and
coo.

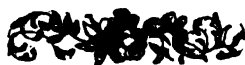
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too,

And you, old Bay,

And you, old Gray,

Next time I travel so far away!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



Fireside Fables.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.

(Continued from page 261.)

VII. TOIL FOR NAUGHT.

"**P**RESS on! Press on!" murmured the Sea.

The Waves pressed on in obedience to her commands, somewhat slowly at first, but increasing in speed and strength. One after another rolled up the shingly beach, gathering size and power at every stride, till with a crash it broke, sending showers of foam around. But Wave after Wave poured back again into the waters behind, leaving the wet glistening pebbles bare, and the Sea looked desponding; clouds cast their shadows over her, and her deep blue colour was changed to a dull leaden hue.

"Press on!" she repeated, "we are making no way, and the Shore *must* be conquered. My Waves cannot fail to cover her in time, and then I shall be content. Press on! press on!"

The Waves strove again with redoubled energy, and it soon became evident that they were making way, though very slowly. Each wave individually might be shattered and driven back by the strong immovable shore: yet, on the whole, there was progress, and now and then one more powerful than the rest rushed up higher than any yet had been. The Waves grew more impetuous as they advanced. Higher and higher they rose, and louder and louder were the mighty crashes with which they fell on the opposing shingles. The latter were washed hither and thither, and ground fiercely together, till they might have been deemed already conquered. But there was another high steep ridge beyond, which the Sea ardently desired to climb, and again she repeated her commands to the Waves.

"Press on! press on! success is nearly ours! We must reach the summit, and then we shall be conquerors, and the Sea will reign supreme."

More and more furious grew the tumult, in answer to her words. The wind arose and whistled over the Waves, helping them in

their wild career. Onward, onward they pressed, breaking upon the shore with such force that it might almost have been expected to give way under them; but it lay calm and placid, and though seeming for the time overcome, it was not vanquished. The Ridge of Shingles was climbed at last; but the victory was not yet attained, for other ridges lay beyond, and the Waves were worn and exhausted with their efforts.

"Press on! press on!" again urged the Sea. "Victory is not yet ours: the Shore is not yet conquered."

But the Waves had no longer power to press on. They still strove, and at times one of unusual size would rush up a little farther than those preceding; but it soon became evident that they were no longer advancing—worse still, that victory was passing out of their hands into those of the Shore. They began to feel that they had no power even to retain what they had gained. They were slow to perceive the truth, and still the Sea eagerly cried, "Press on! press on!" but her voice grew less confident, and soon there was a murmur of sorrowful lament from the weakened Waves,—

"We are retreating—we are driven back! Our power is gone!"

It was too true. Slowly, slowly they gave way, and inch by inch the Land regained all that she had for the time lost of her brave Shore—that bulwark without which she would be powerless, indeed, against the encroachments of the ever-ambitious Sea.

But the Waves gradually ceased to struggle, and at length the Sea found herself lying at the point from which she had started twelve hours earlier, placid and still as a mirror.

"It was lost toil and trouble," she murmured, sadly. "I thought my power was boundless, and I would have conquered that to which I had *no right*. Alas! was it worth the loss of my mighty and beautiful Waves? They spent themselves to no purpose, but in the vain effort to satisfy my ambition."

"Ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 6.



The Young Folks' Page.

XXII. RESTORING "FOURFOLD."

"ONE day, writes Mrs. Ellis, "a girl in one of the mission schools in Africa, went to the missionary, and put four sixpences into his hand, saying,—“That is your money.” “No;” was the answer, “you do not owe me anything.” “Yes, I do,” she replied, “and I will tell you how: At the public examination you promised sixpence to the one in my class who wrote the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate, and got the sixpence, but some one else wrote the specimen for me. Yesterday you read in chapel about Zaccheus, who said, ‘If I have taken away anything from any man, I restore

him fourfold.’ I took from you *one* sixpence, I restore you back *four*.”

What a delicacy of conscience, and what a simplicity of obedience were here! There was no holding back from open confession, no shrinking from full reparation. She did what she had learned from the Scriptures to be her *duty*; and doubtless the four silver pieces in that dark little hand were acceptable to the Lord. Had her object been to win *praise*, she would have offered the money as a gift to the mission, and so have sought at the same time to quiet conscience and gain credit for a liberal deed.

A. L. O. E.

XXIII. TOWSER AND WILLIE.

MY neighbour keeps a noble Newfoundland dog. Not long since I was passing his house about mid-day, when he came out with Towser at his heels and a pail in his hand. He told Towser to take the pail and carry it to the pump, a few rods across the way. The dog did not whine over the command, nor curl his tail and refuse to go; no, not he. He obeyed at once, took the pail in his mouth, and away he went. Faithful dog, thought I, never to refuse obedience, or wait for the *second* bidding.

Then I thought of little Willie S., who said to his mother in my presence, “No, I can’t do it; let Ned go; he is not doing any thing.”

“Willie,” exclaimed his mother in a commanding tone, “go and bring that wood

immediately; don’t let me have to tell you again.”

The little fellow was mending his cart, but he dropped his hammer, now that he saw there was no escape, and started. “I always have the wood to bring,” he muttered, as he left the room. He obeyed very reluctantly. He went pouting and murmuring after the wood, and when he returned he threw it into the box with a violence that threatened to break it to pieces. His mother looked ashamed and heart-sick. I pitied her from the depths of my soul. Think of it. Her son was less obedient than the dog; for the dog went cheerfully, wagging his bushy tail, and lifting his head as if to say, “*I obey*.”

“Should Towser be more obedient than Willie.—Should I?”

The Bible Mine Searched.

ANSWERS are not to be sent to the Editor, but will appear in each succeeding month.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

The initial letters will name one to whom a prophet confided the title-deeds of his property: the final letters will name a prayerful prophet.

1. A monarch to whom a king of Judah paid tribute.

2. The Jewish king who paid the tribute.

3. The “head of Damascus.”

4. The father of the only officer in Gilead in the days of Solomon.

5. A queen noted in Scripture history.

6. A judge of Israel who was rich in asses.

ANSWERS (see November No.)

1. Paul. Acts xxv. 23, 24. 2. Simeon. Luke ii. 34. 3. Matt. i. 1. 4. Babylon. Isa. xiv. 4. 5. Barnabas. Acts iv. 36; xi. 22-24. 6. At Troas. Acts xx. 6, 7.



SUN.—1st day.
Rises 7.45. Sets 3.52.

DECEMBER.

MOON.—New, 9th, N. 6.6.
Full, 23rd, N. 4.55.

The
King of
Glory shall come in.
Ps. xlii. 17.

1	W	The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory. Ps. xlii.
2	Th	The Lord of Hosts is with us. Ps. xlii. 7. [10.]
3	F	The God of Jacob is our Refuge. Ps. xlii. 7.
4	S	God is the King of all the earth. Ps. xlii. 7.
5	S	2nd S. in Advent. God reigneth over the heathen.
6	M	God will redeem my soul. Ps. xlii. 15. [Ps. xlii. 8.]
7	Tu	He only is my Rock and my Salvation. Ps. xlii. 6.
8	W	God shall bless us. Ps. xlii. 6.

Even so,
Come, Lord Jesus.
Rev. xiii. 20.

9	Th	God is my defence. Ps. lxx. 17.
10	F	Through God we shall do valiantly. Ps. lxx. 12.
11	S	In God have I put my trust. Ps. lxx. 11.
12	S	3rd S. in Advent. Wk. In His days shall the righteous
13	M	God is a Refuge for us. Ps. lxx. 8. [Glorious]
14	Tu	He will bless them that fear the Lord. Ps. cxv. 13.
15	W	In the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice. Ps. xlii. 7.
16	Th	Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

A LIGHT
TO LIGHTEN THE
GENTILES, AND THE GLORY OF
THY PEOPLE ISRAEL.

He
shall save
His people from their sins.
St. Matt. i. 21.

17	F	Happy is that people whose God is the Lord. Ps.
18	S	The Lord is my God. Zech. xiii. 9. [cxlii. 15.]
19	S	4th S. in Advent. My meditation of Him shall be sweet.
20	M	The Lord hath been mindful of us. Ps. cxv. 12. [16.]
21	Tu	St. Thomas. In Thy Name shall they rejoice. Ps. lxxxix.
22	W	The Lord my God shall come. Zech. xiv. 5.
23	Th	Behold thy King cometh. Zech. ix. 9.

This
is His Name . . .
the Lord our Righteousness.
Jer. xxiii. 6.

24	F	The Lord thy God will raise unto thee a Prophet.
25	S	CHRISTMAS DAY. Unto us a child is born. Isa. ix. 6.
26	S	1st S. of Christ. St. Stephen. Thou shalt call His Name
27	M	St. John. We love Him because He first loved us. [Jesus]
28	Tu	Innocents. Rejoice in the Lord. Phil. iv. 4.
29	W	Abide in My love. John xv. 10.
30	Th	How great is His goodness. Zech. ix. 17. [Ps. cvii. 8.]
31	F	Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness.

MARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long,
Let every heart prepare a theme,
And every voice a song.—Doddridge.

All hail the power of Jesus' Name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of ALL.—Perronet.

"A HAPPY Christmas! May its sun rise on many glad households, and set on none that are not wiser and better and happier for Christmas Day! May it be the pledge and earnest and prophecy of that blessed Home whose hearth-stone shall never grow cold, and the roof-tree of which shall never be shaken down. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good-will toward men.'"—Dr. Cumming.



